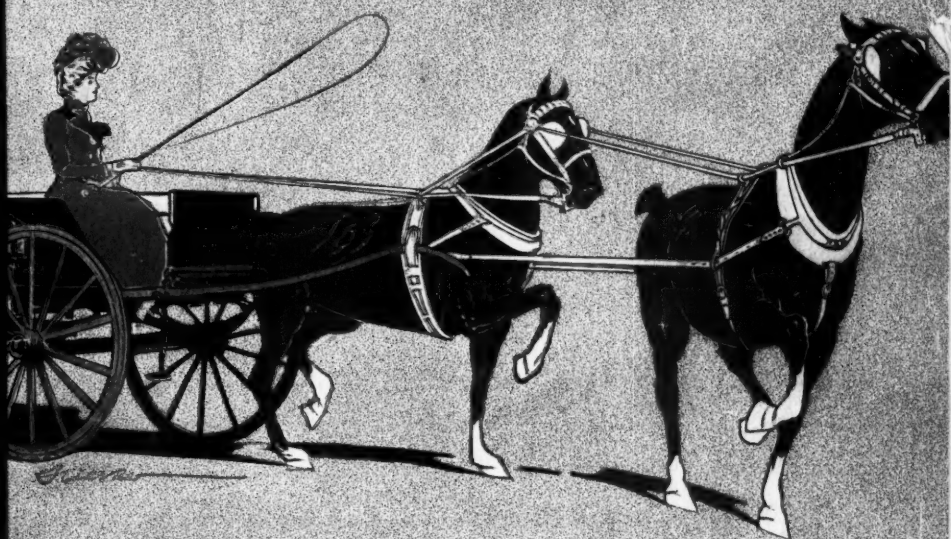


THE MUNSEY

OCTOBER, 1905.



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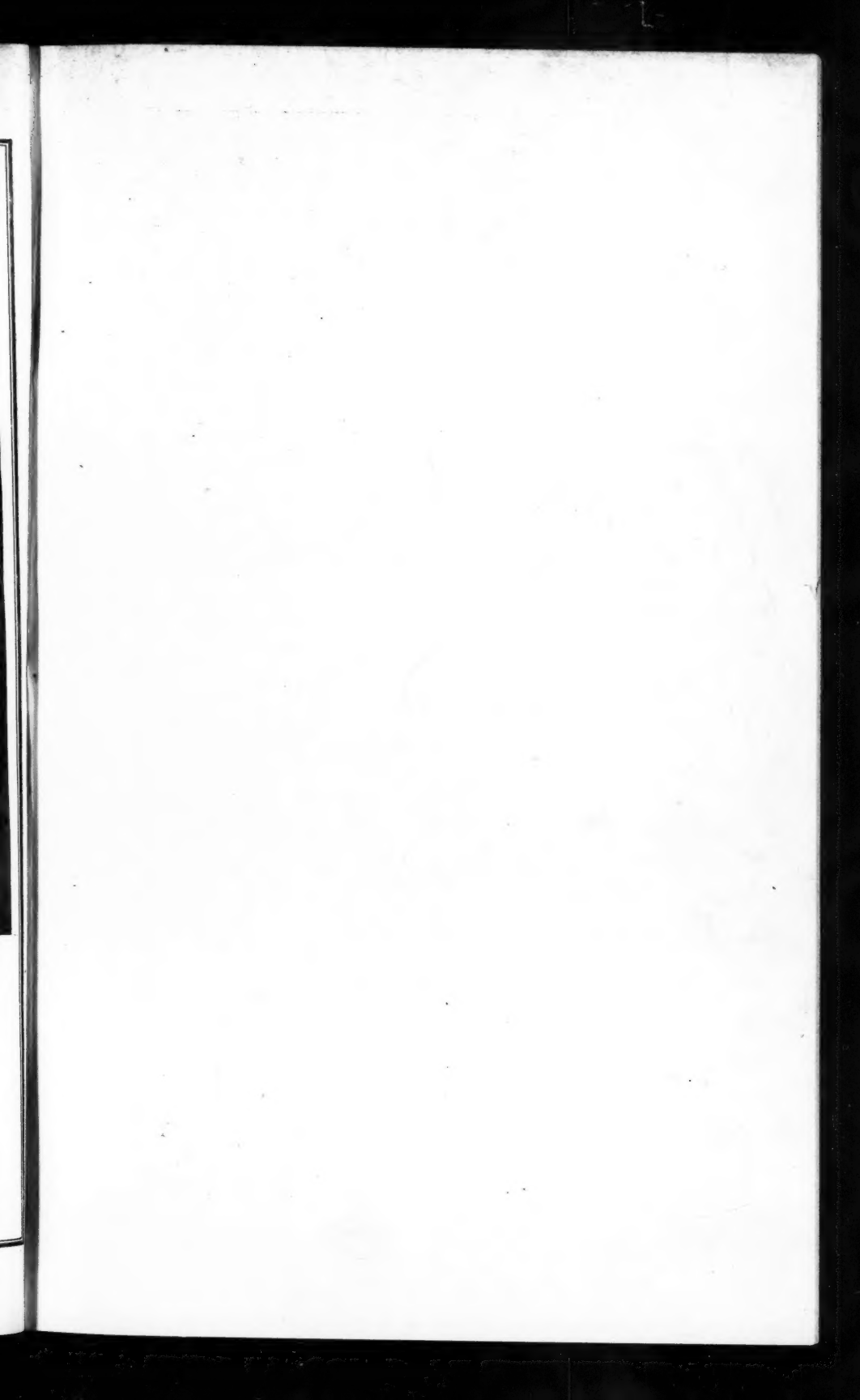
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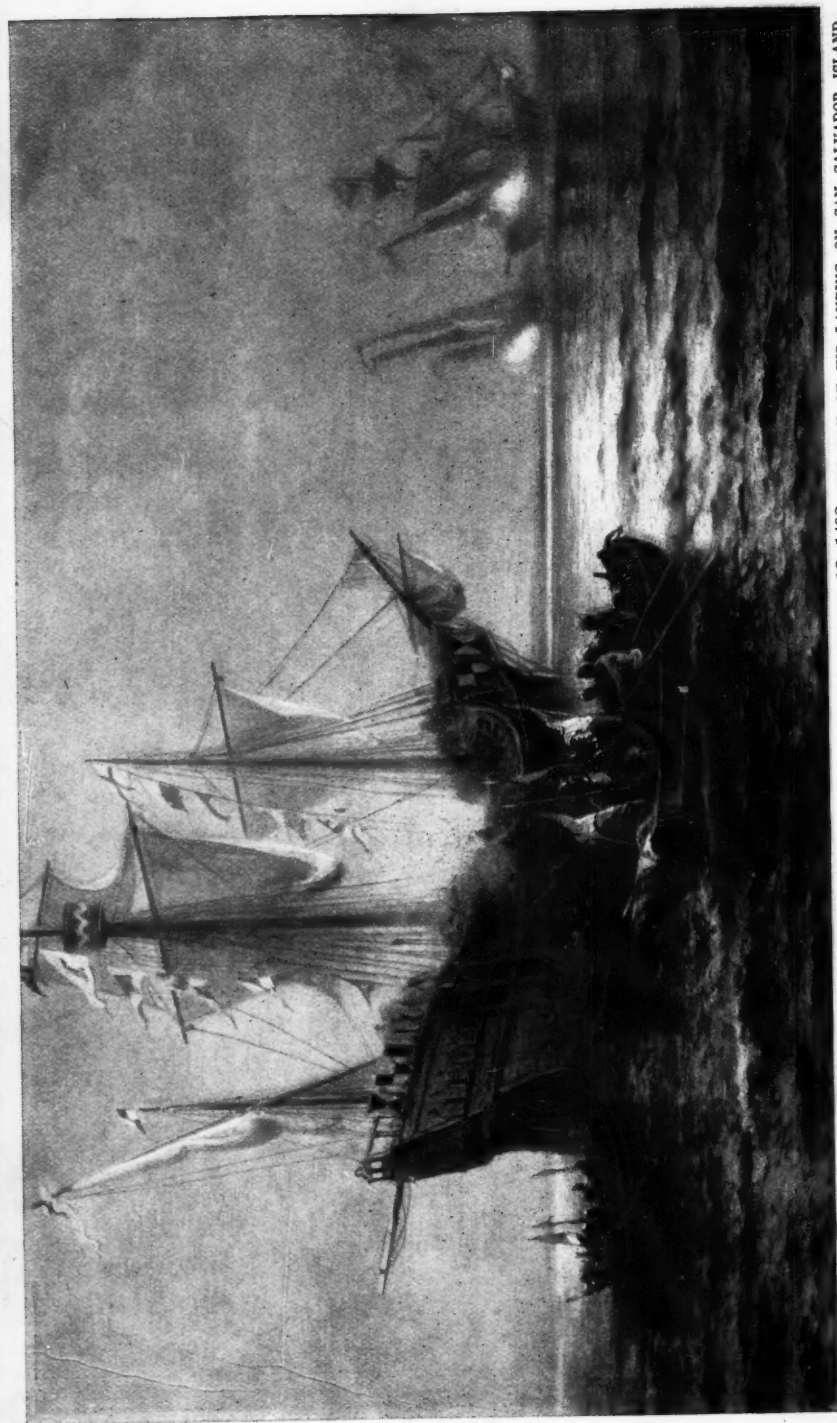
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THE REAL BEGINNING OF AMERICAN HISTORY—THE DISEMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS ON OCTOBER 12, 1492, THE DAY OF HIS LANDING ON SAN SALVADOR ISLAND, PROBABLY IDENTICAL WITH WATLING'S ISLAND, IN THE BAHAMAS.

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

FROM THE VIKING GALLEY OF LEIF THE NORSEMAN AND THE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS TO THE UNITED STATES NAVY OF TO-DAY—THE ANNALS OF THE NEW WORLD AS THEY HAVE BEEN RECORDED ON THE SEA.

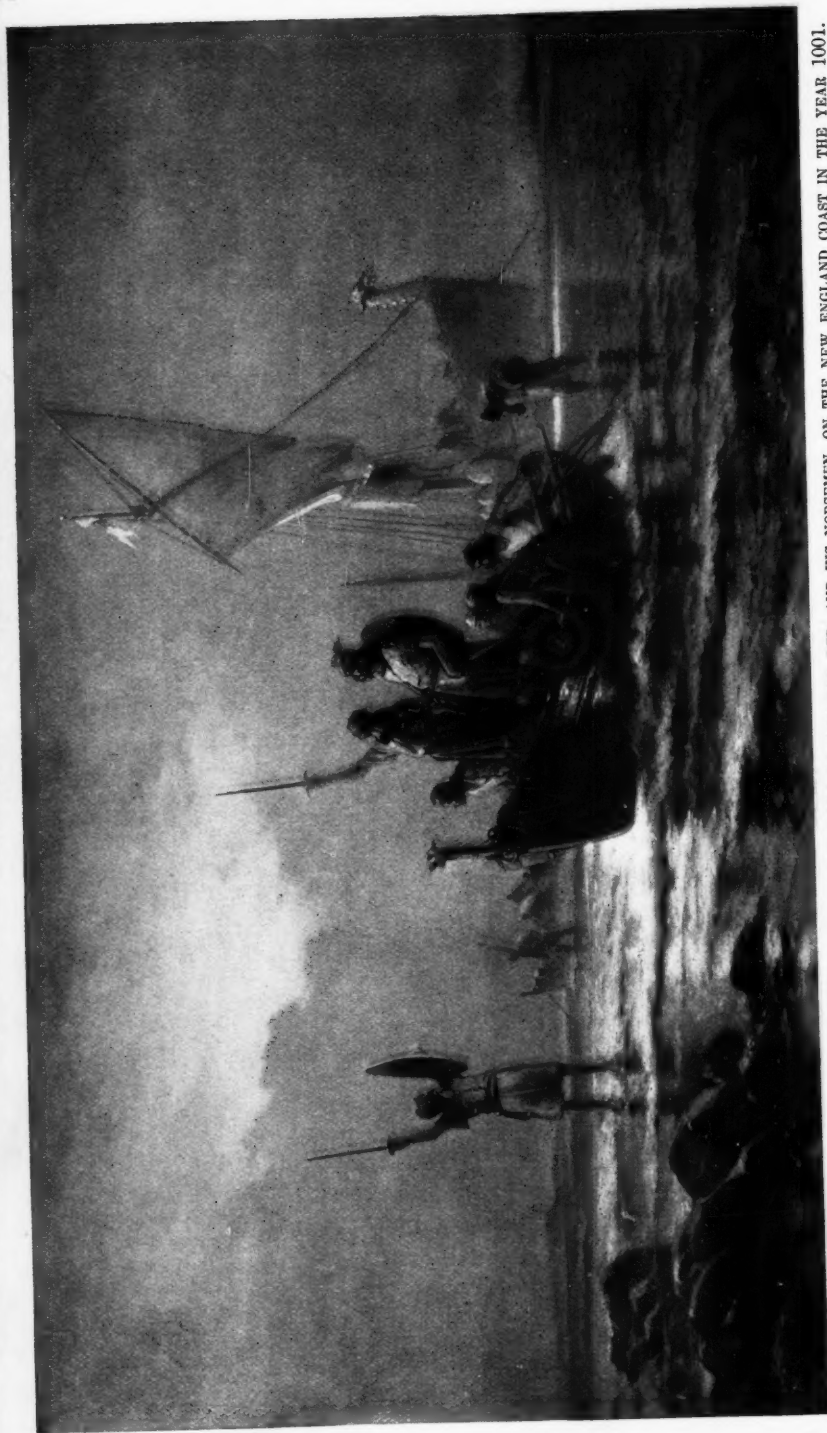
A STARTLING title that, yet with this twentieth century we are already well entered upon the last hundred years of our first millennium, counting from the first touch of Europe until the present day. It was as early as 986 A. D., so the ancient sagas run, when Æthelred the Unready reigned in England, when the imperial crown of Charlemagne rested upon the boyish brow of the third Otho, and when Hugh Capet was reaching for the

scepter in France, that the bold Bjorne Herjulfson, voyaging from Iceland to far away Greenland, was blown southward by winter storm and tempest until the rugged, ice-bound American coast loomed close under his lee. It was in the year 1001, when people were dreaming of the end of the old world, that thirty-five hardy Norsemen, under Leif, son of that Eric of Iceland called the Red, discovered a new one. He landed on the New England coast near where is now Boston



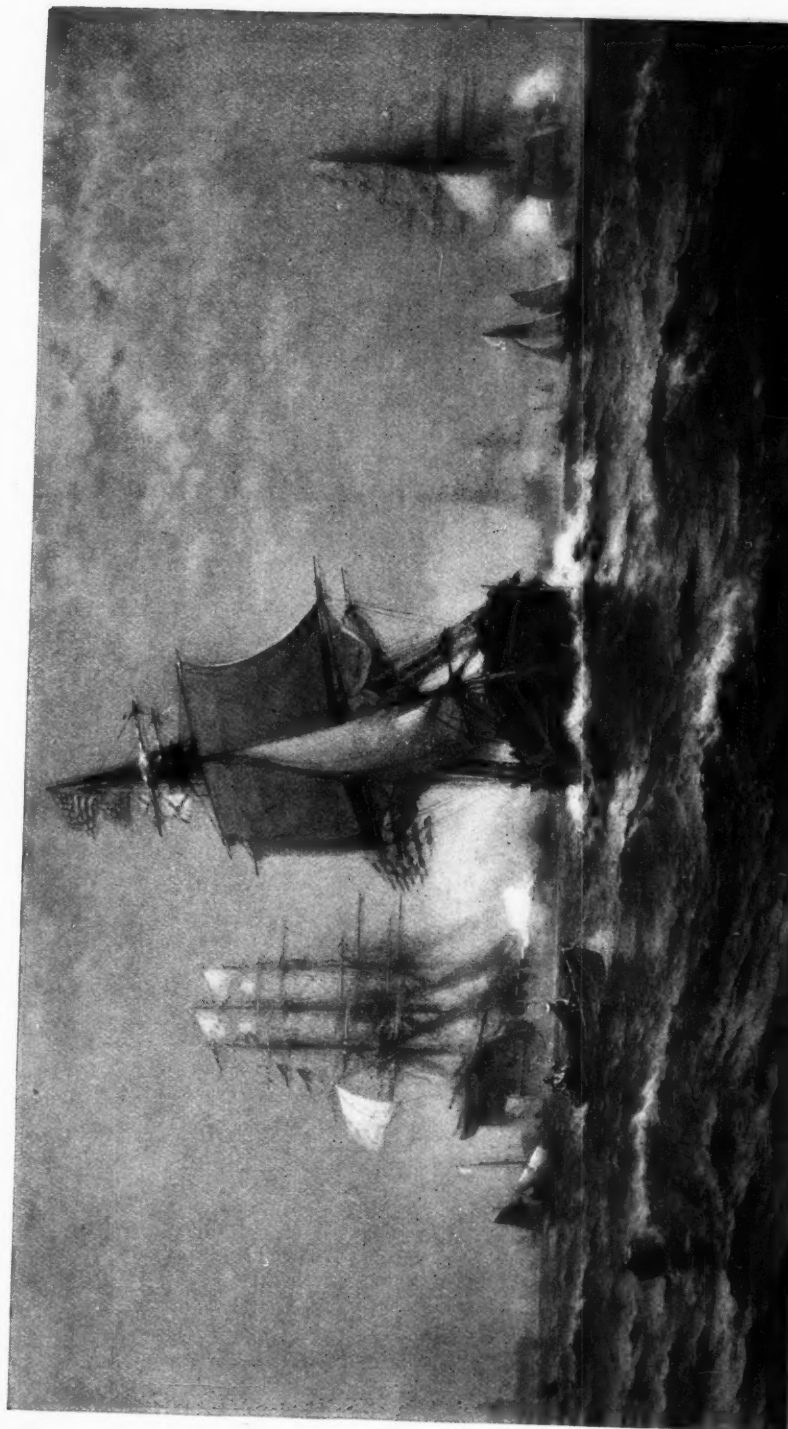
THE DISCOVERY OF THE MAIN GATEWAY OF THE NEW WORLD—HENRY HUDSON, IN THE HALF MOON, ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR, SEPTEMBER 11, 1609.

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THE FIRST TOUCH OF AMERICA AND EUROPE—THE LANDING OF LEIF, SON OF ERIC THE RED, AND HIS NORSEMEN, ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST IN THE YEAR 1001.
Copyright, 1908, by Edward Moran.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.



EUROPE'S FIRST RECOGNITION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG - JOHN PAUL JONES EXCHANGING SALUTES WITH THE FRENCH WAR-SHIPS OF LA MOTTE PIQUET IN QUIBERON BAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1778.

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—even thus early all greatness gravitated to that focal point! His was the first white foot to press the soil where now the teeming millions tread.

THE LANDFALL OF LEIF, SON OF ERIC, 1001.

Leif, after the example of King Olaf Trygvesson, of song and story, had espoused the cause of the White Christ, while pagan old Eric, it is said, "preferred to go in the way of his fathers, and deemed boisterous Valhalla, with its cups of wassail, a place of better cheer than the New Jerusalem, with its streets of gold." Was Leif impelled to seek Bjorne's new-seen land by a desire to spread the Christian religion as well as in obedience to the "ganging" impulse of his race, I wonder?

There are other older traditions which say that America was first discovered on its Pacific Coast by the Japanese—of whom nothing now is too wonderful for belief. And the claim is vehemently urged that before the Norseman the Atlantic shore was often visited by the Irish, but these stories and claims are vague and unauthenticated. It is enough glory for the Celt that he has since taken possession of the land and enjoys its usufruct from those high places to which his native ability and the complaisance of his fellow citizens have enabled him to attain. But of Leif's landing there is no longer a doubt. It is believed that he and his successors voyaged as far south as the Carolinas, too. Out of the mist and legend of the past the great viking rises, a stark, heroic figure, as he springs upon the shore and lifts his sword as if to lay claim to the pleasant, vine-clad land that ran westward in countless and unimaginable leagues. The stout sea king reminds me a little of that Spanish Balboa, four hundred years later, taking possession, sword in hand, of an ocean which reached to the other side of the world.

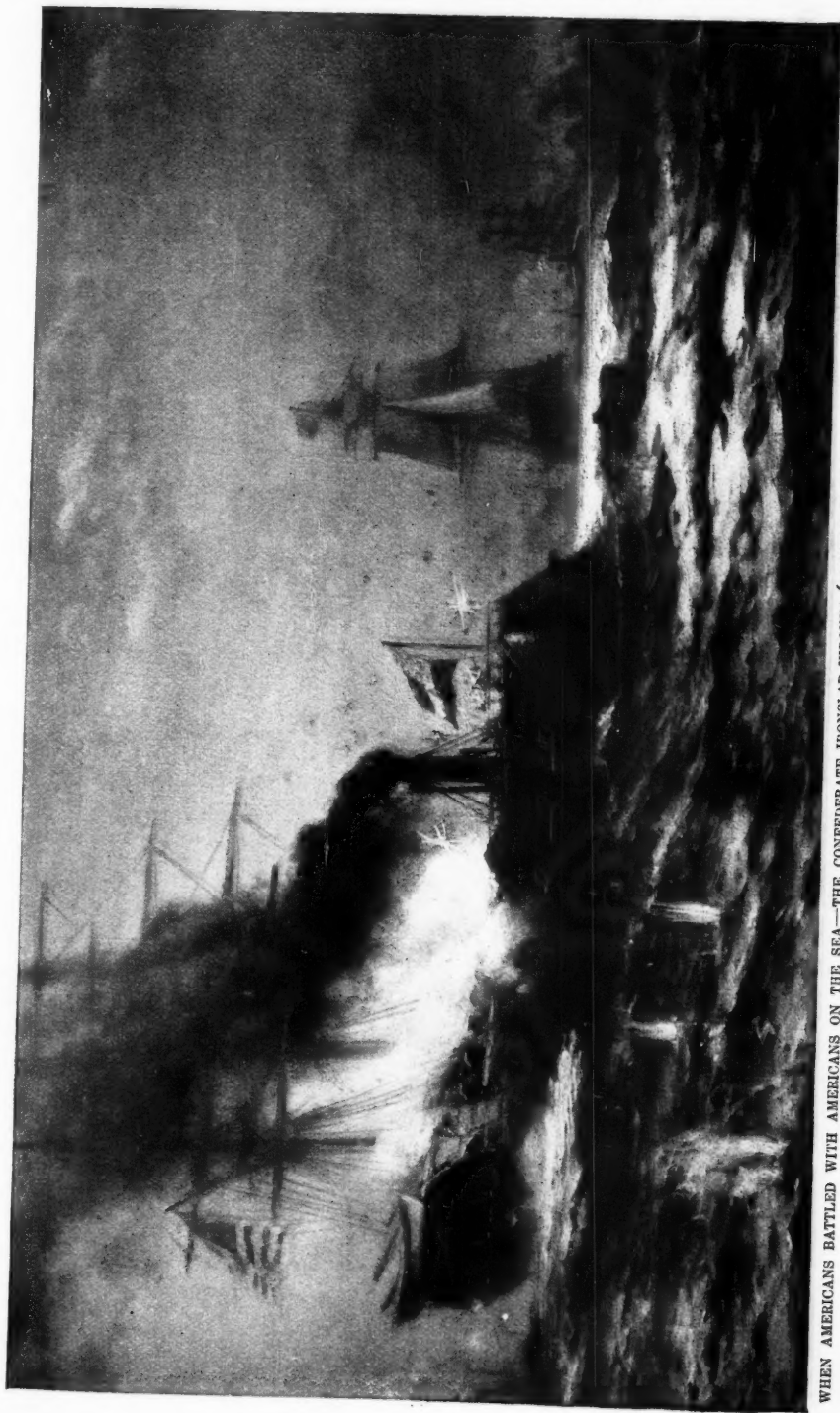
For the rest his was almost a bootless discovery, after all. "It appears to be certain that from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen. As only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion; and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all." Thus says Thomas Carlyle.

One thousand years since that moment! In the broad vision of God a thousand years are as one day, as a watch in the night, as yesterday when it is past; but in the narrower sight of man, within their cycle great things have transpired. A less span comprised all the glory that was Greece from the fall of Troy to Alexander's dream of conquest. Great Babylon could hold the scepter but four centuries of time. Seven hundred years put an end to the Roman Republic. Eight centuries saw the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which had swayed the world from Cæsar to Charlemagne. From Constantine to Constantine, in the city that bore their name, was but eleven hundred years. Alfred became King of England in 871; less than one thousand years after him Victoria sat upon its throne. The history of modern England began with William the Conqueror, who landed at Hastings sixty-five years after Leif wintered in Massachusetts Bay. Of the nations in Europe, or that have touched Europe, only France and gray old Egypt, the mother of peoples, existed for much longer periods.

AMERICA RE-DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS, 1492.

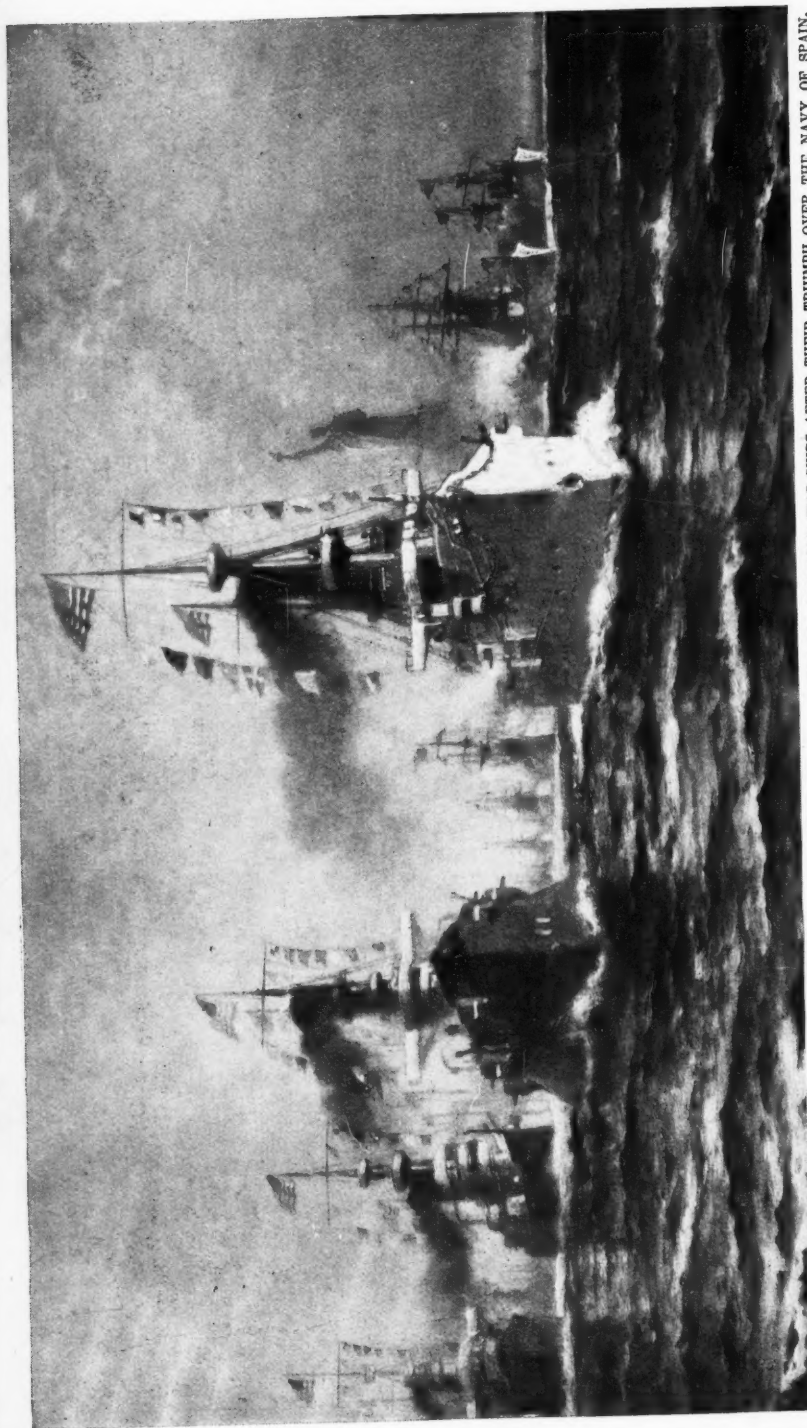
Strictly speaking, however, the real and practicable history of America begins on that never-to-be-forgotten autumn morning when the small boat of the stout ship Santa Maria, of some two hundred tons burthen, grated upon the shelving beach of San Salvador Island on the 12th of October, 1492, and Christopher Columbus knelt and kissed the sands, claiming all for Christ and Spain. But we may not forget those reckless, gallant gentlemen adventurers of Scandinavia who preceded him by nearly five hundred years; and while we credit the great Genoese to the full for his skill and his courage, and for that topping quality which completes greatness, the genius by which men are enabled to realize the wildest flights of their imagination, yet perhaps in some ways the wild men from the North equaled the famous Italian who sailed under the Spanish flag.

From the late Edward Moran's remarkable series of historical paintings, six have been chosen for reproduction here. The incidents depicted, dramatic and thrilling in themselves, are determinative in our history. They are all of the sea. This article might bear an alternate title—with apologies to Captain Mahan—"The Influence of Sea Power upon American History." Wo



WHEN AMERICANS BATTLED WITH AMERICANS ON THE SEA—THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD VIRGINIA (REBUILT FROM THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE MERIMac) DESTROYING THE FEDERAL SHIP CUMBERLAND OFF NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 8, 1862.

Copyright, 1898, by Edward Morn.



THE UNITED STATES OF OUR DAY AS A POWER ON THE SEA—THE RETURN OF THE VICTORIOUS AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS AFTER THEIR TRIUMPH OVER THE NAVY OF SPAIN.
Copyright, 1898, by Edward Moran.

to that nation whose shores are washed by the salt waters of the great deep which does not show its mastery of the ocean, and display its manhood upon it! The surprising development of the Anglo-Saxon race—the race of the present and the race of the future—has depended more upon its ability on the sea than on any other single fact, perhaps. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—they are the masters of nations and men!

The sad plight of Russia to-day is due more to the fact that her men are not natural sailors and cannot under present conditions supplement their inherent deficiencies by discipline and training, than to anything else. And England has usually worsted France on the sea for the same reason. The littoral dominated by England's ships alone circumscribed Napoleon's genius and his ambition. The United States rivals Great Britain in its sea adaptability. We are jealous of a large standing army, fearful—unduly, I think—lest an adequate armed land force should jeopard our liberties; but the navy is the beloved branch of the service, and the pride of the nation.

The valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi, the wide-extending plains, the mountains of the great West, breed men from whom much is hoped for in the future of our republic. But when De Soto's discovery was a mere memory, the Rocky Mountains a misty mirage on the far horizon, the bold men of the Atlantic seaboard were giving an assurance of their manhood in founding a state; and the painter, with a historic insight as great as his patriotic impulse and his artistic ability, chose wisely and well to confine his pictures to the water's-edge. For look you, the landing of Leif Ericson was the moment of the conception of the West. So great a fact as the existence of that land, although the Northmen were unconscious of its significance, could not have been entirely forgotten.

WESTWARD TO FIND THE EAST.

The more cultivated and artistic Latins despised the rude North, disdained its sagas, mocked at its songs, yet nevertheless they learned from the sea-rovers something of the far country beyond the setting sun. Vague, with inchoate, indefinite form, the story of it penetrated throughout Europe. It gave rise to myth and legend. The impression made was augmented by the tales of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville and the other travelers who had gone overland

to the confines of the East. Men realized that some land—Cathay, they fondly dreamed—was there below the horizon, and Columbus' greatness consisted in his conviction that he could find that land of the east by sailing west, in that the flat-appearing earth was really round.

One of the greatest phrases that ever fell from an American statesman's lips was that oft-reiterated declaration of Thomas H. Benton's, who, when he was advocating the building of a transcontinental railroad, used to thunder out in his great voice, while pointing toward the Pacific and the West:

"There is the East. There is India!"

Columbus said that and acted upon it four centuries and a half before the halls of Congress were dreamed of.

The romancers dwell, with an evident relish for the term, upon the "frail barks" that adventured across the unknown ocean. I stood upon the reproductions of those Spanish caravels—as many of my readers did—during the World's Fair at Chicago, which commemorated their voyage. I never saw a stouter or more substantial ship than the Santa Maria, albeit a small and inconvenient one, and I have seen many ships. A bold sailor could go anywhere and do anything in her that he could in any other wooden ship. Yankee adventurers have since then sailed around the world in a catboat, a dory—alone! It was not the known but the unknown danger, bred of ignorance, superstition, and fear, that made the venture so bold a one, and the courage of Columbus so notable.

Not hunger, not thirst, not even the mysterious variations of the hitherto invariable compass needle; not despair, not mutiny and threat of abandonment, could move him. He would go on, magnificently persistent, full of faith, of hope, of courage, until the end. What an end! A new world for Spain, fetters and chains for the great navigator, and at last—too late!—recognition and an eternal fame for his name.

After the long period of gestation from Leif Ericson to Christopher Columbus in which America lay dormant in the womb of events, October 12, 1492, marks the birth of the land. Yet Columbus never saw the shore of the great country he had made a possibility.

HENRY HUDSON NAMES A GREAT RIVER, 1609.

What is it that makes a nation? It is humanity, not territory; not hill and valley, not bay and river, but the men who live upon the soil.

Stout Henry Hudson of England, in the little Half Moon of ninety tons burthen—less than half the size of Columbus' flagship—with a crew of sturdy Dutchmen, on September 11, 1609, sailed up the majestic river to which, more fortunate than De Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi, he gave his name, leaving such a monument to himself as few men have ever achieved. Hudson was put adrift in a small boat by a mutinous crew on his next voyage to the north seas, and never was heard of again. No authentic picture or description of him is extant, but so long as the river flows the world will not forget his name. Hudson typified the settlement of the country, and by its most substantial stock. The Mayflower was not yet launched. John Smith had but just explored Virginia.

The wealth, the power of the United States, from the material point of view, is becoming more concentrated in New York than at any other spot. Here also focus art, literature, learning, science, manufacture, trade, commerce, society. Well is the State called Empire which bears such a jewel in its crown. Other cities of the United States are deservedly famous, and their people have played great parts in the development of the country. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Baltimore are great cities of the nation; New York is a great city—soon to be *the* great city—of the world. And the river that flows by it bears that obscure English-Dutch sailor's name!

A NEW FLAG UPON THE SEA, 1778.

When in the course of human events, after much struggle and endeavor, a nation had been achieved on this continent, and the United States began to be, the next step to assure its existence was recognition. Older nations, longer established, must look upon the new-born youngster in the world's family and extend to him a welcoming hand. It was that magnificent sea-fighter, John Paul Jones, who in the growing darkness of a winter evening, in famous Quiberon Bay, south of Cape Finisterre in Brittany, one of the great fighting-places of the old world, won that formal and official recognition in a salute to the new flag from the old, old land of France—a salute to the flag, the punctilio, the courtesy of nation to nation. Lest there should be a mistake about it, our worthy sailor, in a small privateer well named the Independence, sailed through the anchored line the next morning, exchanging salvos from his diminutive guns with the great

war-monsters of La Motte Piquet's battle fleet. The sound of that roaring national "How d'ye do, sir?" has not yet died out from under the heavens, and shall not die.

Now nations may have all the recognition that man may desire, and yet not be able to contend successfully against internecine difficulties. Many a man—and nation—is master of everything but himself. These United States, which had been born at Lexington, named at Philadelphia, recognized at Quiberon Bay, fought for their very corporate existence from 1861 to 1865. Nowhere on earth have more men struggled harder, and spent more money in contending about a principle, than in the United States; and yet we are reproached with being an excessively practical, entirely utilitarian people—our god the almighty dollar! In defense of our ideals, as we held them differently, our fathers exhibited to the world four years of a death grapple the like of which for outpouring of blood and scattering of treasure had not been known before. In all the wars of England during the whole thousand years of her history, there were not so many lives lost, nor so much money spent, as in the American Civil War.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD WARSHIP, 1862.

Most of the fighting was on land, but whenever the men of the South could get to sea they proved their breed. One of the most desperate struggles of the conflict was that terrific naval battle near the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, when the great black ironclad, she that had been the United States ship Merrimac and was now the Confederate ship Virginia, came steaming out of Norfolk to raise the blockade by sweeping the Federal fleet at anchor off Old Point Comfort to the ocean, or sending it to the bottom of the bay. Nor is there any incident in the whole war which better illustrates the quality of American courage and resolution than the desperate fighting of the old wooden frigate Cumberland against the latest product of the skill and ingenuity of the Confederate naval designers—the prototype, with her little antagonist, the turreted Monitor, of all the great battleships of iron and steel that float the seas to-day.

Says Maclay, the naval historian:

The scene in the Cumberland soon became awful. One shell, bursting in the sick-bay, killed or wounded four men in their cots. More than a hundred of the crew very soon were killed or wounded; the cock-pit was crowded; the decks were slippery

with blood and were strewn with the dead and dying, while the rushing waters and the rapid settling of the ship too plainly indicated that she would soon go to the bottom. In order to prevent the helpless wounded on the berth-deck from being drowned, they were lifted up on racks and mess-chests, and as the ship settled more and more they were removed from this temporary refuge and carried on deck and placed amidship. This was all that their shipmates could do for them, and when the ship finally went down they perished in her.

Morris, the commander of the Cumberland, with his ship rammed, shattered, battered, rent, torn, sinking; with the decks awash beneath his feet, giving to the ironclad a last shot from his futile battery, and going down with the living and the dead among his crew about him; with the flag that had been saluted at Quiberon, that had waved and triumphed over a hundred fields, still fluttering from his masthead—admirably typifies American valor. There was another ship there that day, seen dimly in the distance in the picture, which was driven ashore, set on fire after a desperate resistance, and at last surrendered.

"The Congress struck her flag!" was the news that was carried to a gray-headed old sailor in Washington, whose son had been in charge of the ship.

"Then Joe is dead," said the old admiral, quietly bowing his white head in sorrow.

It was even so. The flag that was hauled down from the masthead was spread over the remains of the captain of the doomed frigate.

Not alone was this battle an exhibition of marvelous valor and courage, but it was also the introduction of a new era upon the ocean, an era of steel and steam. There was another combat the next day between Ericsson's little Monitor—I wonder if there was any connection between old Leif, son of Eric, and the designer of that wonderful vessel?—but the dramatic moment was the sinking of the Cumberland.

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD-POWER.

Nations cannot always play by themselves. Not better is it for them than it is for man to be alone. When we took up arms to stop outrage and murder in Cuba under the guise of civilized war, following one of the most generous impulses that ever possessed a people, no one dreamed that, as a result of our fighting the battles of our weak and helpless

neighbors, we were to be suddenly, not to say violently, projected into the sphere of world politics. No one foresaw that our destinies henceforth and forever were to be inextricably inwrought with the destinies of the other great races of the earth.

As it was Spain who introduced us to Europe, coming in the form of conquest and over-lordship, so it was Spain, going in the guise of defeat and dispossession, that made us realize our potentialities around the globe. We did not understand the full consequences of Dewey's dash in the Philippines and Sampson's great campaign in the West Indies, when those epoch-marking battles were fought; but when that splendid procession of fighting ships came steaming up Henry Hudson's river, two hundred and ninety years, nearly to the very day, after the entrance of the Half Moon, men began to realize the outlines of that imperial dream, shadowy at first, but which grows more substantial with every passing hour. They read a new meaning and a new force into the familiar words of the American poet:

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

To-day the horizon of the United States takes in the world. To-day the sun shines ever on our flag. Our Presidents, if they have character and courage and ability to measure up to their opportunities, are of necessity among the foremost men of their time. At the request of our chief magistrate to-day—one who measures up surely!—the representatives of the oldest nation of the orient, and the envoys of one of the greatest nations of Europe, after two years of bloody conflict, meet upon our shores in an endeavor to stop the horrors of war. Before Manila and Santiago such a consummation could not even have been dreamed of.

There remain yet ninety years before we complete our first millennium. Based upon the past, what may we not expect these coming decades to bring forth?

EDITOR'S NOTE—The illustrations which accompany this article are from copyrighted paintings by the late Edward Moran, which have been on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the City of New York. For the right to use them we are indebted to Theodore Sutro, Esq., whose recent volume, "Thirteen Chapters of American History represented by the Edward Moran Series of Historical Marine Paintings," has been commended by the press throughout the country.

A PSYCHE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

"WHAR did he go a Monday?"

"I don't know, pappy."

"When is he a-comin' back?"

"I don't know, pappy."

"Whar did he trade fer that coat you're wearin'?"

The old man's eyes dwelt insistently, fiercely, upon the girl. She varied her reply with:

"He never named hit to me whar he bought the caliker. Hit's a pretty piece, ain't hit, pappy?"

She looked beseechingly at her grim father, lifting and fumbling the folds of her blue frock. A slim, pale, pretty little creature she was, with a load of flaxen blonde hair which seemed too heavy for her small head and slender neck.

Old Venters laughed a wry laugh to his boys, six of them, strapping black-avised fellows like himself, with squirrel guns over their shoulders.

"Thar," he said, "ye see how 'tis. The gal hain't got the sense she was bawn with. She spoke the truth when she told Andy that she don't know whar her man got the money for to buy the roof over their heads—I told ye she spoke the truth. She's a fool, but she hain't a liar."

The Andy mentioned singled himself from the rest by an added aggressiveness of bearing, and by the remark:

"Well, then, make her find out. Ef she's the fool to wed a man an' live with him two months without knowin' what his callin' in life is, you make her find out fer ye—or ye'll wish ye had!"

The pale little bride looked from one dark, angry face to the other. She stood upon the porch of her big, clap-boarded house—a mansion for the mountains—and twisted her hands together helplessly.

"He ain't a-doin' nothin' wrong, Wade ain't," she protested. "I never did ast him right out that-a-way who he worked for, nor what his job was, but I've"—she swallowed nervously—"I've sorter hinted 'round; an' he says I'll know inside of a week. Jest you wait that long, pappy, an' I'll come straight over to the cabin an' tell ye, time he tells me."

A silent shock had gone through the group of tall, lean men at the suggestion that a week would reveal the occupation

of this new son-in-law and brother-in-law whom their despised and half-forgotten sister had thrust upon them. From the cabin in the lonely gulch, with the biggest moonshine still in the Turkey Tracks open for business in the glen above it, the girl had been cast out by the advent of a new stepmother—old Ahab Venters' fourth. Almost as afraid of the town and its ways as the wild creatures of her own mountain solitudes, Miranda went down to the settlement to wait on table at the one hotel. From Hepzibah she had returned with a husband who appeared to have plenty of money, who stated his intention of settling in the mountains, and who bought the old Wimby place, one of the best farms on Little Turkey Track.

The Venterses had received him coldly; they looked with suspicion upon his opulence and his tincture of urban breeding, though indeed Wade Kalleen was a mountaineer born like themselves. And now they were to know what his business was within the week.

"That means a raid!" burst out the brother who had been called Andy.

The girl drew back and laid her hand upon the door.

"No, ye don't! You stay hyer an' listen to what we got to say," and old Venters detained her with a none too gentle grasp. "When is that thar man o' yours to be home?"

"I—I don't—" began Miranda falteringly; but her father's hawk eye fastened on her relentlessly, and beneath that glance she whispered "To-night!"

"He mought drap in on us, or we'd go through the house now an' s'arch his plunder, an' see ef we can make out what he's up to. Does he keep his trunk locked? Have ye been inter hit?"

The girl's fair little face turned suddenly burning red; the brothers howled with laughter.

"Uh-huh!" grunted the old man. "Course she done s'arched his trunk—ain't she a womern? She pulls a mighty straight face when she talks to us, but I'll bet a chaw o' terbacker she's a-wallerin' her pillar o' nights tryin' to study out this hyer thing that her man won't tell her."

The statement was so true to fact,

yet so distorted in spirit, that Miranda's meek blue eyes overflowed.

"I know he's the best man God ever made," she choked. "But—but I want to find out—I want to find out—so't I kin tell you-all, an' you'll quit a-pesterin' me. Ye ought to be proud to have a man like Wade in the fambly!"

"Huh!" ejaculated the father. His sons remained silent while he spoke, but it was more the respect due the tribal head than filial deference. "Huh! Mebby we air proud o' havin' a revenuer in the fambly. That's what we suspicion yo' fine husband to be. But we aim to know fer shore, an' then we'll——"

He broke off, and the silent men behind him grinned expressively.

"He's a right slick feller, is Wade Kalleen," old Venters went on. "He hain't had nothin' in his trunk to give him away; but I'll bet a chaw o' ter-backer he carries somethin' on 'im that'll show you he's a revenuer. Now, my gal, lemme tell ye what ye got to do. When he comes home this night, don't you let on to him what's been said amongst us—mind that, or I'll cut ye to pieces with hick'ry saplin's. You wait till he's well asleep, an' take ye a candle an' s'arch his clothes. We got to know befo' we start to deal with him that we're gittin' the right man."

"I won't!" protested Wade Kalleen's shrinking little wife.

"Aw, yes you will," the fierce old man assured her. "Ye'll do jest like ye're told. Hit'll be well fer ye—an' hit won't be worse fer him."

Shouldering their rifles, the seven mountaineers started up the trail which sunset was already turning to a golden way.

"Reckon she will?" speculated Andy.

"I ain't a-gwine by no reckonin'," the old man returned briefly. "I'm a-gwine to make shore that she does."

But how he was to make sure he did not explain.

II.

THE little wife had gone, barefoot, far down the rocky trail toward Hepzibah. It was late when she spied a tall, broad figure on a chestnut sorrel nag, breasting the slope.

"Wade! Oh, Wade!" she whispered, looking over her shoulder as she ran forward, tripping, stumbling, saving herself from a fall only by clutching at the horse's mane.

"Mind! Look out you don't hurt your-

se'f!" the big man called out solicitously. Then, getting down to join her, his bridle thrown over his arm, he said: "Was you skeered to be in the house all by your lone se'f, my baby chile?"

"No, hit warn't that—adzackly," she faltered. "I was oneasy 'bout ye. I got to thinkin' somebody might layway ye"; and she stood on tiptoe to kiss her tall husband.

He dropped a reassuring arm around the slim little figure as they went on, instead of walking hand in hand, mountain fashion; for, as has been said, there was a suspicious tincture of town breeding in Kalleen.

"What you reckon I got in my pocket?" he inquired fondly, drawing her close against his side, where she nestled like a child. Miranda shivered a little at mention of those pockets which she was later to search. "I got you the prettiest breastpin you ever laid your eyes on," her husband announced. "I may have to go to Hepzibah once more, honey; but after next week—well, after next week, hit's a-goin' to be different."

His relief that Miranda asked no questions was plainly accompanied by a little surprise; she had seemed so daunted, so distressed over this withheld knowledge, so eager to possess it; and her people are at once the most hospitable and the most suspicious on earth.

There were two spots of hectic red beneath the little bride's unnaturally bright eyes. She talked more than usual, but in a disconnected, excited fashion, which brought Kalleen's large, kindly gaze around to her face again and again. At supper she stood behind his chair as much as she could, and served him in the fashion of the mountain women. To his objections she answered that she did not care to eat—she was not hungry.

III.

THE big, empty house stood dark and silent; the hemlocks behind it were like blots of ink against the paler blackness of the night sky. The young couple had moved in with scarcely more outfit than would have furnished a camp. Suddenly a light flared up at one of the uncurtained windows. It was Miranda, candle in hand, her lip drawn in and bitten hard, her face pale, carrying her husband's coat from the room in which they slept to an outer, vacant one.

Over her nightgown she had put on the blue calico skirt of her dress; her fair hair had fallen from the knot, and hung

in one great, bright curl down her back. She looked a child—a terrified child—as she stole toward the wall farthest from the sleeping-room and laid the coat down upon the floor.

It was plain that she was shaken by a strong repulsion for the task which she had now to do; but whether this was all regret for the sleeping man in the room beyond, or partly personal terror, did not appear. She set the candle on the floor beside the coat, drew her slight body erect, and took a few even breaths to abate the plunging of her heart. Then she stooped, and was in the act of beginning her search, when a sound from the bedroom brought her to her feet again with a gasp that was almost a cry. For some moments she listened, her heart in her ears; then, as the noise was not repeated, she grasped the coat suddenly, and, with a face ghastly white, thrust her trembling hand swiftly into one of the larger pockets after another.

From the last she drew a big wallet or bill-book, such as farmers and drovers carry. This she laid aside to be examined later, and was turning the garment to get at an inner pocket more handily when her manipulation of it revealed a silver star pinned underneath the lapel.

It seemed a long time that she hung fascinated, gazing at this damning evidence. It needed not the embossed "U. S." to inform her that here was the badge of a revenue officer.

"Oh, Wade—Wade—Wade!" she sobbed under her breath.

Then, with a stab, came flashing to her the instinct of concealment. Her foot went out toward the candle, but before she overturned it she glanced stealthily at the window. Her father's dark face, looking strangely pale in the dim light, against the blackness outside, stared in at her and at the silver star upon her husband's coat. The lips were drawn in something which was too fierce to be called a smile, but which expressed very definitely Ahab Venters' savage satisfaction in what he beheld.

"Pappy!" she cried, and turned, at a footstep behind her, to confront—her husband.

When she glanced back to the window the face was gone. Wade, in shirt and trousers, paused in the doorway and looked at the woman and the badge—he had evidently seen first that watcher at the pane. Beneath her husband's gaze Miranda shrank together upon herself, like a wisp of paper crumbling in a flame. Yet apparently she gave not one thought

to what conclusion he might draw from her spying upon him, from his finding her—as he might think—showing the badge to her father.

"Dad's gone," she whispered, white-lipped, coming straight to him with the coat, "gone to fetch the others back. You must git away quick. They-all may be close by. Hit's Andy and Jeff and—and all the boys. Oh, make haste—make haste!"

But there was no haste in Kalleen's soul. He caught her arm and held her facing him. It seemed to the weeping, terrified girl that he would never speak.

"So you been spyin' on me—for them—have ye?" he said finally. "I don't know why the good God makes some women so innocent-looking an' so—" He broke off and regarded her with eyes in which shame and rage and love and a sort of repugnant pity struggled together.

"Never mind 'bout me," she groaned with impatience. The blow, bitter as it was, could not reach Miranda, so intense was her preoccupation with the matter of her husband's safety. "Hit don't make no differ 'bout me! Hurry—hurry—hurry! Oh, for God's sake, make haste, honey! They'll git ye. I tell ye dad an' the boys is out after ye. Wade—Wade!" She shook his arm. "Ye don't know. Hit's the same as death for old man Venters an' his boys to be out after a feller. Oh, ye got to run fer it!"

"An' ye showed 'em my badge," Kalleen mourned. His steady voice had broken from scorn to pure sorrow. "I was a-gwine to tell ye next week, when I was free to, that I had been in the revenue service, but had done sent in my resignation when I come here to live in the mountains an' suspicioned what all your folks was up to. I loved ye that well—pore fool! I bought this farm, an' aimed to see a lot of happiness livin' with—"

"Oh, my God! Don't stay hyer talkin' that-a-way—hit's a plumb waste o' time," Miranda broke in passionately. "What has been did has been did. Git your hawse—git your hawse, Wade, or I'll see ye killed befo' my face!"

That was like a woman—the idea went dully through Kalleen's mind—strong to precipitate a murder and too weak to look on at it. He turned from her, catching the coat out of her hand, and strode over to the little log barn. When the horse was ready, he looked at the big, dim outline of his home, whose lighted window he could see, and a choking flood

of emotion sent him back up the path to its door. That door, when he reached it, he found swinging wide. He went first into the room where the light was. The candle still stood upon the floor, a winding-sheet twisting in its flame. He caught it up, and, with the reckless courage for which he was famous, ran through all the house searching, sometimes whispering Miranda's name—unmindful of the fact that he made, with his lighted candle in those dark rooms, a perfect target.

But all was empty—she was gone! Had she only fled back to her father because she shrank from seeing him murdered? Or was it worse? Would she strengthen her heart and return with them for the deed? It cankered at the core of the whole black business that she would certainly profit by his death. And the grief and horror of it left him with only a dull wonder as to why, when he surprised her at her treachery, she should have warned him and urged him to escape.

At the door he flung the candle down into the grass, where it sputtered and went out; then he leaped upon his horse and took the short trail for Hepzibah, aware that any thicket by the roadside—and it ran between high banks of laurel—might hold leaden death for him.

IV.

EARLIER in the evening a silver shallop of a moon had sailed the sunset west. Kalleen and his wife had walked home under its thin radiance. The later blackness brought with it presage of a mountain storm. The first big drops began to strike on the rhododendron and laurel. To ride fast on that rough, narrow, often precarious trail was a thing impossible. As he made the best headway he could, over rocks, in the night and storm, he presently realized that a sound followed the beat of his horse's hoofs. Was it the big drops which spoke loudly on the hard, glossy laurel-leaves? Or was it the flitting footsteps of a jackal pursuer threading those thickets—a creature afraid or unprepared to strike, who stole after to watch, and to assist when those appointed should attack the fugitive? There was no fear in Wade Kalleen's soul—but a great horror.

He was not allowed to be long uncertain. The rain came on heavier, louder, and evidently trusting to its sound for cover, the creature in the thickets became more bold, tearing and crashing through the branches, stumbling and fall-

ing in a desperate effort to keep up with the horse. Once he heard a sound that might have been the chirping of an awakened bird, the call of an animal, or some forest noise; but to his ear it seemed articulate! And it sent a creeping chill of repulsion over him that the thing which dogged him, skulking unseen beside the trail, should cry out upon his name.

It was now very dark, and Kalleen watched intently for the first flash of lightning, his eyes fixed always on that quarter where the hidden follower broke a difficult way. It came, a fleeting blaze, in whose passing illumination Kalleen was sure he caught a gleam of white amid the green leaves. A shirt-sleeve! He drew his pistol from its holster, and thereafter rode with it cocked, resting against his saddle pommel, ready to take advantage of the next lightning flash.

On they fled in the night and rain, the mounted man blundering along the rocky trail with drawn weapon; out in the wild, rough growth the pattering rush of his invisible pursuer; the one waiting for the revealing flash—that psychological moment which should bring light enough to give sure aim; the other, for what—what?

A bolt from the darkness burned white upon the dripping leaves, revealing a whiter shape between the branches, and the ready weapon spoke. In the instant of stillness before the thunder followed there came a sharp cry like that of a woman or a child.

Kalleen halted, an ominous chill traveling along his nerves. What was this thing after him which would weep like that when he struck it? A panther? A prolonged, livid glare answered him. There, not fifteen feet away, peering out from the thicket, sinister, staring at him with straining, terrified eyes, he saw his wife's face. Here was the panther—the beast thirsting for his blood!

Blackness followed. But the picture was seared upon that tender heart of his. She had spied upon him—tracked him—and he had shot her. The breast of her white gown was all bloody where her small hands clutched it. Horror rolled over him. His own hands went up to his head. With a cry he flung the smoking weapon into the wet grass and pitched recklessly from his horse, calling:

"Mirandy! Oh, Mirandy! Is it you? Have I killed ye?"

As he stumbled toward her in the dark, the revealing flash once more lighted his path. It showed him Miranda, by the

roadside now, crouched, searching for something. The momentary glare gave her a glimpse of what she sought, and in it she rose to face him, with his pistol in her hand.

Wade Kalleen was a man who lived in his feelings; but whether those which now mastered him, turning him well-nigh faint and giddy, were more of horror or a lingering, torturing tenderness for the treacherous wife, it would be hard to say. He ran to her in the dark, caught the pistol-hand, gathered her up, and bore her to his quietly waiting horse.

"Ye shain't," he panted. "Pore little misguided soul—ye'd be sorry afterward if ye shot me!"

She went up limp and unresisting, and it was not till Wade was in the saddle holding her and attempting to get forward on their way that he realized she had fainted. He twisted the weapon from the clutching fingers which clung to it even in her unconsciousness, shifted the light weight in his arms, and found with relief that the blood upon her bodice dripped from a long scratch on the forearm.

Yes, he was glad he had not killed her. She would be better dead—but not by his hand. He raised his tortured visage to the black night and spoke his misery to God. What terrible offense had been his in the past, that this punishment should be sent upon him?

"Me that loved every bone in her pore little body—that meant to be sech a good man to her!" he groaned. "I could 'a' buried her, an' comforted myself that others suffered the same—but this! Oh, my Lord, this!"

They were dipping into a hollow where a spring rose near the foot of a great gum-tree. Any moment might cut through the coil with a flash of death from the roadside, but just now Kalleen rode without definite purpose—or so he thought. Only this he knew—he could

not lay the unconscious woman down and leave her to her fate.

Oblivion could not long hold the girl from her tenacious purpose. As if a submerged sense told her where they were, she opened her eyes, feeling of the man, the horse's mane, with her small, childish, yet toil-hardened hands, whispering in the blackness:

"Is that you, Wade? Have ye got the gun? Ye may need hit. Air—air we to the spring yit? That's all I follerred fer—to tell ye to quit the big trail at the spring. Take down the holler. Keep Yaller Old Bald on yer left. Turn out into Balsam at Bee Tree. 'Tain't no trail, but you kin find the way easy enough, an' they'll never think o' hit. Ye'll be safe——"

She caught her breath in a gasp, and clutched Kalleen tightly as, across the gulch, lights flared up at the house they had so recently left. Shots sounded, a rattling fusillade. The Venters gang were there, and fancied they had cornered their prey. Down here, in the darkness, with a good horse and a secret trail before them, was safety. But in Wade Kalleen's mind and heart there was room for but one thought, one emotion—she was saved to him! Miranda was clean of taint, faithful and honest—his poor little wife, his "baby-child." The horrible phantoms which had hounded him down that rocky way were but phantoms. They were laid, once for all.

Miranda made no question; she offered no further explanation, plea or assurance—the meek, still, stoic little mountain woman. She only felt that her cause was safe, her fault forgiven, the future her own once more, when her husband gathered her upon his breast with a curious sound, between a sob and a little smothered laugh, and holding her close, his bearded cheek wet with tears laid upon her own, turned his horse at the spring as she had directed.

GALLOPS.

It is clear, it is cheer, it is bright autumn weather;
What ho, for the saddle, the russet brown leather,
My horse, and my dog, and myself all together,
Over the lowlands as free as a feather!

Field ahoy! What a joy! Ride away through the stubble,
Push on up the hillocks and make the pace double;
Jump clear the stiff fences as light as a bubble;
Good-by to the world and to workaday trouble!

Jean Rushmore.



JOHN WEAVER, MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO HAS DEFIED THE RING THAT LONG RULED THE QUAKER CITY, AND HAS BROKEN ITS POWER.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

THE WAVE OF REFORM.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

THE GREAT MORAL AND POLITICAL MOVEMENT THAT HAS SWEEPED OVER THE UNITED STATES—THE CAUSES OF THE OUTCRY AGAINST "GRAFT," ITS GENERAL GOOD RESULTS, AND ITS OCCASIONAL EXCESSES—DOES IT MEAN THAT WE ARE A PECULIARLY CORRUPT PEOPLE, OR RATHER THE REVERSE?

THESE are bad days for boodlers. Since President Roosevelt set the pace by driving the Machen gang out of the Post-Office Department, at least a dozen States have had the excitement of a crusade against dishonest public officials. The country is being "saved"—in spots, at least. The Reformer is in control; and the chase for grafters has almost become one of our national sports. More than one hundred and fifty of them

are now under indictment. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt's book on "Hunting Trips" might fitly have several new chapters added in its next edition, under such titles as "How to Bag Senators in Kansas and Oregon"; "Jailing Millionaires in Milwaukee"; "On the Trail of Bosses in St. Louis and Philadelphia"; and "Trapping Beef Barons in Chicago."

In fully a score of our larger cities the melodrama of graft has reached its



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK, THE MOST PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

fourth act, and the villains are being unmasked and punished. The reformer, his thin lips parted in a smile of proud satisfaction, stands in the limelight and receives bouquets. The clank of chains is heard as the villains are dragged into the shadows. Only the other day they were the rulers of the subservient multitude and the owners of the swiftest auto-

counterplots, and exposures. Out of every dozen cases, perhaps one will be a "Who - would - have - thought - it?" and each one of the others will be an "I-told-you-so."

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Of all the spasms of reform that ever shook a boss-ridden city into a state of



ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, THE FIERY ANTI-RAILROAD AND ANTI-TRUST ORATOR.

From a photograph by Curtiss, Madison.

mobiles, but now they are in the trap prepared by the reformer and his sleuths. The "seats of the mighty" are vacant. The heroine is rescued from her despoilers. The reformer is a Presidential possibility. Truth is triumphant, and all, except the villains, live happily ever afterward—or, at least, until next morning.

All these stories of graft read very much alike. There is little difference except as to the names and the amounts. Most of them are sensational, with plots,

uncomfortable uprightness, the most sudden and unexpected was that which recently seized Philadelphia. It was more than an uprising of tax-payers and gas-bill-payers and eight-cent-fare-payers. It was an explosion. It was the Mont Pelée of reform eruptions. It was the swiftest performance in the way of political house-cleaning that this swift country has ever known. And yet some people have now and then hinted that Philadelphia is not as fast as she might be!



TOM LOFTIN JOHNSON, MAYOR OF CLEVELAND SINCE 1901—UNDER HIS ADMINISTRATION CLEVELAND HAS BECOME ONE OF THE BEST GOVERNED MUNICIPALITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Marce in, New York.

Philadelphia politics is a study in black and white. It has always been so, in the memory of the present generation. There are no half-tints in the picture. For years reformers had labeled her "corrupt and contented." Her name was a synonym for non-resistance to boss rule. With the exception of her Independence Hall and Liberty Bell, there was little in the city to remind her people of true self-government.

"What's the use of voting?" said the discouraged Quakers on election days. About eighty thousand fraudulent votes were regularly cast, and everybody knew it. The names of cats, dogs, and dead men were on the lists. Out of seven hundred and seventy-seven names in one

district, for instance, five hundred and ten were bogus. Out of a little more than five thousand, in another district, only two thousand were genuine. And so the great city which, during the Civil War, sent eighty regiments to fight for the Union; which financed four American wars, in 1776, 1812, 1846, and 1861; which was far richer and more populous than ancient Rome in its most glorious days, lay prone at the feet of self-elected bosses.

Should any one ask, "What makes the average Philadelphian so inclined to the dark and crooked ways of corruption?"—the answer is that he is not inclined to anything of the sort. Taken individually, there is no more honest, industrious, and moral man in the world than the Philadelphian. A city where more than six hundred thousand people work for a living cannot be lacking in the virtues that spring from industry.

One trouble with Philadelphia is its size and the way in which it is built. Be it known to those who cannot solve the mysteries of Philadelphia politics that the Quaker City is a land Venice. It is practically an immense aggregation of little domestic islands. The city consists of three hundred thousand separate residences. Two-thirds of them are neat, two-story, six-room cottages, renting at from sixteen to twenty-five dollars a month. There are hundreds of miles of streets lined with such houses. Incredible as it may seem to New Yorkers and Chicagoans, apartment houses are practically unknown in Philadelphia, and hotels are exceedingly few.

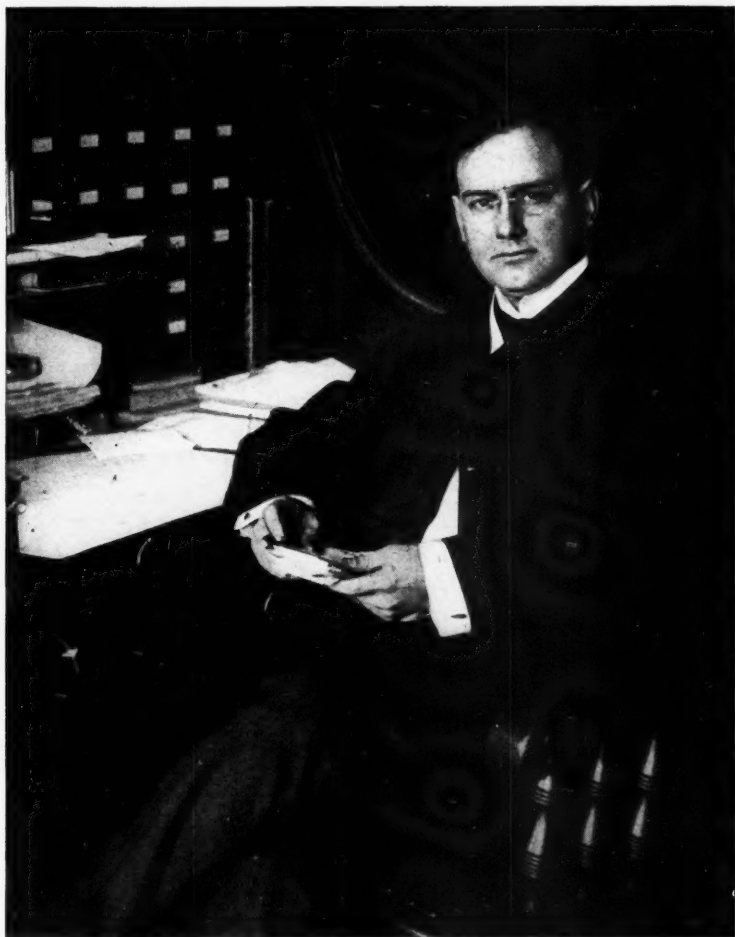
"If each is for himself, who will be for the nation?" said a clever Frenchman. In Philadelphia the situation has been that every family was for itself, and public affairs were left in the hands of

an organized gang of professional politicians. Like the army of Xerxes, Philadelphia was too big to manage itself properly. A little handful of grafters literally captured the sixteen-million-dollar City Hall, and ran things without any authority except their own im-

illions of dollars for what you are giving away to this corporation," wrote John Wanamaker to the mayor; but the mayor threw the letter into the wastebasket, and said:

"This is only an advertising bluff!"

The steal went through. The graft



JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK, GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI, THE MAN WHO HAS EXPOSED AND COMBATED CORRUPTION IN ST. LOUIS AND IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

From a photograph by Moore, Columbia, Missouri.

pudence. For years they found the city a Klondike. Each grab made them greedy for another. Four years ago they gave away a street-car franchise worth a king's ransom.

"Isn't it terrible?" said each meek little citizen, as he sat on his fenced-in doorstep and read the story of the steal.

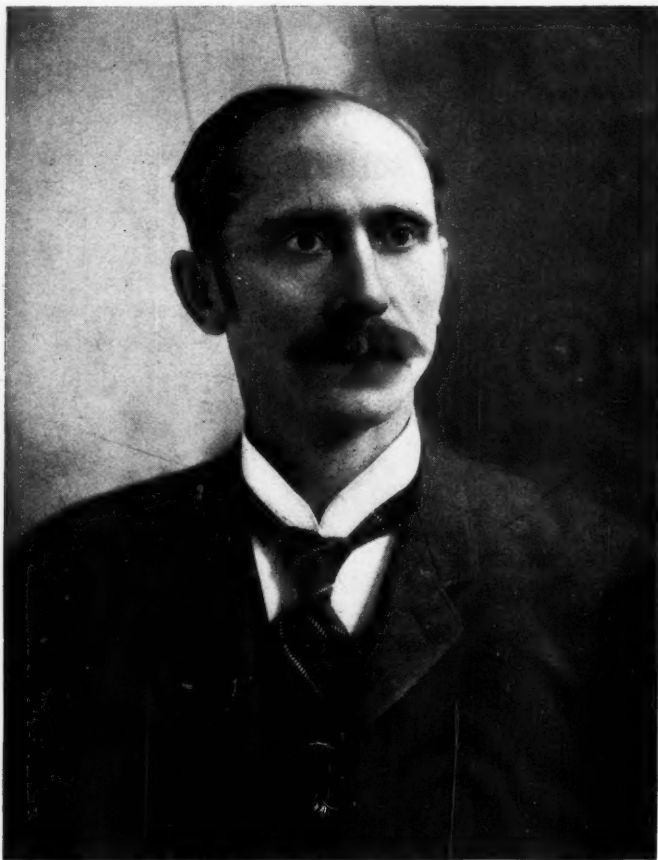
"I will pay the city two and a half

was divided. The citizens, as they continued to pay extortionate fares, knew that they were being cheated, but did not see any way of escape.

A few months ago the gang grew hungry again. A deal was made with a gas company by which the company was to pay twenty-five million dollars for a seventy-five-year franchise worth three

or four times the amount. The mayor vetoed the bill. The councilmen passed it over his veto. The job had actually been accomplished, when suddenly the dam broke, and a Johnstown flood of reform swept down upon bribed and bribers. Just how it happened nobody in Phila-

He had been put into the mayor's chair to look honest and do nothing. All his voting life he had been a ring politician in a small way. Personally, he was honest and clean-lived, a Sunday-school teacher and a religious man. Politically, he was only a brass door-plate. The people had



JOSEPH LITTLE BRISTOW, WHO AS FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL PLAYED A LEADING PART IN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CORRUPTION IN THE UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

delphia knows, though each one has his own opinion. "The psychological moment," say the professors. "An answer to prayer," say the ministers. "The last straw," says the man in the street.

JOHN WEAVER, MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

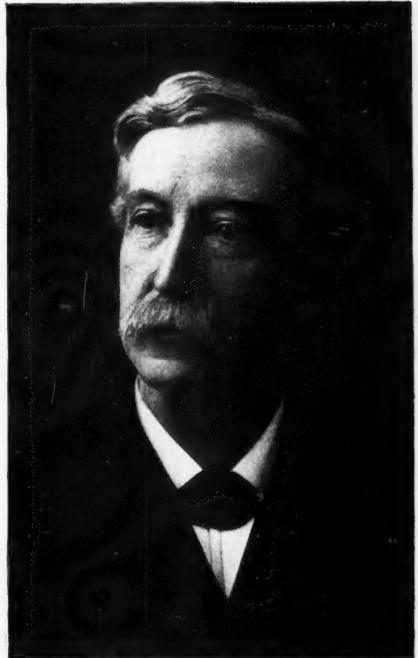
The man who broke the dam at Philadelphia was John Weaver. Up to the moment of revolt he had been chief magistrate in name, and a figurehead in fact.

lost faith in him. All at once, as if he had undergone some chemical or spiritual change, Weaver became a man of steel. He whirled around upon the gang that had elected him and faced them single handed. Here, at last, was a leader for the three hundred thousand small householders of Philadelphia. Here was a real mayor, after a sickening series of make-believers.

Never before, in its two hundred and

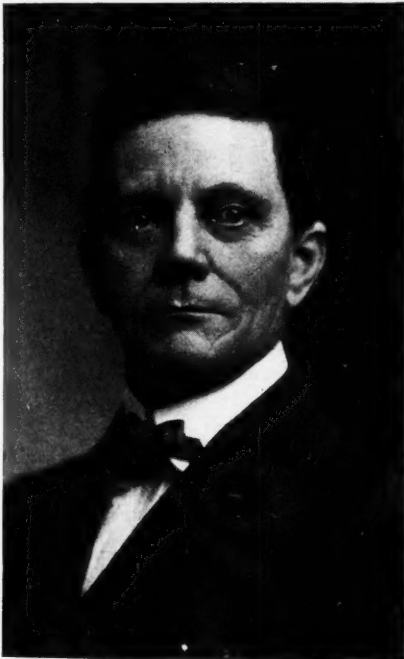
fourteen years of civic existence, has Philadelphia shown such an eager interest in its public officials. There was a grand hunt for councilmen. Women, who have unusual influence in this city of homes, took part by declaring a boycott upon the councilmen's wives. The councilmen's children went home crying from school, saying that the other boys and girls treated them as if they had the smallpox. Councilmen who owned stores or saloons found their trade dwindling beneath the profit line. Some fiery burghers carried ropes to the City Hall. The gas steal was defeated, and Mayor Weaver knocked out the two chief pillars of boss rule by dismissing two officials who controlled ten thousand city employees.

Such was John Weaver's sudden popularity that thousands gathered around the City Hall to cheer the plucky, square-jawed little fighter. Every day produced a new sensation. Six office-holders were sent to jail in a week. Hundreds were discharged. Unfit policemen were thrown off the force. Suspicious contracts amounting to twelve



DR. LUCIUS F. C. GARVIN, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND, A REFORMER OF POLITICS IN HIS STATE.

From a photograph by the Rose Studio, Providence.

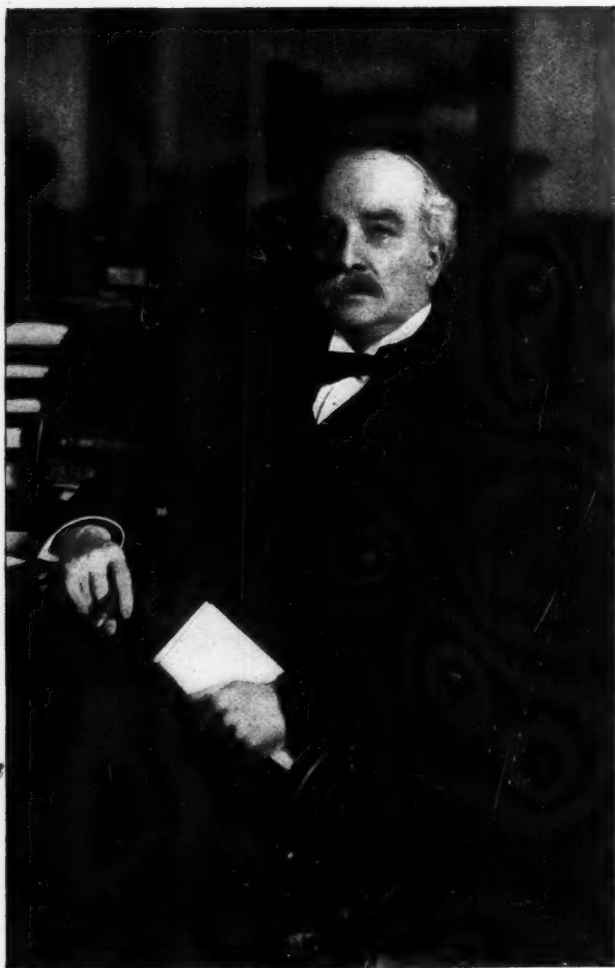


EDWARD W. HOCH, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS, A MAN WITH DECIDED OPINIONS UPON THE TRUST QUESTION.

From a photograph.

million dollars were held up. Israel Durham, the "peerless boss," resigned his position as State insurance commissioner, and found himself without a job, without a precinct, without a contract. The Philadelphia machine, the wonder and pride of all grafterdom, was now in the same class with the sunken navies of Spain and Russia.

It was a matter of general surprise that Weaver did not, at this point, become spectacular and eloquent. He had a glorious chance to shine as the star of reform conventions and the pet of Chattanooga assemblies, but up to the present time he has attended strictly to business. He has said little and done much. Instead of going it alone, after the heroic but futile method of reformers, he has asked fourteen of the most respected citizens to assist him, and also sought advice from Elihu Root, William Barclay Parsons, of New York, and Major Cassius Gillette, the army engineer who exposed the stealings of Captain Oberlin Carter at Savannah. Pursued by this combination, the looters of Philadelphia feel as comfortable as a family of Colo-



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR IN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CABINET, WHO HAS IN HAND A CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE WIDESPREAD FRAUDS PERPETRATED IN CONNECTION WITH GOVERNMENT LAND.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

rado bears when President Roosevelt is on the war-path.

WILLIAM T. JEROME IN NEW YORK.

The star reformer of New York, William Travers Jerome, is as different from John Weaver as a three-ring circus is from a Sunday-school convention. Weaver was an executive official who suddenly screwed up his courage and did what he had sworn to do. Jerome, on the other hand, was a judge who suddenly had his eyes opened to see the futility of unenforced statutes, and who threw off his

judicial robe and jumped into the hurly-burly of politics to make the law effective and respected. Finding that the police were in league with the gamblers, Jerome sallied out one evening at the head of a band of raiders and stormed a notorious pool-room, capturing, among his prisoners, a big Tammany official. The next morning he awoke to find himself famous, and he has since been the most picturesque figure in New York public life.

At the next election, Jerome appeared as the anti-Tammany candidate for district attorney. At first, his candidacy was regarded as a mistake. He was the despair of his political managers. With a body-guard of adventurous young followers, he dashed from hall to hall in an automobile, delighting the multitude by his fearless, straightforward talk. His whirlwind campaign became the talk of the town.

"My platform is 'Thou shalt not steal,'" he said. He

refused to go an inch out of his way to conciliate powerful interests. Apparently, he had less respect for people of wealth and influence than for the rank and file.

"You are the people of the brown-stone district," he said on one occasion to an aristocratic audience. "You are no use. Morally, you aren't worth the powder it would take to blow you out of existence."

And yet he was no demagogue. He faced a gathering of angry labor leaders and declared that labor, as well as capi-

tal, was smirched with corruption. He made enemies with indifference, almost with delight. Most of the newspapers were against him. One particularly offensive cartoon pictured his head as being full of wheels, and underneath were the words, "Drop a cigarette in the slot and see the wheels go round."

Jerome was an amateur in the science of vote-getting. He violated political etiquette right and left. He ran amuck among the politicians of both parties. His arguments were aimed at the average man, who wants the laws to be respected and enforced with fair play to all classes. When the votes were counted, it was found that Jerome stood at the head of the poll. The average man had endorsed him.

That was three years ago. Since that time Jerome has "made good." The general opinion is that he talks too much, but no one can deny that he has worked wonders in New York. "Al" Adams, the millionaire "policy king," was put behind the bars. Canfield, the king of New York gamblers, was fined and chased out of the city, leaving his elaborate gambling-place wrecked and dismantled. No special favors were given to Jerome's own profession. Such a house-cleaning in the law-courts had never before been known in New York. Eight crooked lawyers were dragged, kicking and squirming, to jail. Ten other lawyers are now awaiting trial and dreaming bad dreams of Sing Sing. He has disposed of more than twelve thousand indictments. Above all, he has done something generally believed to be impossible—he has taken the district attorney's office out of politics.

WHAT FOLK DID IN ST. LOUIS.

So far as graft is concerned, St. Louis is the Philadelphia of the middle West. In both cities there was the same long drought of dishonesty and the same unexpected thunderstorm of reform. One public official, elected by accident, was the storm-center in each case. Both cities tried the rope plan on their councilmen. St. Louis exploded first, more like a bunch of firecrackers than a single cartridge; and a young Tennessean named Joseph W. Folk was the human match that touched off the fuse.

Taking money from St. Louis was for years easier than taking candy from a baby. The golden age, from the grafters' point of view, was a three-year period that ended in 1900. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp was a cheap combination in

comparison with Boss Butler and his marvelous machine. By the manipulation of public affairs for his private benefit, this former horse-shoer had become a millionaire. He was Butler Pasha, the ruler of the fourth American city. It is recorded that on one occasion, because he refused to give his gang their fair share of an "indemnity" paid by a street-lighting corporation, the city went unlit for weeks. The citizens stumbled up and down their dirty streets at night with lanterns, and when one of them complained to the dummy mayor he received the historic answer:

"Well, you got the moon yet, ain't it?"

When the people of St. Louis finally got possession of their own cash-drawer, they figured out that about fifty million dollars' worth of franchises had been sold for ten million dollars, and that the money had not been put in the drawer.

Missouri as a whole was no better than St. Louis. A good share of the laws were made on the contract system. Customers who could afford the expense got whatever they ordered. That is the "business" conception of what a Legislature is for. One bill was bought for one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, another for two hundred and fifty thousand, and so forth. A single vote on one critical occasion, so says local gossip, cost as much as President Roosevelt's salary for a year.

A couple of years ago, when the St. Louis boss was looking for some lifelike wax images to fill the offices, he picked out a young Southern lawyer named Folk for district attorney. Butler had the reputation of being a good judge of wax images, but for once he blundered. The only excuse for nominating Folk was that he was president of the Jefferson Club. To the general public he was unknown. He was beginning to make money as counsel for large corporations, and had no desire for any kind of an office. Three times he was asked to be a candidate, and three times he refused. The fourth time he said:

"All right. You can put me on, but I give you all fair warning that I'll do my duty if I'm elected!"

"That's the right sort of talk for a candidate," said the gang, with a wink, never dreaming that they had caught a Tartar.

In three weeks after his election Folk had filled several cells in the county jail with fraudulent voters, and some of them were Democrats who had voted early and often for the Folk ticket. The machine

was disgusted and clamorous, but Folk was about as easy to persuade as the Mississippi. Like Bristow, the tall Kansas reformer who put the post-office boodlers behind the bars, Folk is a man of few words—always smiling and always digging into some public official's record. The gang had planned to sell the forty-million-dollar waterworks for fifteen millions, and the deal would have slipped through smoothly if it had not been for this stubborn district attorney.

One morning a St. Louis banker received a visit from a smooth-faced, soft-voiced young man.

"I am District Attorney Folk," said the visitor. "I have evidence that you have a boodle fund of seventy thousand dollars in your vault, deposited by Mr. So-and-So. I can give you the number of the box, and I want you to open your vault and let me see whether or not I have been misinformed."

Of course the banker refused, not knowing that a young Stonewall Jackson of politics stood before him. In a few minutes he was made to see his mistake. The vault was opened. The box was withdrawn. There lay the seventy thousand dollars.

Folk went to another bank and repeated the same operation. Then he made arrests right and left. Convictions followed. A banker got five years; a millionaire broker got three; and the boss himself was sentenced to three years in stripes. One of the gang leaders has since been a resident of Mexico. The marvelous machine was left "a thing of shreds and tatters." Afterward, these decisions were reversed by the State Supreme Court; but the prestige of the gang was gone.

At first St. Louis gave Folk a timid support, but later the people rallied around him in thousands. Buttons were struck off bearing the war-cry, "Folk and Reform." A group of admirers presented him with a house, but, perhaps with memories of Admiral Dewey's sad experience, he refused the gift. Finally, in spite of a Roosevelt landslide for the other ticket, they made him Governor of Missouri.

Folk is no socialist. He has no dream of a new social system. Theories of good government are no more to him than theories of cleanliness are to a broom. His mind, which works with the mechanical precision of a cash-register, has one predominant bent—to enforce the law. As to whether this or that statute ought to be enforced he has no opinion. It is

the law, and that is enough. This principle makes trouble, obstructs business, and gives the "jail nightmare" to dozens of respectable citizens. As the Germans say, it sometimes "throws out the child with the bath"; but it is the way of the reformer, and two-thirds of Missouri have voted that they are willing to have the merry game go on.

REFORMERS OF VARIOUS TYPES.

The reformers who are, as we might say, in active eruption at the present time are Weaver, of Philadelphia; Jerome, of New York; Folk, of Missouri; La Follette, of Wisconsin; Johnson, of Cleveland; Hitchcock, head of the Interior Department; Hoch, of Kansas; and Dunne, of Chicago. Bristow, late of the Post-Office Department, and Garvin, formerly Governor of Rhode Island, seem to have subsided temporarily. All of these, except Weaver, were American-born. Johnson is a millionaire; La Follette is poor; the others are scattered up and down the temperate zone of success. Weaver and Folk were political accidents; the rest were known to be reformers before election. Weaver, Dunne, Folk, Hitchcock, and Bristow are quiet and business-like in their methods; Johnson, Hoch, Jerome, and La Follette are more or less sensational.

Some reformers are Republicans; some are Democrats; and some are like the late Golden Rule Jones, mayor of Toledo, who used to call himself "the man without a party." Weaver and Jerome are following in the footsteps of Jones in this respect.

"It makes no difference what persons, what parties, or what organizations fall as the result of their participation in municipal wrongs and crimes of the past. Let them fall."

Jerome goes further. He is not content to let them fall. He rushes at both parties with a battering-ram, and proclaims his candidacy on strictly independent lines at the next election.

THE FIERY ORATOR OF WISCONSIN.

Governor La Follette is the orator. When he takes his seat, a few weeks hence, in the United States Senate, the torrent of his eloquence may chill and freeze; but in Wisconsin, among his farmers, he is irresistible. About seven years ago it was my privilege to hear him at his best. It was in the little Wisconsin town of Reedsburg, in a park surrounded by a double circle of farmers' buggies and packed inside with men,

women, and children, in holiday clothes. La Follette spoke from the grand stand, shaded from the sun by the branches of a tall elm. It was an anti-boss and anti-railroad speech. Every speech of La Follette's is anti-something-or-other. To fight with words is his food and drink. Peace and quiet are as monotonous to La Follette as they are to a stormy petrel.

It was an afternoon in July, but he spoke with the fire and fury of a camp-meeting revivalist. One moment both arms were raised high above his head; the next, with both fists clenched, he rushed upon an imaginary enemy. He was vividly dramatic, yet not like a poseur. It was a speech of intense feeling, rather than one of reflection. Soon he was perspiring like a stoker. Off came his collar and tie, then his coat, then his vest. It was frenzied politics. The speech came in passionate scraps between roars of applause. Speaker and audience acted and reacted upon one another until the enthusiasm became almost a conflagration.

Such is Robert Marion La Follette in action. In cold print, his perorations sound wild and anarchistic. Recently, for instance, he is reported to have said: "I should like to have a hand in hanging the president of the Illinois Central Railroad!"

"Look at Rockefeller!" he said on another occasion. "His hands reach out in all directions. They have been in all industries. He is strangling and throttling them one after another. There is nothing that gets away from him. He is the greatest criminal of the age!"

But those who listen to La Follette are not aware that anything extravagant is being said. They are swept along by the magnetism of his voice, by his gestures, by his fiery earnestness. If he were to say "We must build a guillotine in every State-House," the sober, law-abiding farmers of Wisconsin would probably shout with approval. They can make allowance for "Little Bob's" eloquence.

Unlike Jerome and Folk, La Follette is no amateur in politics. He was district attorney for his county at twenty-five, and a Congressman at thirty-four. No other man in Wisconsin knows as many of the State's voters by name. He went deliberately to work to smash the Republican machine and to build up one of his own; and he succeeded. He goes up and down the roads shaking hands with the farmers and lumbermen. He is never tired. His wife, it is said, helps him with his public work, and is in many respects

the abler member of the firm. She, too, is a lawyer and lecturer. Their oldest daughter is—or recently was—on the stage with Ada Rehan. Altogether, the La Follettes are natural-born moths of the limelight.

Strictly speaking, La Follette is reactionary rather than progressive. He is hostile to the modern structure of industry and finance. His ideas are practically the same as those held by the Grangers, an organization of farmers that was powerful in Wisconsin in his boyhood days. The railroads, said the Grangers, are the greatest enemies of the farmer, and must be attacked by law. What La Follette is doing now, these rural economists did, or tried to do, in 1873. If he is destined to be a national figure, it will very likely be as the spokesman of those who fear and hate the increasing power of the railroads and corporations.

OTHER PHASES OF THE MOVEMENT.

As for Governor Hoch, the Kansas David who has been slinging stones at the Standard Oil Goliath, he can scarcely be said, as yet, to have won his spurs as a reformer. So far, David's onslaught has not inflicted much damage upon Goliath. A world-wide trust that makes forty million dollars a year is not likely to be driven out of business by a little four-hundred-thousand-dollar State refinery. The general impression in Kansas is that the Governor is not fitted for the rôle of a "trust-buster." As one of his friends said recently, "Hoch is too level-headed to be a reformer."

Chicago, like New York, has its waves of reform that come and go but each time go a little farther. The Chicagoans tried the rope plan in the good old days of Yerkes. Just now they are learning the hard lesson that it is much easier to talk than to act. A few months ago they swept the city with the cry, "We want municipal ownership of our street-car lines, and we want it *now*. We can't wait another minute!" To-day Mayor Dunne is sadly proposing to give a new and "strictly honest" private company one more trial, on the somewhat naïve condition that it shall give to the city all its profits above six per cent. The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse.

The oldest and most modest of reformers now in the public eye is Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior in President Roosevelt's Cabinet. During the past year he has been conducting a quiet campaign against one of the greatest scandals of our time, the stealing of

government land. He has had Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, sentenced to prison for six months, and other prominent men are likely to follow in the same path. The thieves who rob Uncle Sam of his land have hitherto had little fear of punishment. One of them has been indicted eighty times and never convicted; but Hitchcock, they find, means business.

ARE WE A CORRUPT PEOPLE?

And so the war-whoop of the reformer is heard in the land to such an extent that Europe has heard it and is propounding all manner of reasons, wise and otherwise, for "American corruption." As a matter of fact, we are not a corrupt people. We are the greatest readers of newspapers and magazines and the greatest believers in publicity. Every little wrong-doing is shouted from the housetops, especially if any public official is concerned. We are eighty millions of people. We elect three hundred thousand public officials. We spend fifteen hundred millions of dollars on our public affairs in one year. If this vast amount of business were to be transacted without a cry of corruption here and there, it would be an achievement that has never yet been accomplished in the history of the world.

There is no comparison between the occasional pickings and stealings of our office-holders and the almost universal corruption of Russia, where it proverbially costs a ruble to pay a kopeck. Now and then we find spots on the robe of one of our judges, but in Turkey, says a recent book of travel, "any judge can be influenced by the gift of twenty-five cents." Our recent insurance disclosures are bad enough, but no worse than the Whittaker Wright scandal, which tar-

nished some proud names in Great Britain. Many an exposé in Europe has proved that the United States has no monopoly of unfit public officials. The word "graft" is new, but the fact is as old as the Garden of Eden.

"Tainted money and graft are older than our government itself," said a Chicago professor last month. "Even Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty, was built with money made by Peter Faneuil from the illegal sale of whisky."

There are many degrees of graft. We might call a baby a grafter when it compels us to bribe it to be good when visitors are in the house. In short, whoever takes advantage of his position to make others pay him for favors, is likely to hear the name "grafter" whispered as he walks along the street.

But, as Governor Folk says, "ninety-nine per cent of the American people are honest. The dishonest one per cent makes the trouble, because it is the most active in public affairs." Politics is not pure, but probably it never was purer than to-day. It is laundried and fragrant as compared with the state of public affairs in England under Walpole, when "every man had his price." The present hullabaloo made by reformers is not a sign that the average American citizen has suddenly become indifferent to the Eighth Commandment. It is more likely to mean that we are getting higher standards of public honesty and demanding a better grade of public officials all along the line.

There is also a demand for a higher brand of reformer—one who has a program of what is to be done, one who can prevent vice, not scatter it, and whose idea of a career of public service is not that of a bull in a china-shop.

THE STORM.

THE city's noise and strife beat at the door
Harsh and insistent as the storm-swept sea
Rolling its angry leagues incessantly
To break in fury on the rock-bound shore;
Voices, the rush of feet, the distant roar
That surges through the gloom relentlessly,
The vibrant clang of bells; nor shall there be
Rest to its troubled breast forevermore.
But here with you I heed it not the while—
Its selfishness, its greed unsatisfied,
Its petty wrongs untold, its depths of crime
That almost make us doubt love's gracious smile.
Safe in the haven of your heart I hide
Beyond the reach of all the storms of time!

Charles Coleman Stoddard.

JIM, COYOTE DOG.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

I.

NOBODY owned him! nobody wanted to own him. But he had a dogged determination to belong to some one, and he selected Patterson.

He shadowed Patterson; slunk along after him with nose to the ground so completely absorbed in the trail that occasionally he collided with Patterson's legs, and was promptly launched through the air by Patterson's boot. He would dodge around a pile of rock, or a derrick, or a building, and come blithely and unexpectedly out in front of Patterson, capering a little and watching Patterson's feet while making his timid approaches. Whenever Patterson looked at him, he would tumble and roll over; whenever Patterson swore at him, he would sit down on his stump of a tail and howl; and whenever Patterson threw a rock at him, he would bound after it joyfully and bring it back.

The foreman's hatred for dogs amounted to a mania. It was grievous enough to bear with those pedigreed canines vouched for by the Kennel Club; and as for this long, lank, heavy-fanged, muscular mongrel, half Manuelito and half coyote, the very sight of him set Patterson's nerves on edge.

The dog came from nowhere in particular, drifting into camp out of the wilds of the Harquahallas. At first he was not thought worthy of a name; later he was casually referred to as "Jim."

Forbearance finally ceased to be a virtue; Patterson borrowed a revolver and strolled up a ravine, tagged, as usual, by the persistent Jim. Six distinct reports were wafted back to camp, and it was generally conceded that if a coyote dog had as many lives as the proverbial cat, all but three of Jim's had gone glimmering. To those three Jim clung tenaciously, for he was back at the mine ahead of Patterson, peering reproachfully at him around a corner of the shaft-house. One ear was cropped and one leg broken. Patterson was at a loss to account for the other four shots.

The camp arose to pursue and stone the outcast, wishing to absolve him from further misery; but Jim's three legs were equal to the task of saving what was left

of him, and he vanished into his primal haunts. Patterson congratulated himself that he was rid of his bugbear.

One morning, a few days later, the foreman found on his doorstep the remains of a woodchuck which had been slain by Ham Blake a week before. The woodchuck was first detected by an overpowering odor that threw the finer sensibilities of the entire camp into a panic. Blake had thrown the remains into an open cut on the hillside; Patterson now had them carried up the ravine, a mile from camp, and remarked caustically that if the affair was a joke it was a joke of doubtful taste. For the present Jim was not suspected, the work having been surreptitiously performed.

Another dawn found the woodchuck back on Patterson's doorstep. The foreman waxed wroth, and had the carcass buried. Even this failed to retire it permanently, for it was dug up and again conveyed to his domicile.

Blake averred that Jim was the guilty party. With Patterson's consent, he added, he would attend to the dog in such a way that his partnership with the woodchuck would be forever dissolved. Patterson grasped at the straw of hope, and Blake trimmed a piece of fuse, thrust it into a cap, and wrapped both up neatly with a stick of giant powder.

The camp took note of these proceedings with much interest, and was on the *qui vive* from the moment when Blake removed the woodchuck beyond the mine buildings and went on night watch with his infernal machine.

At the hour of five, lo, there came Jim, worrying the woodchuck back to Patterson's. He had but three feet now, having amputated the useless member with his teeth, as is the custom of coyote dogs. Blake, watched by a dozen curious ones from various points of concealment—among them Patterson, at his window—struck fire to the fuse and hurled the spluttering death at Jim.

Jim, discovered though he was, felt that here was an invitation to fetch and carry which was evidence of an amicable change in the sentiment of the camp. He released the woodchuck, caught up the infernal machine, and laid it tenderly at Patterson's door.



PATTERSON GOT TO THE DOOR WITH A BUCKET OF WATER JUST IN TIME.

What might have happened is problematical. What really did happen left on the watchers a vivid impression of the celerity with which a man can move when his house is menaced. Patterson got to the door with a bucket of water just in time to drench the bomb—and the astounded Jim. The coyote dog took umbrage at this treatment and again retired into the hills. The woodchuck was consigned to the depths of a six-hundred-foot shaft, long since abandoned, and the incident was closed.

Although he must have been discouraged, Jim continued to carry out his policy of conciliation. All sorts of things were smuggled to Patterson's door—bones, baling-wire, old bits of harness; also a half-dead rattlesnake, which showed enough life to strike at the foreman when discovered. But Jim's last three donations—especially the second of the three—sent a wave of mystery and intense excitement throbbing through the camp.

The first was a human skull, fleshless, bleached to a chalky white, with an

Apache arrow-point fixed in the eye-socket.

The spell of wonder aroused by the skull had hardly dissolved when Patterson opened his door to find a leather pouch, seemingly ancient enough to have been carried by the Spanish *conquistadores*. The pouch contained a sample of gold ore of exceeding richness.

The sample was of white quartz, the size of a man's fist, all fuzzy with yellow wires. Virgin metal, forced through the rock crevices in spirals, overlaid the basic stone as with golden filigree-work. Such ore was not known in the Tres Alamos district, nor could veteran prospectors remember that any had been found within a hundred miles. From whence, then, had Jim brought this? The camp dreamed golden dreams, and the crippled outcast of the hills was transformed into an object of universal solicitude.

Patterson wove an ingenious theory about the skull and the leather pouch. He assumed that Jim had found them in the same place, and that treacherous red-

skins had struck down a gold-hunter on the very threshold of a realization of his wildest hopes.

To watch for Jim on his next nightly visit, then to follow to his rendezvous in the hills, was the plan. Patterson, Blake, and Reynolds were chosen for the work. Arming themselves with ropes for use in difficult parts of the hills, they hid out in the mesquit. A promise of storm was gathering slowly on the horizon, but overhead the sky was clear as a bell.

II.

At midnight, under the full glare of the moon, Jim was discovered hobbling swiftly from the entrance to the ravine. In his mouth was a white object whose nature could not be determined. With infinite care he deposited his offering in the accustomed place, after which he paid a stealthy visit to the scrap-pile behind the kitchen. Then he was off, a mere blot of shadow vanishing into the blackness of the defile.

Reynolds, mad with a thirst for gold, led the pursuit, and often it was necessary to hold him in check lest he should draw too near and divert the dog from his course. Two miles out, Jim's lank, ungainly form topped a rise. There he stood, a silhouette against the moon's yellow disk, his body hunched together and his nose raised to sniff the air. Coyotes, half-brothers and would-be Cains, howled from the dim regions around, and Jim was seen to turn slowly, preserving silence the while.

The quavering yelps, fierce with a lust for blood, drew nearer, and from the foot of the slope the men saw a pack of the wild hill scavengers dart clear of the hovering shadows. The vengeful ones leaped at the devoted Jim with snap and snarl.

Jim was a pariah. The strain of alien blood that had led him to hunger for a master among men had made him equally an outcast among his kind and among those whose favor he courted. Although he fought nobly, yet he would have been overborne and rent in pieces had not Patterson, Blake, and Reynolds charged to his rescue. The pack fled helter-skelter in every direction, Jim seizing his opportunity and disappearing as completely as the rest.

Patterson and his companions returned to the mine, determined to make a fresh start with the approach of daylight. Jim's last offering, they discovered, was a skeleton hand, belonging, no

doubt, to the same anatomy that had furnished the skull.

In the early morning, Patterson, Reynolds, and Blake picked up a trail of blood on the opposite side of the uplift whose crest had been the scene of Jim's battle and rescue. Mile after mile to the brink of Canyon Diablo the crimson line was followed, only to be lost in the red shale of the gulch's brim. The party separated for a search, Patterson going down into the canyon, which narrowed, at this point, to a width of scarce fifty feet.

The stormy portents of night had thickened with the coming of day. The sky was overcast, and thunder muttered in the direction of Diablo's head-waters. Blake shook his head and prophesied a cloudburst with a tidal wave down the defile. He even counseled a return to the mine and another search later on.

Reynolds was obdurate. If rain came, Jim's blood would be washed away and the trail lost. Blake suggested that Jim could be followed again. Reynolds, brutally selfish, declared that no crimson trail could be left again; perhaps the coyotes had wounded Jim to the death, and the camp would know him no more.

The wind grew into a gale during the colloquy. Lightning zigzagged through the rocky scarps of the hills, and thunder boomed among the crags. Blake descended a little down the steep canyon-side, made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted to Patterson. The foreman had scaled the tortuous steep of the opposite wall, gaining shelf after shelf, only to halt on his last foothold and see fifty feet of sheer granite above him.

He waved his hand in answer to Blake and started down, but as he started a roar echoed from up the canyon, and a wall of water, churned to foam, rolled toward him with the speed of an express train. In a flash Diablo Creek became a torrent. One great wave followed another, filling the gulch by leaps and bounds.

Escape was cut off for Patterson; he could only crouch on the uppermost ledge and watch destruction reaching for him with greedy arms.

"He's done for!" groaned Blake. "Nothing can save him."

"Look!" cried Reynolds.

Blake's eyes swerved from the disconsolate man across the gulch to the bruised and lacerated form of Jim. The dog stood a dozen yards away, trembling from weakness caused by his wounds—stood at the edge of the tumbling waters



JIM DRAGGED HIS MAIMED BODY INTO THE RUSHING TIDE.

and looked over them to Patterson. An idea suggested itself to Blake.

"The ropes! The ropes!" he cried.

With feverish haste he removed his own rope from his shoulder and snatched the coil Reynolds was carrying. Quickly he spliced the two together and started toward Jim. Reynolds sprang in the way.

"What are you doing?"

"Patterson is beyond human aid," shouted Blake. "If he is to be saved at all the dog must do it!"

"No!" roared Reynolds. "The dog is badly hurt; he might get over to Patterson, but he'd never live to get back. We need him to lead us to that mine——"

A furious oath tore through Blake's lips. He struck Reynolds out of the way with his clenched fist, sprang at Jim, and tied one end of the spliced roped about his neck. "Call him, Patterson; call him!"

In the roar of the tempest the words did not carry half way across the gulch. Patterson, however, had seen and understood.

"Here, Jim! Here, Jim!"

Up to his knees in water, clinging wildly to the face of the cliff, Patterson, for the first time, called to the out-cast. The wind caught and scattered the feeble words, but brute senses are keen. Jim heard, and dragged his maimed body into the rushing tide. He was lifted, engulfed and lifted again, flung against the sharp rocks and hurled hither and thither, yet foot by foot he fought his way onward. The man for whose friendship he had yearned and struggled was calling him, and that was enough.

And success crowned his efforts. He reached the foreman's side. Patterson lashed the rope about his waist, took his rescuer in his arms, and together they breasted the flood. Reynolds was now

himself again, and fell to, with Blake at the other end of the rope.

Half dead but still clutching the coyote dog, Patterson was dragged to safety. When he regained his senses his first inquiry was for Jim. The dog was barely alive. Patterson dropped down beside him, patted his ugly head, touched lightly the rough scars made by the venomous pack and the equally merciless torrent. And when the dog stiffened and lay still Patterson got up slowly, brushed a hand across his forehead, and looked at Blake.

His eyes were misty with his heart's tribute to Jim, coyote dog.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENT.

THE mountain never comes to him
Who sits and dreams with idle whim.
And yet, among the things we prize,
A pleasant valley don't despise!

Thomas L. Masson.

ETCHINGS

AS USUAL.

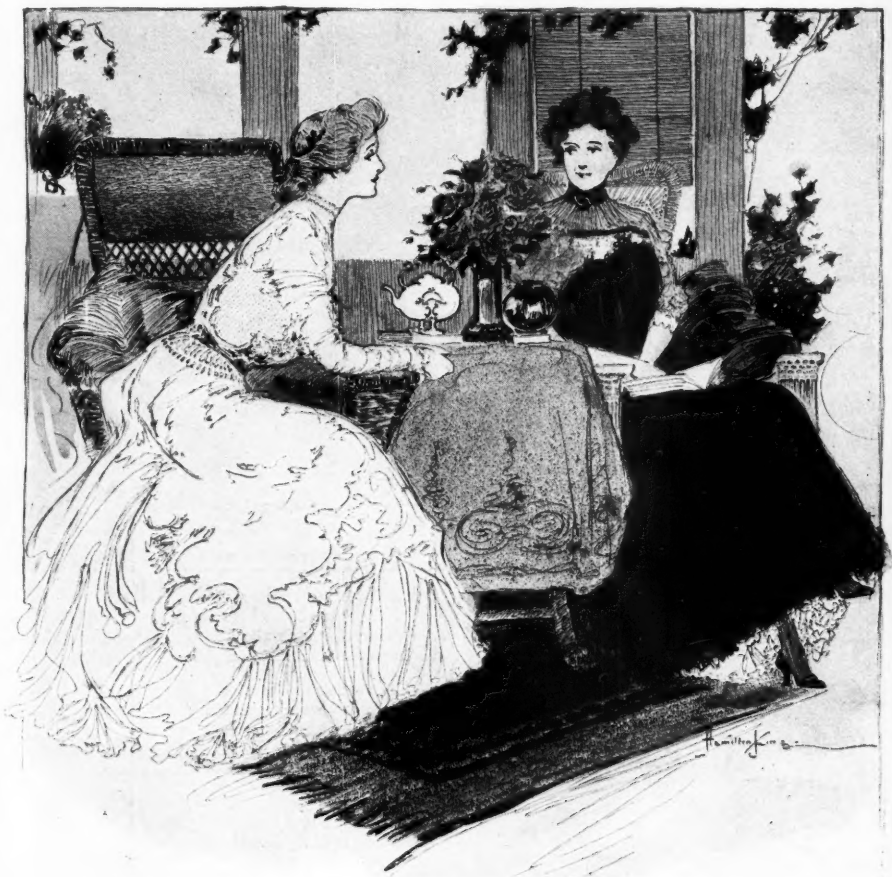
HE worked all day with a feverish zest,
And put his auto to the test.
Alone he rode quite confident,
And like a dream that auto went;
But when some friend he asked to go,
He broke down fourteen times or so!

Tom Masson.

NOT HIS PLAN.

"It is said," tentatively began the inquisitive reporter, "that Mr. Bondwaller could pay off the entire national debt and still have two or three comfortable fortunes left."

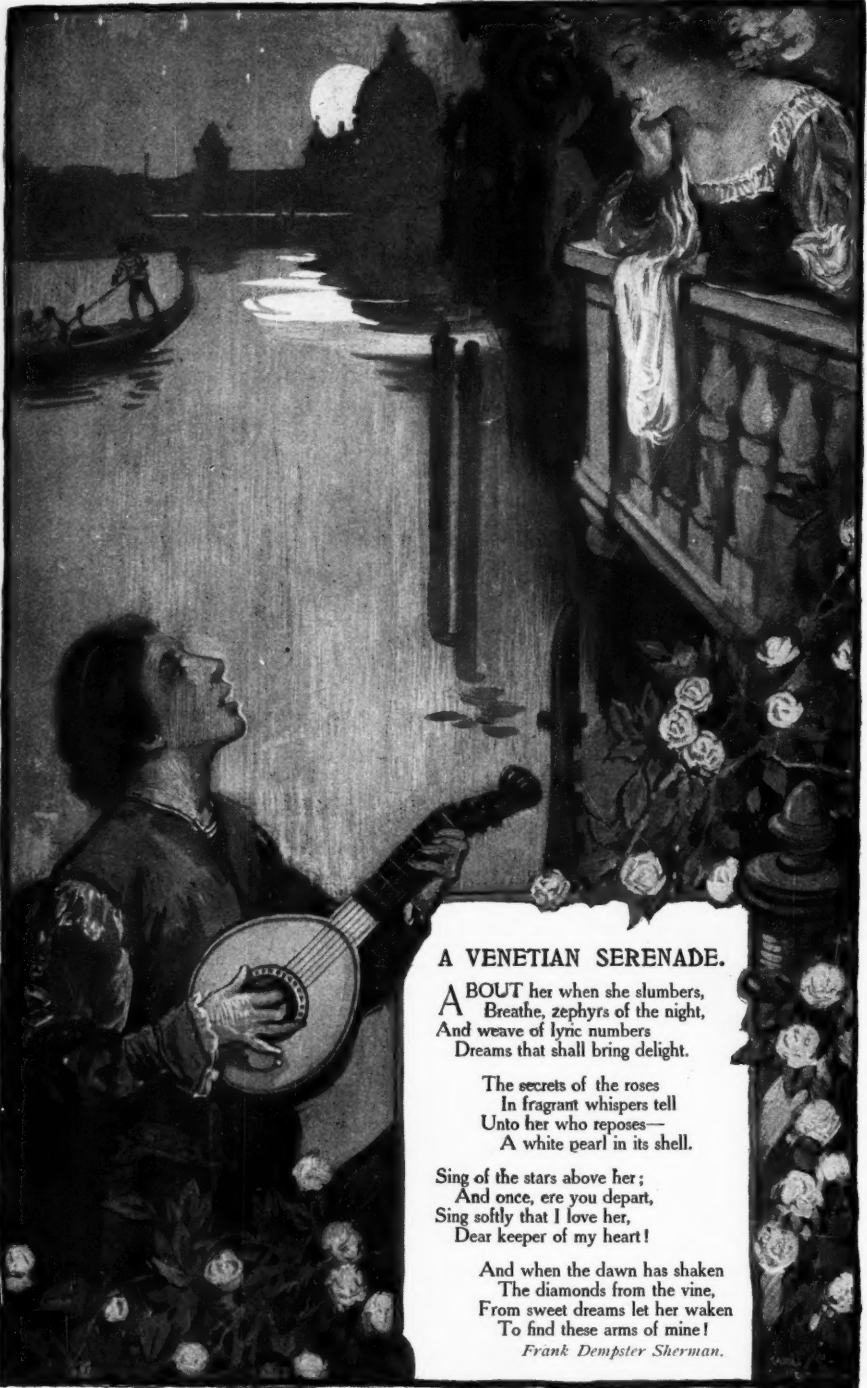
"I must beg to be excused from either affirming or denying the report," suavely replied the eminent plutocrat's private secretary; "but I can state authoritatively that Mr. Bondwaller has no intention of doing anything of the sort."



A PRACTICAL VIEW.

CLARA—"What is your ideal lover?"

SARA—"The one who proposes."



A VENETIAN SERENADE.

ABOUT her when she slumbers,
Breathe, zephyrs of the night,
And weave of lyric numbers
Dreams that shall bring delight.

The secrets of the roses
In fragrant whispers tell
Unto her who reposes—
A white pearl in its shell.

Sing of the stars above her;
And once, ere you depart,
Sing softly that I love her,
Dear keeper of my heart!

And when the dawn has shaken
The diamonds from the vine,
From sweet dreams let her waken
To find these arms of mine!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(First hour, 8 P. M.)

TENDER, strident note of joy!
 How my heart keeps time with you!
 Now so bold and now so coy,
 Thou art like a lover true!

(Second hour, 9 P. M.)

Come, the house is hushed to rest;
 Wilt not thou, too, cease thy song?
 To sing always is not best,
 And your lay's a trifle long!

(Third hour, 10 P. M.)

Will you kindly cut it short?
 For enough is quite a feast.
 Several hours of song, I thought,
 Would exhaust the little beast!

(Fourth hour, 11 P. M.)

Dry up! Cease that horrid din!
 You are keeping me awake!
 Hush your racket! Call it in!
 Go to sleep, for Heaven's sake!

(Fifth hour, 12 P. M.)

How my tortured ears do ring!
 Not a pang for me you feel.



-CORY-KAERT-

KEEPING COOL ABOUT IT.

RUSTY—"Say, Frosty, do you know that you've owed me ten dollars for the last ten years?"

FROSTY—"Well, that's not much—it's only a dollar a year!"

Ah, I've got you, nasty thing!
 Here you go beneath my heel!

Tudor Jenks.



THE GAMIN'S ELYSIUM.

MICKEY—"Talk about cigar stubs! Just t'ink what a cinch it must be in dem towns where dey only cleans de streets about wunst a month!"

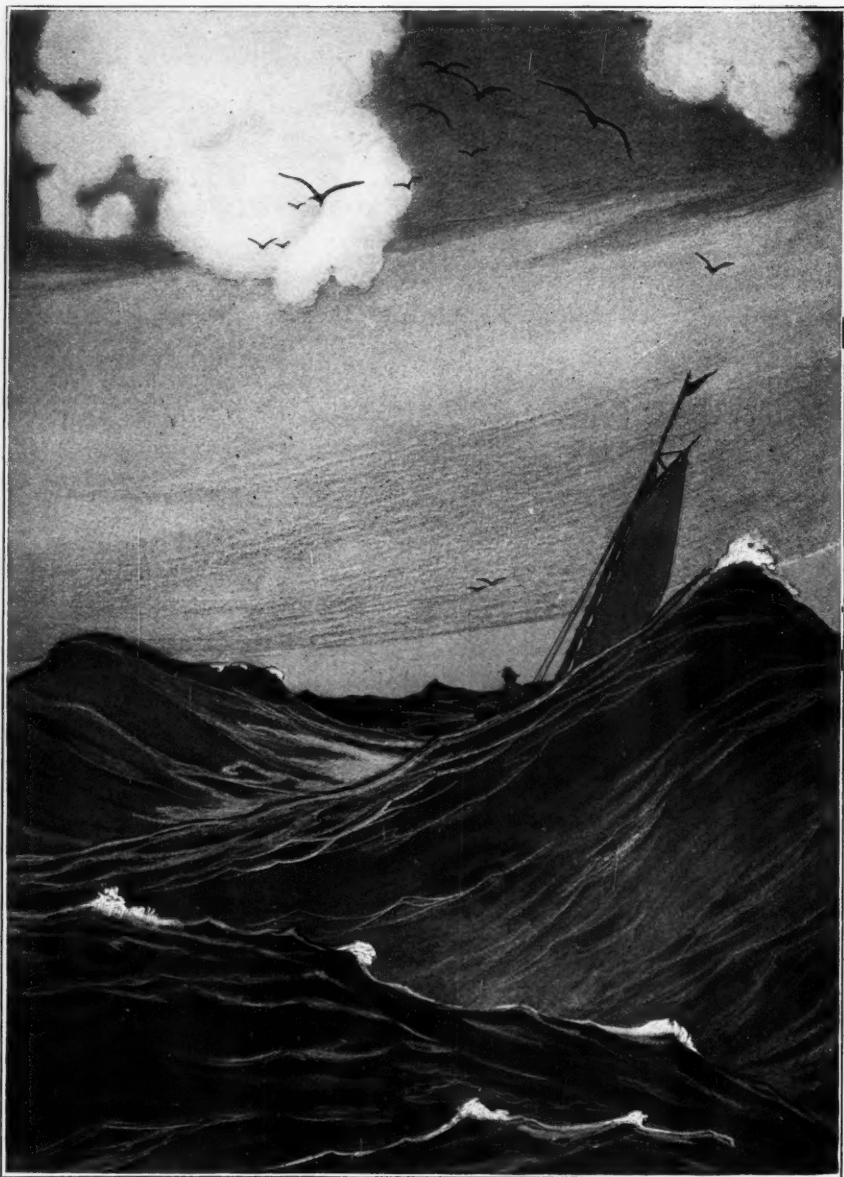
THE CALL OF THE OPEN SEA.

I'M tired of sailing my little boat
Far inside of the harbor bar;
I want to be out where the big ships float—
Out on the deep where the Great Ones are!

I CAN'T be ever content to bide
Where only ripples come and go;
I must mount the crests of the waves outside,
And breathless plunge to the trough below.

AND should my frail craft prove too slight
For storms that sweep those wide seas o'er,
Better go down in the stirring fight
Than drowse to death by the sheltered shore!

Daisy Rinchart.





A MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

I DO not know why, suddenly,
The maples flame throughout the land;
The rain that patters on the roof
Says things I cannot understand.

WHY to that pair of happy birds
Are these rich autumn days so dear?
I know not, but I somehow feel
That I might guess—if you were here!
Ellen Gray Barbour.



THE SONG OF THE PRINCESS HATA-SU.

FLY far, sweet, happy birds, and hush your song!
 Fly far; these fields no more to you belong.
 The sunshine glad has fled from lake and lea—
 My love has gone, and comes not back to me!

Fly, birds! The sun you love has gone with him;
 Nor meet for you these shadows cold and dim.
 Where light and joy are, there, sweet birds, is he;
 My love has gone, and comes not back to me!

Fly far, oh, happy birds, fly east and west,
 Nor pause to give your aching pinions rest;
 Fly forth and find him, wheresoe'er he be—
 My love has gone, and comes not back to me!

Margaret Ashmun.





ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

THE WISH I FRAME.

A SIMPLE bit of wood I'd be,
 If fairy were to grant my wishes;
 Not some tall monarch forest tree,
 Nor yet the willow low that swishes
 Its branches where the finny folk
 In streamlet doze; I'd be the fixture,
 All quarter-sawed of Flemish oak,
 That oval frames my sweetheart's
 picture.
 Though I'd be hung, though I'd be wood,
 And, back to wall, could move nor
 flounder,

I'd be content, since no one could
 Prevent my always hanging 'round her!
Roy Farrell Greene.

A MATTER OF MULTIPLICATION.

BRAGLEY—"My salary runs to five figures a year."

WAGLEY—"That's pretty good, but mine runs to one hundred and four figures a year."

BRAGLEY—"What?"

WAGLEY—"Yes, it does—two figures a week."

THE CELTIC RENAISSANCE.

Oh, wirra, wirra, gray the rain,
 And gray the mist upon the shore;
 The wind is all a wail of pain.
 Put up the window, bar the door,

Lest they should pass the threshold o'er—
 The wraiths from marshland and from
 mere!

One dreads bad weather now, asthore;
 The Celtic renaissance is here!
 The sunset wastes beyond the plain,
 Burns down to ash its ruddy ore.
 Mavourneen, so our bright hopes wane,
 Our joy is emptiness at core;
 Our treasures all of faery store;
 We touch them and they disappear.
 I know I seem a gloomy bore—
 The Celtic renaissance is here!

Oh, hills where homeless grief has lain,
 Oh, land with battles scarred and sore,
 Dark rose, whose red is but the stain
 From thousand hearts that bled of
 yore,

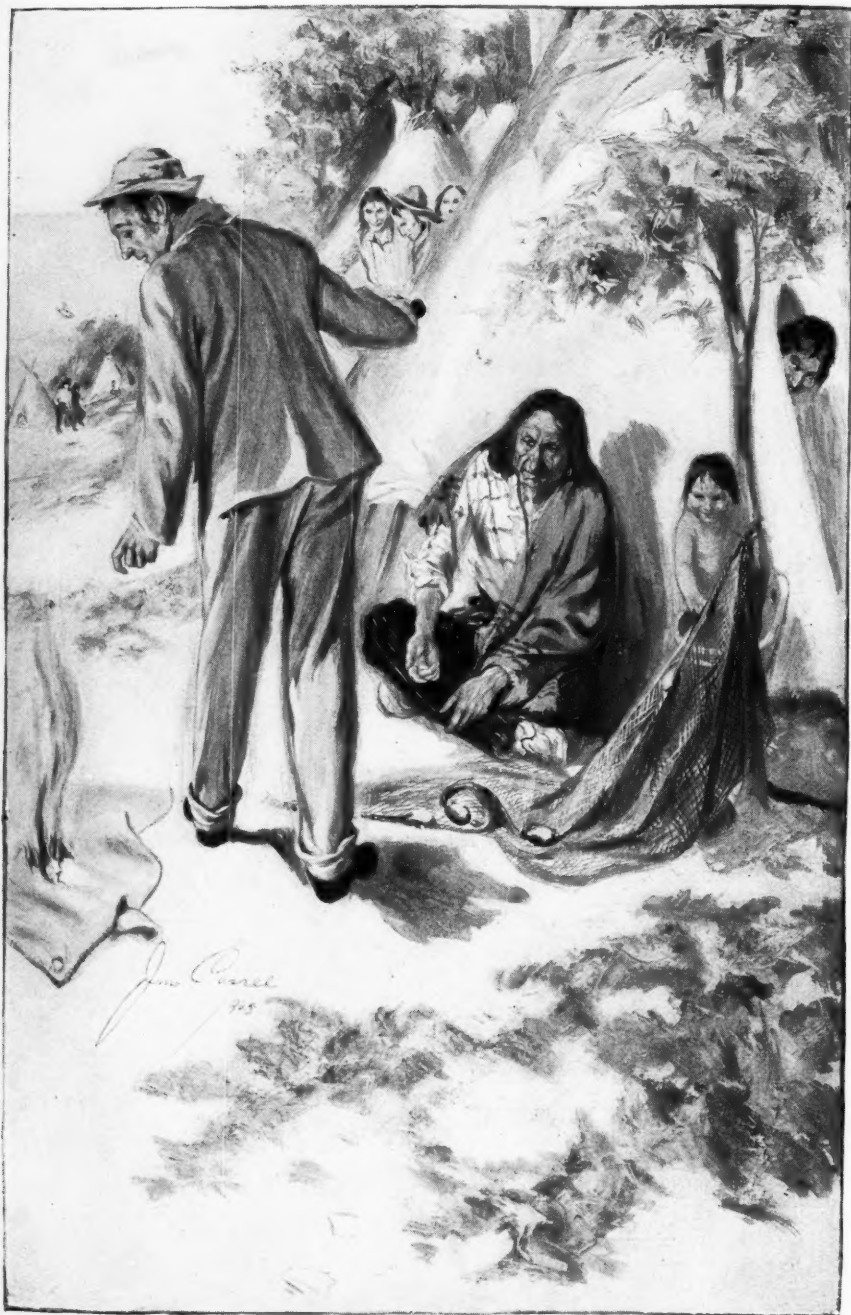
Would I might come to you once more—
 The stranger's crowded streets are
 drear!

So runs our constant keening, for
 The Celtic renaissance is here!

ENVOY.

Acushla, seek not, I implore,
 Conclusion sane or meaning clear.
 Such Saxon virtues we abhor—
 The Celtic renaissance is here!

Anne O'Hagan.



"YOU BURN HER. SPARK FROM PIPE. TOO BAD!"
[See story, "Mickel Basse, Bad Indian," page 41.]

MICKEL BASSE, BAD INDIAN.

BY MARIE BRUECKMANN MacDONALD.

"HE beats me," said Maggie.
"Beat her hard," said Mickel Basse pleasantly, but without looking up from the bucket-staves he was shaping.

Mr. Whiteway, the tourist, who had come over to visit the Indian camp, held up his hands in disapproval. Mickel's frank avowal ran contrary to all his theories. He held that trust and loving firmness could do anything for the Indian, the Nova Scotia Micmac not excluded. So he lectured Mickel, and cited instances of savages who had been redeemed and become ornaments to civilization.

Mickel was pure Indian. Maggie, his wife, a white woman, was pure vagabond. She had no other name until she became Mrs. Basse. Years before, the Indians had found her, a deserted baby, in a fishing-hut. She was the most expert basket-seller and beggar in the tribe. Her husband was the most expert wood-worker. With his bent knife, shave, and hatchet, he could make anything from a butter-tub to a boat. Manual skill was his virtue, but he disdained to live by it. He had spent half a dozen years in deep-sea faring, and when he came back he could lie fluently in English and French, and had more vices than all the rest of the Micmacs, rolled into one bad Indian.

His present industry was occasioned by the approaching wedding of his brother Jean, who was to be married that evening to Antoine Rondeau, widow. It was passing strange that Jean looked like a white man, while Mickel was pure Indian; but such things are common. Antoine's husband had died a few months before, and at once calamity overtook her six children. One died every two weeks till the last was gone. Then Jean Basse came courting.

Mickel was determined to lose neither the wedding nor Mr. Whiteway, so, to retain the latter, he told him the story of the Old, Old Man.

On the shore of the Bras d'Or Lakes there is a cave, deep and big. At the end of it sits the Old, Old Man. Outside, you can see his stone canoe and his stone paddles, the latter so large that thirty men, when they stoop to lift one of them, cannot straighten their backs till they

drop the paddles. A party burned a hundred bundles of birch-bark torches trying to reach the end of the cave, but none of the daring ones came back. Only once has the Old, Old Man come out, and that was when Louisburg was taken. Then he rushed to aid his good friends, the French, but one paddle had fallen into the lake, and he was delayed. After diving incessantly for six days he found it near Bouladerie; but by that time Louisburg had fallen, and sorrowfully he returned to his cave, to come out no more until he fights for his own people, the Indians. Then the woods of Cape Breton will know the deer again, and Newfoundland will not be troubled by the people who come and shoot the animals that were meant for Indians' food.

Mickel's voice was soft and low, and there were tears in Mr. Whiteway's eyes as he listened. He forgot the beatings Maggie received, and remembered only the wrong that had been done to that poetic child of nature, the noble redman.

"Could you," he asked, "go with me a few days on the lakes, and show me these points of interest?"

"Sure," said Mickel.

"We start at once?"

"Sure. When I come back. You be here."

So it was arranged.

Mickel, after the wedding, full of the worst intentions and whisky, started on a jaunt along the coast. He stole a dog at Judique. At Margaree he tied a stone around its neck and threw it into the harbor. That was his philosophy, steal and destroy.

Mr. Whiteway was very cold and stern when Mickel returned to Indian Point; but Mickel worked on his sympathies, and sung to him the whole ninety stanzas of the song which begins:

As we went roun' Cape Tormantine,
The seas was runnin' high;
Sez Dugal More to Donald More,
"We'll surely reach the sky."

It appealed to Mr. Whiteway to hear an Indian singing in English of the strange things that befell two Scotchmen; so before he had quite determined whether or not to take the trip, he found himself on board a marble-laden schooner bound for Souris, Prince Edward Island.

Mickel explained that he had a boat there, and that using this boat would reduce expense all around.

"Where'd ye get that Injin?" demanded the skipper. "Do you know him? He's Mickel Basse, the worst man on the coast."

"Of course I know him," said Mr. Whiteway heartily. "Of course. He is my guide. We are going to Souris to get——"

"He wants to see places," said Mickel in hasty explanation. "I show him."

"Yes. You'll show him things he wun't want to see. Look out, Mickel! Other Injins have been hung for less 'n you do."

When the skipper left them, Mickel turned to his companion and said:

"Hates me. I seen him 'most half kill Pete Sempel with 'n iron belayin'-pin. He can't scare me."

It took them two days to make Souris, and by that time Mr. Whiteway was heartily sick of the schooner, for she did not offer any of those comforts to which he was accustomed on steamers. But Mickel never left him for a moment. He hung around, explaining the working of the ship, pointing out the landmarks, and telling him tales of the sea. When they reached shore, Mickel found a comfortable house for him, while he himself went after the boat.

Before sunrise next morning the Indian woke the traveler and told him to come at once.

"But I have had no breakfast!"

"You come now. Have lots of food. I bring your things down."

A trim, newly painted lobster-boat lay off shore, and without a word Mickel pushed out to her in a small canoe.

"We take canoe 'long. Blow comin' from north'ard. We run for Port Hood."

"I see no signs of a storm. You must be mistaken," said Mr. Whiteway, who, knowing nothing about the matter, had most decided opinions on it.

"Maybe," said the other grimly. "I live on the Strait of Canso thirty years. You smell the win'? We make Port Hood. We make it quick now. Sit for'ard. You better ballast than stone."

They were well out, and the freshening, raspy breeze swept them along. A voice was heard faintly hallooing, and Mr. Whiteway thought he heard the words:

"You thiev'in' Injin! Come back with that boat!"

"He 'fraid we go down," said Mickel calmly. "We good sailors, though.

He-e-e-e! How she take the bone in her teeth!"

The storm was on them, and the tight little boat, as it mounted each wave, seemed lifted from the waters to be dashed down again, a helpless wreck. The unmoved Mickel guided her steadily, and his lone passenger sat shivering under an old sail. The sky, all but a faint streak in the west, was blacker and more dim than the sea, which swirled and seethed in an angry sheet of foam and mocking green water. They scudded from wave to wave, staggering but once. The Indian half arose, his face assuming for a moment a look of fear, but as she righted he resumed his seat, saying:

"Short run. Long storm. Be in Cape Breton 'fore night."

The storm was at its height, and maintained it, with short lulls, during which a freezing rain fell. Their craft, built for just such work, plowed on, shipping but little water. As the story was later told by Mr. Whiteway, all that water was sluiced over him, and there were tons and tons of it. The discomfort and the uneasy motion of the boat dazed him, but he could feel the enticing tang of wildness about it.

"That bad sand-bar to leeward," said the helmsman. "We eat in the harbor to-night. Start to-morrow."

There was only a fishing-schooner there, and Mickel sailed close in and made fast to a buoy.

"We go on shore," he said. "Then we come back."

The freshness of the air and the sense of adventure passed revived the spirit of youth in Mr. Whiteway. His heart warmed to the Indian, whom he persisted in calling a sturdy child of nature, and he respected him for having come safely out of what looked like a hopeless situation; but he was glad when he got on shore and found the solid earth in no way shaken.

"We sell the boat," said the Indian suddenly. "Look how the win' she blow yet. We go to Whycogomagh by stage. Then we get 'nother boat."

"But why not sail to St. Peter's?" asked the other. "I anticipated a very pleasant sail up the lakes."

"Storm last two, three days. We be in cave to-morrow. I know a man will buy, Frazer. He want it. Meanest man in Cape Breton."

Together they entered a small store, and soon there was haggling between a crafty seller and a hesitating and half-unwilling buyer.

"See here," said Frazer suspiciously, "where did you get that boat?"

"Build her at Cardingan, me an' Jean."

"I think you're a liar, Mickel."

"No, indeed; he tells the truth," said Mr. Whiteway. "I'm very sorry he intends to sell her."

"Oh, well, I suppose you may get one tellin' the truth sometimes. I'll take your word for it, sir. Fifteen dollars, Mickel; not a cent more. An' I'll hold out eight till you come around this way again. Now, sir, will you be witness to this transfer?"

Mr. Whiteway wrote his signature, and Mickel made his mark, though he could both read and write, upon the document which said that Mickel Basse had sold to John Frazer a certain lobster-smack.

"Why did he doubt you?" asked Mr. Whiteway as they left the place.

"Injin," said the other shortly. "You get something eat. I come soon with the things."

Mr. Whiteway had scarcely finished his herrings, potatoes, and oaten bread, washed down with villainous black tea, before the Indian returned.

"Come with me," he said. "I show you something."

They turned to the water-front, and Mickel explained that he had bought the boat back again.

"Frazer too mean. He want three dollar back. He keep eight. We go now."

"But, my dear fellow," expostulated the other, "it is blowing a gale. Why not wait till to-morrow?"

"No win' in George's Bay. We go to St. Peter's."

"No, no. I insist on returning. I need rest. If you wish to remain with me, come back to the house."

"You have your way," the Indian said, shrugging his shoulders. "But you help me make all right? Yes? Then we go back."

The rocking craft was unpleasant to one who saw no safety on the water in anything smaller than an ocean steamship. This feeling was in no way lessened by the difficulty with which they made her. It was child's play to Mickel; to Mr. Whiteway it seemed to be tempting fate. They made the painter of the canoe fast to the stern, and then the Indian, after doing many things the other did not understand, returned to the rudder.

"Now," he said, "pull that rope. Pull hard!"

The other did so with all his strength, and to his horror found that he was hoisting sail.

"You is a fool!" yelled the Indian. "Pull away! Pull away!"

Sweating and groaning with terror, Mr. Whiteway hauled at the reefed sail, and the boat shot toward the mouth of the harbor.

"Now you done it," said the Indian. "Why you not lay hol' where I tell you? We must fight."

Mr. Whiteway, thoroughly frightened by the predicament in which his ignorance had placed them, made fast under Mickel's directions, and then, having somewhat recovered his courage, he lay back, grimly prepared for anything that might happen.

"We go on the rocks if we not careful," said the Indian. "Over there the Kate Andrews she sink. My father he go down in his canoe. But you keep still, not talk, we go all right."

The steady, strong sweep of the storm sent them flying before it, and the white man, exhausted by the strain and the excitement, fell asleep. It was day when he awoke and found himself in Judique. The storm had died out, but a fresh, tingling breeze was blowing from the north, and it sent icy shivers down his back. He looked around, but the Indian was nowhere in sight. There were, however, a plate of food and a bottle of porter lying near, so he at once started in to appease the hunger which had made him faint.

He was still turning over in his mind the events of the night when he saw Mickel rowing out, accompanied by another man.

"We sell her," said Mickel. "We go to Mulgrave. Then we go by railroad. I go half fare."

"This Indian wishes to sell the boat," said the stranger. "If you give me your word it is his, I'll take her."

"Certainly it is his," said Mr. Whiteway. Then he turned to Mickel. "Are you determined to sell?"

"We go better other way," observed the Indian. "We nearly drown las' night. Railroad better."

"Then I will take him to the house and get the money. You work her over to my buoy, Mickel."

"When I come back for the things," said Mickel, "stemmer go with her. You stay here," he continued, addressing Mr. Whiteway.

"I don't know," said Mr. Whiteway to himself dubiously as he watched Mickel

and the other depart. "If it wasn't for the frank, straightforward, honest way in which he looks at me I would doubt him. But I know enough of men to understand that such a glance can come only from an honest man. It is wonderful! He doesn't seem intelligent. His forehead isn't much wider than a pencil, and yet——"

"No use," said Mickel, rowing up. "Deal off. We go to St. Peter's."

"Now, Mickel," said his companion, looking sternly at him, "we must decide on one thing or the other. I cannot have any more delays. What are we to do? I see in many things you are a child."

"We go by boat."

While they were still talking, the wind caught the sail, and soon they were moving along the shore of the Strait of Canso. The Indian's talk restored his companion to his accustomed good humor, and the places along shore—where the lumber schooner went down, where the ghosts of dead fishermen are seen, where the captain of the coal barge murdered three of his men, where Rachel McIzaac threw herself into the water when she learned that Pierre Labiche had gone to the States and married—all interested Mr. Whiteway mightily.

"We go to Guysboro," said Mickel. "Then we have only little way. You write book on Old, Old Man? Tom Marshall he read in big book, and we go to St. Peter's for mission. We march. We pray."

"When is this mission, Mickel?"

"Soon," he answered vaguely. "There's head of Old, Old Man," he continued, pointing to the shaggy back of Cape Porcupine. "He see everything. He listen to everything. He see barks 'n' schooners goin' to north'ard, 'n' barks 'n' schooners goin' to south'ard. We go 'way up the Bras d'Or Lakes to fin' cave. We go under East Bay 'n' Loch Lomond 'n' St. Peter's Bay, 'n' under strait. We find him."

The tide had turned against them and the wind had died out, so Mickel worked the boat in at Indian Point. He was saluted by the assembled Indians, and walked with his companion to the farther end of the camp. A few children, ranging in color from as white a shade as was possible under their accumulated dirt to the deepest brown, looked saucily at Mr. Whiteway and demanded tribute. He threw a few coppers among them, and thereby precipitated a

battle, which was made more noisy by the allied forces of a miscellaneous brood of camp dogs.

"This ol' Marshall," said Mickel, leading Mr. Whiteway over to where an aged Indian sat, "over one hundred years old. I go see if Maggie come yet."

The old Indian was mending a net, but he rose to greet the stranger. He was thin and wiry, and may have been fifty or thereabouts; but alternate scorplings over fires in tents and under the reflected glare of light on the water, sousings in the rain and sea, intemperance, and sedulous abstinence from soap and water, had dried and withered him into a little parody of a man. He was still alert, however, and his black, sharp eyes read the visitor and were content.

"How you do, mister? You with Mickel Basse, mister? He fine man on the coast. I too ol' sail any more, but I tell you many things. I live here when no white man live on Canso."

White men have lived on Canso for more than two hundred years, but Mr. Whiteway accepted the Indian's word.

"Mickel Basse he beg," the local Methuselah went on. "I no. He ask food and money. I work. I make sails. I make net-needles."

Though he did not beg, he accepted the ten cents offered him.

"That good," he said. "Jus' 'nough buy supper for my ol' woman. I go with-out."

"Are things so bad with you?" asked Mr. Whiteway, in surprise.

"Very bad, mister. No men buy baskets. Cod all gone. People fight when we take fish from nets. Eels little and bitter. Scotch women use butter-tubs hundred times. Want 'nother when hoops drop off."

Mr. Whiteway considered. He did not believe in giving money away, but this case seemed exceptionally pathetic; so as he arose he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and handed the Indian twenty-five cents.

"Oh, thank you, mister," the ancient said. "I will not ask you to pay for the sail."

"Pay for the sail? Why, I have bought none."

"You burn her. Spark from pipe. Too bad!"

The other looked, and, sure enough, a sail which he had noticed drying in the sun was smoldering. What he did not see was that Mrs. Marshall had tossed a live coal on it from the other side of the tent.

"I protest—I must pay for it! Indeed, you must fix a price, for I see Mickel coming and I am anxious to get away."

"No; you have been good. I take nothing."

Mr. Whiteway bubbled with decision.

"Mickel," he said, "how much would a sail like that cost? Come, we have no time to waste."

Mickel looked at it.

"Three dollars. Cheap cotton."

The Indian received three dollars, enough to buy six sails, and the voyagers started across the strait for Mulgrave.

"I must make a reservation," said Mr. Whiteway. "The voyage ends if there is any further attempt to barter the boat."

The Indian nodded.

"All right. We buy food in Mulgrave. You write the things, 'n' give me order?"

"But if I pay for them, why an order?"

"Must. Indian. I pay money, but must have order."

He dictated a list of articles, and the tourist addressed a short note to Malcolm Findlater, grocer, butcher, postmaster, and several other things in the town of Mulgrave, asking him to deliver the goods to Mickel.

"There will be no trouble about this," said Mr. Whiteway, "as Mr. Findlater knows me well. I boarded at his house several days, and some of my things are there yet."

Mickel was gone some time. Mr. Whiteway enjoyed himself hugely fishing for cunners, and was elated when he landed about a dozen or so, weighing in the aggregate about a pound. When Mickel returned he piled his purchases in, and as the number grew, Mr. Whiteway's surprise grew with it.

"Did we order all these, Mickel?" he asked.

"Yes. Must have things to eat. I buy some, too. Now we go for Chedabucto Bay."

Contrary or light winds made progress slow, and when night came they were still beating off Arichat. At last they made a landing on a small island, and Mickel led the way to a deserted fishing-shack. Mr. Whiteway was tired, but mosquitoes and sand-fleas made much sleep impossible. Mickel did not mind these discomforts, but lay rolled up like a solid hoop. A cold dip in the morning restored his companion, and after a breakfast of bacon, bread, and very black but very tasteless coffee they started again.

It was a tiresome sail. Of direction

Mr. Whiteway had no idea, and so he accepted Mickel's declaration that they were nearing St. Peter's. But St. Peter's must have been a long way off, and even the Indian's talk grew stale and irritating, and his suggestion that the boat should be used for smuggling brandy from St. Pierre and Demerara rum from incoming vessels was received with horror. Darkness came again, and Mr. Whiteway's uneasiness increased. At last lights appeared on the shore, and he sighed with relief.

"Mickel," he said, "I leave you here. No matter what the place is, I shall pay you and leave you. I have wasted a week, and am no nearer the accomplishment of my object."

"Yes?" said Mickel. "Pay me now. Four dollars."

Mr. Whiteway counted out the money and handed it over. Nothing more was said, though he was turning over in his mind phrases of sharp rebuke. Mickel was watching keenly. Finally a canoe stole up to them, and the Indian's whole attitude changed. He pulled out the tiller, lowered the sail, and hauled in the painter of the canoe. Maggie clambered aboard and rushed over to where Mr. Whiteway sat.

"Get in canoe," said Mickel to him.

"I protest—"

"Get in canoe!" Maggie and her husband grew menacing, and reluctantly Mr. Whiteway did as he was told. "Now you not say anything," said Mickel threateningly, and Maggie laughed in triumph.

The sail was hoisted again, and the lobster-smack stole away in the darkness, leaving Mr. Whiteway helpless and adrift on unknown waters. It had happened quickly and unexpectedly, and it left him dazed. The tide swept him nearer the shore lights, so he lifted up his voice and yelled. At first there was no reply, and in despair he yelled again. Then the welcome answer came.

"Haye-e-e-e-e! What is it? Who are you?"

"I'm Amos Whiteway! I'm adrift!"

"Huah! You're just the man we want. You won't drift no farther hereabouts! We'll see whether you're goin' to be partner to a thievin' Injin!"

A boat came alongside the canoe and took it in tow. There were six men in it, and they looked angry. When they reached shore, Mr. Cole, of Prince Edward Island, turned slowly and sternly on Mr. Whiteway and said:

"This yer's my canoe. Where's my lobster-gear? You are the man that

helped that Injin, Mickel Basse, steal them at Sunnyside!"

"And you helped him sell it and then steal it from me at Port Hood! You did so!" said Mr. Frazer.

"And from me at Judique, you, you thief!" said Mr. Malmquist.

"And you got thirty dollars' victualin' from me at Mulgrave," said Mr. Findlater.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," wailed Mr. Whiteway, collapsed, "I was not a knowing party to these things! I have been grossly outraged by this Indian, whom I hired as a guide. But a short half hour ago he sent me adrift. I was on a holiday——"

"Well, you'll fin' your holiday spiled," said another man, coming up. "I'm the police officer of Richmond County, and we've got Will Hastings from Antigonish and Peter Crawley from Guysboro. Don't try to resist, for reinforcements are near to hand. There's a merry-go-round at Hawksbury to-night, or we'd 'a' had the police officer of Inverness. He always did seek his pleasure."

Mr. Whiteway was in a state of daze, and the officers were for taking him at

once as one of the most dangerous and crafty criminals who had appeared for some time. The creditors thought differently.

"Tain't much use chasin' Mickel," said Mr. Cole. "He's prob'ly on his way to Newfoundland, and will stay there drunk for the whole summer, unless he happens to kill Maggie. I'll tell you what I'll do, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Whiteway. "You just settle, and I'll not prosecute."

The offer was eagerly seized, and the others fell in line, adding heavy interest for money invested and charges for time wasted. The officers had their charges, too, and when all the bills were settled Mr. Whiteway was rueful.

"Now take my advice," said Mr. Findlater. "Don't have nothin' to do with Injins. Nobody understands them. They're worse 'n minks."

Mr. Whiteway shook his head sadly as he walked away, lighter in pocket but richer in experience.

"To think," he said, "that not one single one of my surmises and conclusions concerning that Indian was right! I must revise some of my theories!"

THE SONG OF A WANDERER.

Light heart, light heart, through the world I ride;
Ready sword and ready wit,
Not for such as I to sit
Dreaming by the chimney-side!

Most men, look you, live too much with care;
That one mourns a mistress cold,
This bewails his vanished gold;
Mark their sad and heavy air!

Light heart, light purse, riding in the spring;
Love and gold are not for me;
I would rather far be free,
Taking what each day may bring.

Bright eyes, soft eyes greet me as I pass;
I may tarry for a day,
Steal a kiss and ride away,
Sure to find a fairer lass.

Light heart, light sword, through the countryside;
If I lack for garments fine,
Or a cup of mellow wine,
These my sword can soon provide.

Rich men, sad men look with envious eyes;
If my sword must rest o'er-long,
I win welcome with a song,
Or find shelter 'neath the skies.

Light heart, light heart, through the world I ride;
Ready sword and ready wit,
Not for such as I to sit
Dreaming by the chimney-side!

Ruth Davenport Holmes.

THE NEW CHIEF ENGINEER AT PANAMA.

BY GEORGE HEBARD PAINE.

JOHN F. STEVENS, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED TO THE POST FROM WHICH JOHN F. WALLACE RECENTLY RESIGNED—THE CONDITIONS THAT CONFRONT THE NEW CHIEF ENGINEER IN HIS GREAT WORK AT PANAMA.

THE history of any great enterprise is nearly certain to exhibit many changes in opinion as well as in personnel, and with the Panama Canal, which represents one of the most stupendous enterprises ever projected by man, we cannot expect exemption from the rule. Already we have seen one commission abolished, and now, in the most unexpected manner, we find a change in what must be regarded as the chief executive of the affair. It must be understood that this article is written more than a month before it can reach the reader, and much may happen in a month; but we may be sure that the gentleman who has now taken charge of affairs on the Isthmus of Panama will have shown the same qualities of ingenuity, resourcefulness, and steadfastness which have marked the exploits of his active life.

The career of John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, is typical of the engineer who, receiving his education in the public schools, begins his serious work at the foot of the ladder as an assistant, and by his assiduity and intelligence is found ready always to take a higher place when the higher place becomes vacant. Such a man rises by the force and ambition of his character, as compared with the inertia of those who surround him. In the case of Mr. Stevens, his qualities are shown merely by the record of his employment. Born in Maine fifty-two years ago, he has worked and succeeded in the great Western region of the United States and Canada, almost from the tropics to the arctic circle. He has built tunnels and docks; he has developed mines; he has been an engineer and constructor of railways. His last position before entering the government service was the second highest in the management of the largest aggregation of railroad interests in the United States. His life records no failure, and his reputation among engineers who know him is equal to that of

any member of his profession. This last is no small thing.

OUR EARLY MISTAKES AT PANAMA.

It is possible that the mistakes which have been made at Panama were inevitable, but in many respects we cannot consider them so. It seems to have been inadvisable to attempt any serious work before the requisite preparations were completed. These should have included proper domiciliary arrangements, with pure water-supply and adequate means of communication, which are practically non-existent at this time. Although the yellow fever, which has excited so much comment in the United States, was not really a serious visitation to the inhabitants of Panama, who are surrounded by it constantly, there has been more of the disease than there should have been, and some valuable lives were sacrificed to an undue eagerness to make a showing of work done. This mistake seems now to be recognized, and a different plan has been adopted.

In an article dealing with the situation at Panama, published in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the writer concluded by calling attention to the lack of any opportunities for decent amusement on the line of the canal. It is unnecessary to define the only prevailing forms of relaxation; they may be understood sufficiently when it is said that most of them are vicious, and few of them attractive to men or women of intelligence. Shortly after the appearance of that article, an officer was appointed under the title of "welfare manager," with the duty of devising ways and means for the amusement and diversion of the canal employees—of the white force, at any rate. The question may seem unimportant to a resident of the United States, who is probably within a few yards of congenial neighbors, within a few blocks of a theater, and who may be cooled in summer by sitting down in the shade or comfortably warmed in

winter by entering a house. The case is entirely different on the Isthmus of Panama, where there is no theater; where the temperature is so high as to make coolness out of the question anywhere except on the high ground at night; and where the nearest congenial neighbor is likely to be several miles away over a trail of almost indescribable difficulty.

HARDSHIPS OF THE PANAMA SERVICE.

In reviewing the state of affairs that existed when Mr. Stevens took charge on June 20, we find that there were in the service a few very high-salaried officials, only one of whom made more than a pretense of being near the work. On the other hand, there were many accomplished engineers, engaged in the most difficult sort of professional effort, and charged with grave responsibilities, who were paid salaries less than they would receive for far less exacting work in the United States. They were badly housed—so badly, indeed, that most of them, upon receiving a visitor, were forced to apologize for the way in which they lived. Their requisitions for better facilities or means of securing more decent surroundings had been ignored.

It is no wonder that the services of several gentlemen of great abilities, thoroughly acquainted with the work and speaking the language of the country, had been lost to the United States. The scheme of remuneration was so evidently unbalanced that a serious and justified sense of dissatisfaction permeated the whole force and worked no small harm to the progress of the canal. The matter should have received the consideration of those in authority as a simple question of fairness, if not for business reasons.

It may be that the application of the civil service law to the employment of all the force at Panama, except ordinary laborers, was a necessity. If so, it must be regarded as a misfortune; but if not necessary, it is now shown to have been a serious mistake. Intended to remove the appointment of employees entirely from politics, it resulted in the employment of a strange and heterogeneous mob—steam-shovel foremen who had never seen a steam-shovel, stenographers who had never practised stenography, plumbers who couldn't wipe a joint. Many of them were sent to the Isthmus not knowing to whom they were to report; others came without the means of paying for a night's lodging; for many hundreds there was plenty of work, but no place pre-

pared for them to sleep or eat. It is not strange, then, that the numbers leaving the place have sometimes exceeded the number of arrivals.

THE LABOR PROBLEM AT PANAMA.

Many estimates have been made as to the force of ordinary laborers that will be required when active operations have begun on the canal; but there is great difficulty in arriving at an accurate forecast, since much depends upon the extent to which machinery is to be used in performing the work. It may be assumed, however, that the gentlemen in charge will be inclined to rely as much as possible upon labor-saving devices, and for this reason a maximum of twenty thousand men at any given time appears to be a rational assumption. Although this number does not seem to be a very great one, the question constitutes one of the most provoking problems now confronting the canal commission. Manifestly it would be foolish to attempt the employment of men from the temperate zone for work which requires heavy muscular effort in so hot and so moist a climate. We must look to tropical or subtropical countries, and already the attempt to employ West Indians has proved discouraging. The idea of introducing contract laborers from the East into what is commonly regarded as American territory runs counter to a strong and wide-spread sentiment.

Those who have seen the work, who have lived under the conditions existing at Panama, believe that there is only one way in which the United States can secure a canal at less than a most exorbitant cost—by letting the work by contract to a responsible bidder, or bidders. It must not be understood that this would relieve the chief engineer or his assistants in any degree, since the inspection of a contractor's work is as important as the conduct of the work itself.

Such undertakings can be handled in either of two ways—on what is usually called "force account," where the individual or company paying for the work hires all the men and purchases all the material directly; and by contract, where the whole operation is taken at a fixed price by some other person who is subject to the inspection of the owner. Experience has shown that the best results are secured by the latter method, and it is the plan usually followed by those who have important pieces of work to do. At Panama, it offers the best means of



JOHN F. STEVENS, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

From a photograph by Dana Hull, Chicago.

overcoming the difficulties already encountered. By placing the actual conduct of operations in the hands of a man who will suffer directly through his own mistakes, an impulse toward efficiency and economy will be created that never can be approached so long as the United

States government carries on the work with its own payrolls. It is possible that there will be opposing influences strong enough, in and out of Congress, to prevent the adoption of any such plan; but if this should prove to be so, it will constitute a national misfortune.



HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON—BORN AT BURNHAM THORPE, NORFOLK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1758; DIED IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR, SPAIN, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

From a portrait by Sir William Beechey.

THE CENTENARY OF TRAFALGAR.

BY FRED T. JANE.

NELSON'S FAMOUS VICTORY OF OCTOBER 21, 1805, AND THE MARKED INFLUENCE THAT IT HAS EXERTED ON THE NAVAL POLICY OF THE LEADING NATIONS AS AN OBJECT-LESSON OF SEA POWER.

FOR more than ninety years the British nation celebrated each recurring anniversary of Trafalgar in a perfunctory sort of way, regarding the battle simply as a great naval triumph. To-day, as the centenary of the event ar-

rives, its significance as a victory over the French is quite or nearly dead, killed by a tardy realization of its wider historical meaning. If in either nation there still lingers any trace of the old animosities, the mainspring of these is

the battle of Waterloo, which no one celebrates, and the date of which few Frenchmen or Englishmen could give offhand. Almost everybody knows that Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, but at present we think of the day rather as that of the final and clinching demonstration of the reality of sea power than as that of a "glorious victory." Indeed, we are inclined to admit that most of the glory was secured by a few brave Frenchmen—a fact that may have had something to do with the recent reconciliation between France and her old-time enemy.

Trafalgar Day, indeed, is now a day that belongs to all the world. Its "discovery" is primarily due to an American, Captain Alfred T. Mahan. It was his book, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," that raised the Trafalgar campaign from a mere blockade ending with a battle to an event belonging to all naval nations; and it is not too much

to say that Trafalgar was the birthplace of the splendid fleet now built and building to fly the American flag. Had Nelson's crowning victory never been won, to become an object-lesson of all that sea power means, it is probable that the United States navy would to-day consist of coast-defense monitors. The war with Spain might have been carried to a successful issue, but not without a severe struggle, nor at slight cost; and America's voice in the counsels of the nations would assuredly have far less weight than it actually possesses.

It is worth while to glance briefly at the story of the Trafalgar campaign. On the one side was the great Napoleon, massing his forces with his master mind, planning a great *coup* which failed in nothing save his failure to appreciate that the sea is not the land. It has been said that Napoleon's genius was all at fault with naval strategy, but that is hardly true. His general conception was



LADY NELSON—WHEN NELSON MARRIED HER, IN 1787, SHE WAS THE YOUNG WIDOW OF DR. NISBET, AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN ON THE ISLAND OF NEVIS.

From a contemporary miniature.



EMMA, LADY HAMILTON, WHO WAS THE WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO NAPLES WHEN NELSON FIRST MET HER IN 1793—SHE WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS SEPARATION FROM LADY NELSON IN 1800.

From a painting by George Romney.

good enough, and with modern war-ships his plan might have succeeded.

The French men-of-war were divided into three squadrons at Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon. All three divisions were ordered to put to sea, and to make for a rendezvous in the West Indies, where their allies, the Spaniards, were to join them. The united fleet was then to return to the Channel in overwhelming force, to cover Napoleon's intended invasion of England. Supposing, as there is every reason to assume, that this plan included a great naval action in which the British fighting ships were to be de-

stroyed, or at least crippled, previous to any attempt at landing, Napoleon may be said to have grasped the theory of sea power very well indeed. There is little doubt that, had his instructions been carried out, his ships, *en masse*, would have been very formidable antagonists for the British. There is still less doubt that, once over, his soldiers would not have been long in reaching London. England's defense lay entirely upon the sea.

Between the separated French divisions sailed the British, maintaining a ceaseless blockade, which was possible only because of the efficiency of their

fleet. Nelson, the victor at Trafalgar, was merely one out of several instruments of the master mind of the great Admiral Jervis, Lord St. Vincent, who, as first lord of the admiralty in Ad-dington's Ministry, planned Napoleon's checkmate. Nelson's ships chased Villeneuve over the board, crying check here and there till the final stroke came at Trafalgar; but the battle itself was, relatively speaking, a mere incident. The campaign was won when Villeneuve, nearing Brest, found Nelson's and Cornwallis' ships in his path in such force that he had to turn southward to the coast of Spain. Once the attempt to unite the French squadrons was foiled, Napoleon's great plan was shattered to fragments.

His country's peril averted, Nelson went home and struck his flag, intending to retire from

the service; but after a few weeks ashore, in response to the general demand of the nation he consented to return to sea duty. His advent in the fleet that was blockading Villeneuve in Cadiz was worth at least half a dozen ships. Confidence, that all-essential factor, was redoubled when the dour disciplinarian Collingwood was replaced as commander-in-chief by Nelson, whose first motto was "have a happy fleet."

Meanwhile, Villeneuve, inside the Spanish harbor, was receiving daily insults from Napoleon. The French admiral, a capable officer, realized that his only chance of success lay in a waiting game. Napoleon forced him to action against his better judgment; and on the 19th of October his thirty-three battleships put to sea. On the morning of the 21st the two fleets were in touch. Nelson had but twenty-seven big ships with



THE NELSON MONUMENT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, ERECTED IN 1843 AT A COST OF ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS, RAISED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION—THE BRONZES ON THE PEDESTAL WERE CAST FROM FRENCH CANNON CAPTURED BY NELSON.

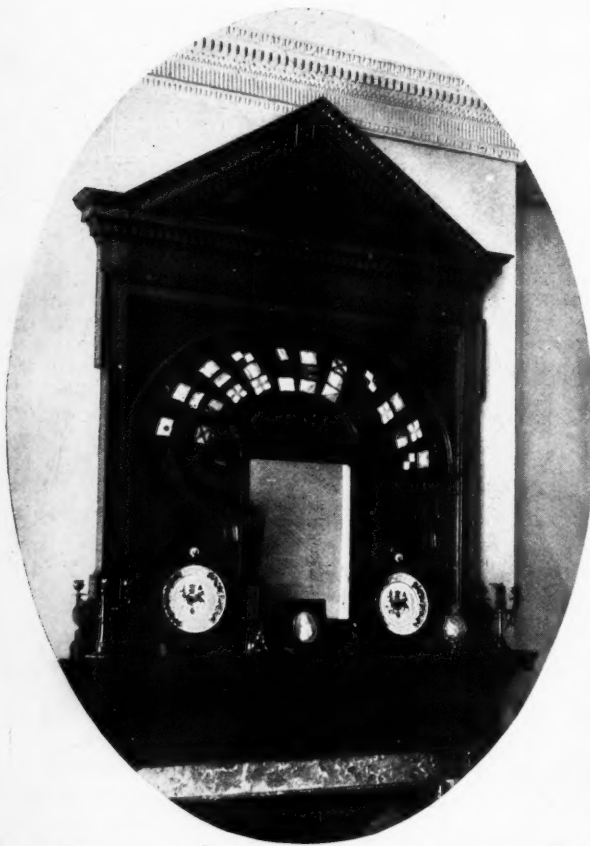
him, but the disparity in numbers was counterbalanced in other ways. The French ships were short-handed and ill-found, while their Spanish allies were no better sailors than the Spaniards of Cervera and Montojo.

the lee line of fifteen, and the weather of twelve, ships—tactics which, had the allies' gunnery been good, were anything but ideal. Circumstances rendered them correct enough, however, and these circumstances Nelson of course had

foreseen. At half-past eleven o'clock he made his famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." He had at first intended to signal, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty"; he substituted "England" only because it was an easier signal to make.

At noon the first shot was fired as the lee column, led by Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign, came into range. Twenty minutes later Collingwood's ship cut the hostile line. It was nearly one o'clock before Nelson's column came into contact with the enemy. The Victory was instantly run into by the French Redoutable, whose captain, Lucas, had determined to destroy the British flagship at all hazards. Twice this plucky Frenchman made desperate efforts to board his formidable antagonist. He was about to make a third attempt when the "fighting Temeraire" came up and with one broadside wiped out most of his crew. Having lost five hundred and twenty-two men out of six hundred and forty-three, the Redoutable surrendered.

Altogether, of Villeneuve's thirty-three ships, eighteen were captured. In the next two days three of the eighteen were recaptured by their original owners. On the 24th, however, an escaped Spaniard was taken, and one Frenchman and one Spaniard were wrecked. On November 4, four French ships injured in the battle were captured, so that but eleven finally escaped, and most of these were too severely injured to fight again. The



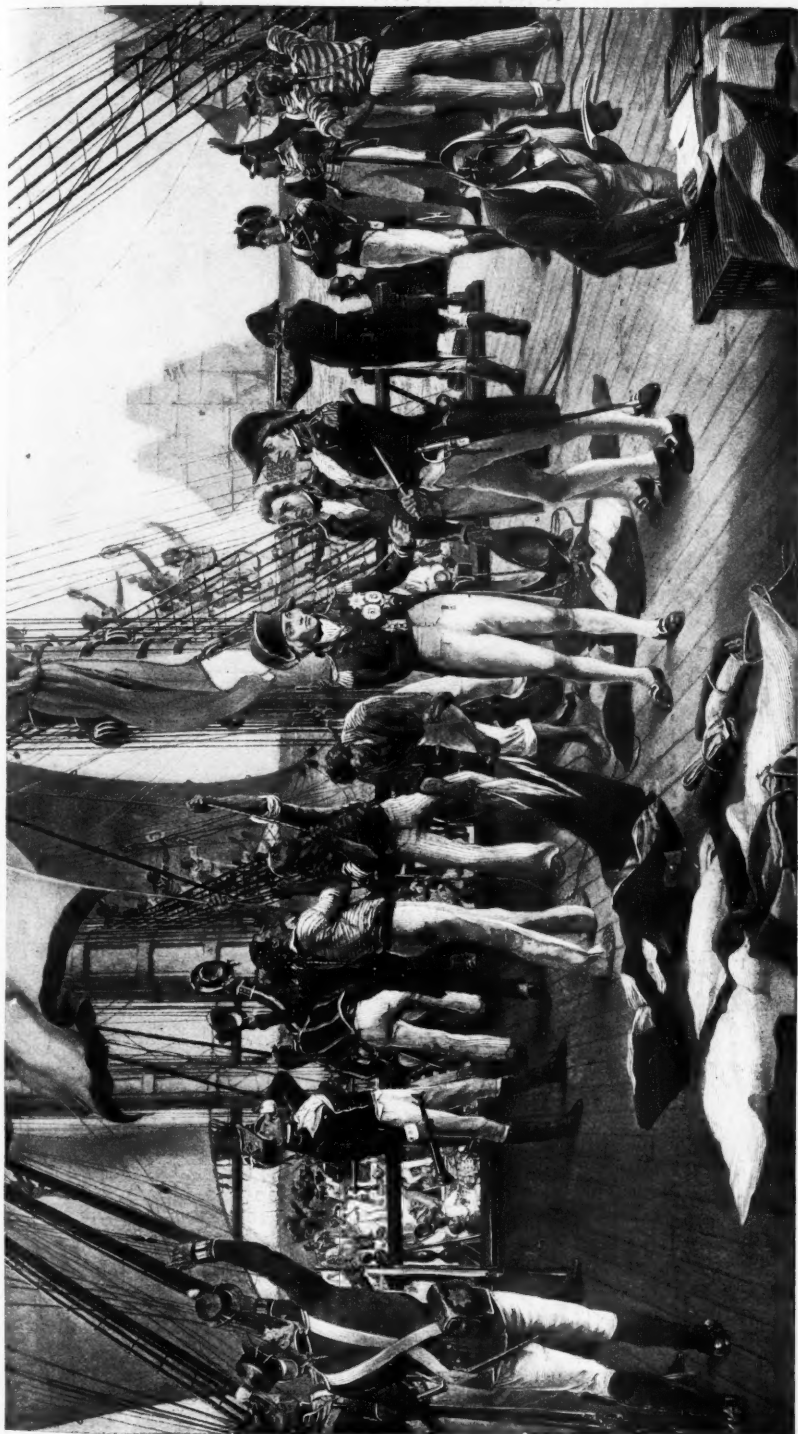
A MANTEL AT TRAFALGAR HOUSE, NEAR SALISBURY, THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRESENT EARL NELSON, A DESCENDANT OF NELSON'S BROTHER.

The flags spell the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty"; the plates and candlesticks belonged to Admiral Nelson.

From a photograph by Temple, Richmond.

Nelson's tactics were all prearranged. His lee line was to fall upon the enemies' rear, while the weather line, led by himself, was to feint at their head and then fall upon their center and rear, which would be annihilated before Villeneuve's leading ships could return to assist their consorts.

The allied fleet was in one straggling line across the British course. On this line impinged the two British columns,



NELSON'S LAST SIGNAL AT TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

Nelson, his right sleeve empty of the arm he lost at Teneriffe, in 1797, stands talking with Captains Hardy, of the *Victory*, and Blackwood, of the *Furieuse*. Behind Captain Hardy's head appears the Royal Sovereign, Admiral Collingwood's flag-ship, leading the other British column. The French and Spanish fleet can be seen in the distance on the left of the picture.

From the painting by Thomas Davidson.

naval power of the allies was broken, and Napoleon, so far as concerned the command of the sea and the invasion of England, was reduced to impotence.

As a battle achievement Trafalgar does not take very high rank. Nelson's genius was shown at the Nile to far greater advantage. It is his tragic death in the mo-

Nelson did not win his renown as a tactician or a strategist. He gained his first laurels for reckless bravery, and it was bravery that won his further progress—not only physical bravery, but also that moral bravery which several times led him to ignore the orders of his superior officers. Of course, I



THE STATUE OF NELSON AT NORWICH, THE COUNTY TOWN OF HIS NATIVE COUNTY—ON THE LEFT IS THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL WHICH HE ATTENDED AS A BOY; ON THE RIGHT, THE WEST DOOR OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph by Temple, Richmond.

ment of victory that has enshrined Trafalgar in the memory of his countrymen.

It is a strange whirl of fate that just a hundred years later the world should again have witnessed a great sea war ending in a complete and dramatic triumph won by the navy of an island empire over that of a great continental power that sought to crush the islanders. But in the Far East there is no Nelson. That half whimsical figure, that strange genius whom the great Duke of Wellington once characterized as "a vaporing and self-glorious charlatan," has no counterpart in any of the Russians or Japanese. Togo is wholly unlike the famous English sailor. He excels Nelson as a tactician, and he is far more level-headed; but he is altogether behind in his way of grasping his opportunities—else, for example, he had never allowed the Russians to return to Port Arthur after the battle in the Yellow Sea.

intend no slur on his memory. It was a great French admiral, Suffren, who truthfully said that "tactics are the resort of incompetence." To go for the enemy with the single-minded purpose of annihilating him is probably the best recipe for victory at sea even now, and it certainly was in Nelson's day. His confidence in himself and in the men behind him did far more for him than any disposition of his ships. Of course, all this was tactics in the highest sense; but Nelson's unique genius lay in the handling of men, rather than of the ships that carried them.

His personal magnetism, his ability to make others believe and trust in him, his single-minded creed that the real object of war is to destroy the enemy—these are the qualities that made Nelson the greatest of Britain's naval heroes. For he always saw clearly that the man is more important than his weapons.

THE CZARS OF RUSSIA FROM IVAN TO NICHOLAS.

THIRD PAPER—THE GREAT CATHERINE.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE INSIGNIFICANT SUCCESSORS OF PETER, SIX OF WHOM REIGNED WITHIN THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, AND THE GREAT EMPRESS WHO FOLLOWED THEM, CATHERINE, THE SEMIRAMIS OF THE NORTH—BORN A PRINCESS OF A PETTY GERMAN DUCHY, SHE BECAME MORE RUSSIAN THAN THE ROMANOFFS, AND FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS RULED HER EMPIRE IN MUCH SPLENDOR.

"CATHERINE II," said Voltaire, "is reproached with some trifles about her husband, but these are merely family matters."

So they are. We will let them go. Particularly as Latin is no longer modish. In Latin only could they be told, in the dark at that. Yet about the lady herself the pen clings amorously, as amorously she clung to life. The story of her career would read like romance were it not that from it the probable is absent. Women do not dream any more as that woman lived. Emerging furtively from a twopenny principality, chance carried her picture to the great Peter's grandson and herself to the throne.

Already on that throne a swish of skirts had swirled. At the departure of Peter, the scullion—to-day a saint!—whom, to the disgust of conservative Russia, he had made empress, twisted. Nieces followed, then a daughter; in between was a brat with a nurse; incidentally, a German lout who had fascinated one of the ladies; anteriorly there was a pastry-cook who, in lieu of fascinating, frightened; finally there was a whelp, this grandson, Peter III, Catherine's husband.

We will get to him in a moment. A moment will suffice. But though otherwise neglectable, he is worth looking at, if only because he succeeded in being the last of the Romanoffs—provided, that is, he was a Romanoff at all. Of Peter the Great's immediate ancestry, the great Peter himself had his doubts. Frequently the ogre erred. In this respect he may have erred also. Assuming that he was a Romanoff, then, barring the lout and the pastry-cook, all that succeeded him down to Catherine II were Romanoffs as well. We are unable to conjecture in what way it could be to their credit. Yet

to their credit is one endearing trait. The reign of the lot was brief as that of kings in a play. As pages turn, their silhouettes pass and vanish. They are not real figures, they are figurants, mimes in history's drama, filling briefly the stage until Catherine enters.

That entrance, highly dramatic, was effected with a swoon. At sight of the whelp she fainted. She had illusions about him, as he had illusions about her, common misconceptions which neither succeeded in preserving. Whence her illusions came is problematic in the extreme. Though but a girl, she knew a thing or two. What she did not know her imagination supplied. She was an exceedingly capable young person. Among other traits was an admiration for the original Peter so fervent that his memory became an altar before which she knelt. Could he have looked down—or rather, geography considered, could he have looked up—he would have beheld in the girl his own determination, his own demonism, his own daguerreotype mirrored from her soul, with, for adornment, one or two little accouterments which his uncountness lacked.

But Peter had been long asleep. So, too, had Russia. Sleep is her normal condition. No nation has slept longer. Stupefied at birth, she has remained so. Peter shook her, kicked her out of bed, put her at work. Russia labored at his bidding, toiled beneath his knout, writhed at his rack, and, when he had gone, fell asleep again. In looking back at those days you cannot but feel that Russia, if conscious at all, was conscious only of nightmare. She knew that she agonized, but how or why she could tell no more than a child with the croup. Even the subsequent shrieks of the Terror, the uproar of the guillotine, the convulsions of

'93, failed to arouse her. Somnambulist, automaton, hypnotized by despotism, she was unable to awake, and, as a matter of fact, did not until the Crimea.

At the shock of that inglorious scramble the giantess stirred. From her cot, which was at once a cage and a coffin, she showed a few decaying fangs—only to have them pulled. They have grown again since then. Since then, too, her eyes, dulled by their secular slumber, are opening. But her brain is still heavy, her pulse is slow. She does not know yet why she suffers, and it is not until a nation can diagnose its own ailments that it can prescribe the indicated doses of iron and of blood.

The diagnosis and dosing will come, yet hardly until the patient can sit up and read. At present nearly seven eighths of Russia's immense population are unequal to the task. The pamphlets and incitements of revolutionists affect that ocean of ignorance as the ripple of the rain affects the sea. The shower over, the waters are as placid as before. Even otherwise, it takes something else than a shower to produce the tidal wave.

THE SUCCESSORS OF THE GREAT PETER.

At Peter's death there was nothing of this kind, there was not even a revolutionist, one lawyer merely, whom, for presuming to be a lawyer, Peter had threatened to hang. Except the lawyer, the threat kept no one awake. Then, Peter gone, lethargic Russia sank inertly back. The ogre had outwearied the giantess. That the scullion who had been serf was mistress of her destinies mattered to her only in that the woman was less fatiguing than the man. The next incumbent was sedative also. The latter, Peter II, the son of the Czarevitch Alexis whom Peter I, after preliminary tortures, had murdered, was a boy with a pastry-cook for nurse. In the process of peddling tarts, this cook, whose name was Menshikoff, had amused Peter with the effrontery of his corruption. He had got a lift from the emperor, and then, in the hazard and change of things, he became practically emperor himself, and so continued until the boy sent him about his business—an act of authority which was the lad's first and last. Almost at once he died, of smallpox it was said, of poison it is supposed.

Promptly the throne, vacant a moment, was refilled. In the interim it was offered to Elizabeth, the dead boy's aunt, a very pretty girl, so pretty, indeed, that she looked like an angel, only far better

gowned and not at all so well behaved, a fair bundle of fluff that dressed and digressed extravagantly. But Elizabeth, occupied at the time with multiple flirtations which she feared the ceremonial would interrupt, refused what courtiers have called the grandest of earthly vocations—a vocation, parenthetically, which, when she was older, fatter, but equally flirtatious, she recovered by a *coup de main* and held until the whelp, at sight of whom Catherine fainted, succeeded her. Long since the Russian throne had ceased to be nominative, it never was elective, it had become occupative. With a bound in her ample skirts Elizabeth occupied it very fully. Before that, though, was another lady, whose reign, curiously suggestive, foreshadowed, and in foreshadowing diminished, the excesses of Catherine's court.

THE REIGN OF ANNE (1730-1740).

This person, Anne of Courland, was the daughter of Ivan, the imbecile brother of Peter the Great. Fancy a Visigoth, revamped, reincarnated, remade, and you can see the creature who in voice and bearing was less a woman than a man, and who from Courland invaded Petersburg, a troop of Teutons behind her, a string of favorites in leash. It had been the intention of those capable of having intentions to turn Russia into a constitutional monarchy and Anne into a dummy. The theory of freedom in any form was, however, too startling for acceptance. The table was prepared, but the guests were neither worthy nor willing. As for Anne, summarily she disposed of it all with the axe. Caligula wished that Rome had but one head. Anne felt the same way toward Petersburg, and Petersburg, discerning the lady's taste for blood, stepped back before the Teuton Tatar who, her dignity asserted, sat down among her hordes to feast.

A moment only. There was work to be done. Since Petrine days those resorts of fierce delight, the torture chambers, had not functioned. At once they flared. Since those days the reins of government had fallen laxly. Immediately there was the lash, the curb, the spur. Since those days the only pomp was ecclesiastic. At court there was but niggardliness. The richest boyars were out at elbows, down at the heel, possibly open-armed but certainly close-fisted. In the hovels of the people even the vermin starved.

At these details Anne snapped her fingers. She had Visigothic views of the

circumstance of power, ideas of her own of what imperial splendor should be; and suddenly the barest court in Europe was transformed into the gaudiest, a vast bazaar in which there was plenty of taste and all of it bad, and where, among her Germans, Anne throned, with Biren, a Courland oaf, for master. Precisely as during the brief, tormented reign of Peter II an ex-pieman had tyrannized over Russia, so, until Anne concluded to die, this son of a stable-boy made the rain and the fine weather, ruled Anne, ruled her country, doubly in fact, *de facto* Czar of Russia, *de jure* he became Duke of Courland also.

These gymnastics resemble tales from Versailles, turned upside down, told in Slav. But serviceably they display the condition of things. In them is no disregard of the conventionalities. There were no conventionalities to be disregarded. The term was meaningless in Petersburg then and is meaningless now. Beneath the panoply of modern state is the indifference of early khans. Indifference in these matters has become the philosophy of the race. However politically trammelled the Russian may be, ethically his *sans gêne* is Asiatic.

The carelessness of the Courlanders was not therefore of a nature to offend susceptibilities. Besides, such susceptibilities as there were had shortly other things to consider, principally a four-year tussle with the Porte, from which Russia issued with, for sole booty, the consciousness that she had not been licked. Finally there was the passing of Anne, her nomination of a baby as sovereign with Biren for regent, and the lively *coup de main* with which the fair and futile Elizabeth threw the lot in the street and herself on the throne.

THE CZARINA ELIZABETH (1741-1762).

Elizabeth was a daughter of the great Peter. She was also a daughter of the scullion with whom he had insulted the world. Otherwise she might have been Queen of France. Louis XV had an eye on her; but the bar Catherine was at once too much and too little. Besides, Elizabeth had other things to think about. She had refused the throne of Russia lest the ceremonial should interfere with her amourettes. For the same reason she preferred cake and kvass and kisses at home to the pomp and flummery of Versailles. If futile, she was human, yet not judicious. Young persons seldom are. Experience, though, is very chastening, particularly in a court like Anne's.

Elizabeth's illusions speedily evaporated. By main strength she took over the grandest vocation.

Incidentally, Petersburg took to her. To begin it with, she was Petrovian, by the same token Russian; moreover, she had an inherited distaste for Teuton touts. The entire Courland cortège that had pounced on the nation quite as the Mongols had was turned out neck and crop. Then, too, if she did not draw all of Prussia's false teeth, her generals rendered what were left singularly ineffective in the fat Frederick's mouth. Such things are endearing. She did not rest on them. She found time to be magnificent. The garishness and bad taste of Anne went with her. In their place came the real splendor of a real court, a splendor sensuous perhaps, semi-barbaric, thoroughly oriental, yet Olympian, too, Paphian, for that matter, free and easy, to use a localism, riotous, even, but rarely stupid; and, through it, Elizabeth passed in successions of costumes, in thousands of them, not one of which she deigned to wear twice, distributing in her train the heady odors of love, of empire, and of life.

Elsewhere the days were dark. In the hovels, serfs cried for bread and died. In the schools, problems on the nature of angels' thoughts were anxiously discussed. In the streets, your life might be spared, your purse never. In spite of the knout, barely was there a show of order. Society was rude, the law was ruder, and Elizabeth, whose first love had had his tongue torn from his mouth—because it whispered to her—could, when she liked, be cruel. Under that heading there is a story which is not quite tellable to-day. Before the shiver of it had passed she built the Winter Palace. Without suspecting the fact in the least, she built it for Catherine II.

PETER III AND HIS GERMAN WIFE.

In Kiel at that time was a poodle-faced boy, pockmarked, witless, epileptic, neurotically unable to be still, and whose tongue, when not wagging with inanities, hung like a hound's from his mouth. His name was Peter. He was the son of the Duchess of Holstein, Elizabeth's elder sister. The duchess was dead, Elizabeth was not married, this whelp was her heir. He was summoned to Petersburg, invested with the attributes of Czarevitch, and provided with a bride, with the Princess Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, whom the church christened Catherine, whom Voltaire called Semi-

ramis, and whom Europe surnamed the Great.

By way of contrast to Peter, Catherine resembled nothing so much as a Psyche on a fan. She was slight and fair. Her complexion was claret and cream, her mouth was red as sealing-wax, her hair an auburn turban, her eyes, sometimes heliotrope, were sometimes green, sometimes gray. Occasionally there was a touch of amber in them, a glimpse of grandiose dreams. With age she coarsened. In lieu of Psyche there was Juno. Dignity masked the deliciousness that had been. Yet when she left Stettin, where she had played with ragamuffins in the sullen streets, and journeyed thence to Russia and to the throne that was there, it would have done you good to see the blushes, the ingenuousness, the modesty that she displayed. She looked just what she was, fresh from school, pretty enough to eat—while preparing to devour nothing less than an empire.

In her memoirs she says that already she had determined to reign, and what is more notable, to reign alone. By way of preparation for the meals she sharpened her teeth on Tacitus. This divinity read Machiavelli. This German taught herself Russian. This Lutheran meditated on the intricacies of the Greek faith. If she married the whelp, that faith she would have to adopt. But she had no inconvenient scruples. She would have become Mormon, if necessary, and, though it was not, she did. That, though, was later, after she got her hand in and the empire to boot. Meanwhile, from the swoon into which the prospective delights of marriage with the poodle-faced boy had thrown her, promptly she recovered. She got herself together, got Peter's grandson, and ultimately, when Elizabeth died and the throne was his, from that throne she put him as a child is put to bed. For soothing syrup he had poison; for lullaby, contempt; for cradle, a grave.

Of all the Romanoffs, this Peter, titularly Peter III, was the least. He was also the last. With him the legitimacy of the dynasty ceased. Among other children of Catherine was Paul, who succeeded her. Catherine, in her memoirs, states that Peter III was not Paul's father. Paul was none the better for that. Peter III was half-witted. Paul was quite mad, a Slav Hamlet who eyed his mother querulously, and who a trifle over a hundred years ago made this magnificently medieval remark:

"Know that the only person of importance in Russia is the person whom I

address, and that he is important only while I am addressing him."

THE GREAT EMPRESS CATHERINE.

Now let us look at the lady. Determined to be first, she began by being last. Before commanding, she obeyed. Before usurping, she effaced herself. To Elizabeth she was adorably subservient; to Peter, unalterably considerate; to the court, delightfully ingénue. Among the jealousies, intrigues, stupidities of a narrow circle, the narrowness of which was accentuated by a rigorous etiquette, she had the tact always to please. To no one, however obscure, was she negligent. She importuned no one, however great. She gave everything and asked for nothing. Her tears—and there were many of them—she concealed. Shame she could face, and did, but not pity.

She was not otherwise idle. The rose was her model. She charmed and was silent. Without seeming to listen, she heard everything. Apparently ethereal, she was cogitating how she could gobble a throne. Hunger appeased, Cinderella vanished. Instead was a nature curiously complex, atrocious, and admirable. To the court's amazement, there where there had been an ingénue was a general. The girl became a despot, the princess a genius.

There is more. Peter the Great made Russia recognize Europe. Catherine the Greater made Russia recognized by the world. That is history. When enemies were arming, concerning their number she never inquired. What she did ask was: "Where are they?" That is Roman. When she learned that Diderot was poor, she bought his library, made him its custodian, gave him a salary besides. That is modern.

Beside her, Peter, her husband, looked exactly what he was, and nothing worse can be said of him—an imbecile who drilled tin soldiers, dressed wax dolls, trained terriers in his bedchamber, occupied his absence of mind with grotesque puerilities, got drunk with his lackeys, and foisted on the court and on Russia a band of Holsteiners as ignoble—if that be possible—as himself. Catherine, meanwhile, *belle comme le jour*, to employ her own description of herself, was dreaming of grandeur absolute. By way of practise she managed the idiot's duchy. Long after, when the dream came true, she found it quite as easy to manage his empire. She was a born administrator, and yet a woman who to the spirit of Caesar added Cleopatra's charms.

Of the effects of these charms much has been said. They constitute the family matters which Voltaire dismissed. We shall not be less discreet. But without otherwise considering them, it is necessary to note that they became the main factor in her apotheosis. The gentlemen on whom she smiled formed for her a party that at the psychological moment handed her up and alone on the throne, from which, with less regard for ceremony, they handed Peter down. The elevation of the one and the elimination of the other, if lawless, were unique. They represent an entirely bloodless revolution. Peter III was indeed murdered. He was given arsenic in vodka. That being ineffective, he was thrown on the floor, held there, and strangled with a napkin. But it was all done nicely, without unnecessary fuss.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PETER (1762).

None the less, historians have rapped Catherine over the knuckles for it. Historians have but one duty—to relate. Censure from them is, to the reader, impertinence. Embalmers do not criticize a corpse. Besides, what is the murder of Peter by comparison to the assassination of Poland? Moreover, those days were not these. Then, too, the proceeding had its excuse. Prior to Elizabeth's death, Peter had made it obvious to Catherine that, once Czar, he would divorce her summarily, as his grandfather had divorced his wife, and replace her, as that wife was replaced, by a scullion. Catherine had therefore her choice between immolating and being immolated. It did not take her long to make up her mind. It was at dinner that she decided.

The dinner, a gala entertainment at the Winter Palace, was held in a high hall hung with Asiatic splendor, decorated with Byzantine art, flooded with European light. The foreign ministers were there, the great nobles, and with them ladies of honor, officers of the court, laced with gold, starred with diamonds, radiant as rainbows. Peter, rising, proposed the health of the imperial family. Catherine remained seated. Why not? The imperial family consisted of herself, of Paul, who was a child, of Peter, who was nobody.

"Fool!" Peter bawled at her.

Everybody heard, except Catherine. With a smile of rare seduction she turned to one of her gentlemen. She had not heard. She was too *grande dame* for that. But though she had not heard, she

was meditating. At that moment, mentally, the death-warrant was signed.

Peter counted for little. What he did count for was German. Petersburg, with whom the Courlanders of Anne had disagreed, had not stomached the emperor's Holsteiners. It had an indigestion of Teuton uniforms, Teuton customs, Teuton manners, Teuton taste. Official Russia was as sick of Germany as it is to-day.

Catherine was not German. She was universal. She had begun by being German, but the mistake had been rectified. She had become wholly Russian prior to becoming entirely French. Moreover, she had not played Cinderella for nothing. The versatility of her universality, joined to that smile of hers, had enthralled prelates and pretorians, the boyars and the army. She but lifted her finger. They rose to her.

The next day, or the next week—in matters of this kind it were fastidious to be precise—Peter, taken actually by surprise and literally by the ear, was led away.

"But I am emperor!" he protested to his captors, who pointed a gun for reply.

Then he submitted, and continued to until, after the Roman fashion, he was invited to die. A frank ruffian Catherine could have endured; but, great herself, she could not tolerate the small. Peter was microscopic. It was his misfortune. In addition he had many defects. The gravest was an inability to appreciate this lady. That fault official Russia did not share. After rising to her, it knelt. It had cause to. Once Peter out of the way, with one hand she was canning the fruits of his grandfather's labors, with the other she was pushing the frontiers back, extending the realm at the north to the aurora, at the east to the dawn, at the south nearly to the gates of Stamboul.

THE SPLENDORS OF CATHERINE'S REIGN.

Nearly, but not quite. In an Arabian Night junket which Potemkin devised for her, she passed down through the Crimea, through scenery painted on canvas, through a panorama which vanished as she passed, through trained ballets of acclaiming crowds which, when she stopped, ran on ahead to acclaim again, through cascading fireworks, through uninterrupted fêtes, and, so passing, found, at the end of the route, a triumphal arch on which, for inscription, blazed "The Way to Byzance."

The inscription was as illusory as the scenery. Had she lived, she would have

made it real; but death was eying her. Otherwise she would have got there, got further, perhaps—got to Delhi and the peacock throne. There is no telling what she would not have done. In her amours she may evoke Faustine, but in her ambitions she suggests Alexander. The first Peter made Russia preponderant in the North, the second Catherine would have made it preponderant in Europe. She had the ability; what she lacked was time. Apoplexy batted on her as she had on Warsaw. It is said that she gave up the ghost with a shriek. Was it Poles that she saw?

Of course, long since the ingénue that blushed and swooned had vanished. In her stead was a woman who had perfectly feminine weaknesses, equally heroic strength, who could be charitable and cruel, prodigal and mean, in whom every contradiction was resumed, nearly every virtue, and surely every vice—a strategist who amused herself with philosophy

while absorbing the Crimea; an amazon who made gigantic an empire already great; a jurist who drew a code; a diplomat who played with kings; a Czarina who enumerated her hundred conquests and could not count her amours; a potentate who spent a billion rubles, of which a hundred million went to the gentlemen on whom she smiled; an empress who had Cupid for secretary of the treasury and herself for minister of war; a wife who killed her husband and a mother who loathed her child; a cynic who slaughtered Poland, took the spoils for drapery, and called herself a pupil of Voltaire; a sovereign before whom the entire panorama of passion and glory unrolled glitteringly; a conqueror and a courtesan who passed through history dripping with blood and exhaling the perfume of Eros.

Succinctly, a great temperament; concisely, a great man; summarily, the greatest Russian of the lot.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the fourth article of the present series, to be published next month, Mr. Salsus will deal with the mad Czar Paul, with Alexander I, who organized the Holy Alliance, and with that remarkable despot Nicholas I, whose reign ended in the disasters of the Crimean war.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

BY JEAN PARDEE CLARK.

I.

"MAY I send it on approval? I'm sure if once you get it home you will wish to keep it."

The obsequious clerk held the muff, a big one of beautiful, glossy fox, out to the girl in the trim tailor suit. Jessamy slipped her hands into it. The roses in her cheek deepened.

"It won't hurt to send it up for a while," she thought. "Of course Tom won't like it!" A surreptitious peep into one of the mirrors at the side of the shop, and it didn't matter whether Tom liked it or not—she must have the muff, if only over night. "You may send it," she said.

There was a defiant ring in her voice. She knew that Tom would scold, and that the muff would have to go back, but the temptation was too great. She gave her street and number to the clerk, and hurried from the shop.

The muff had already been delivered when she reached her apartment, and once out of its covering it looked bigger and more beautiful than ever.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed. "How I wish I could keep it!" She

walked to the one mirror their apartment afforded—the small one on the top of Tom's chiffonier. "If only we had a larger mirror!" she thought. Then she brought a chair, and, standing on it, held the muff where she could see it as it should be carried. "It's so becoming!" she added, as she caught the reflection of her rosy, dimpled face.

Presently the desire to walk down the avenue with her temporary treasure became an irresistible impulse. Tom wouldn't be home for an hour. If she made haste, she could walk as far as Sherry's and back.

Fifth Avenue had its usual afternoon crush. It was a new sensation for Jessamy to feel no envy of the girls whom she passed wearing silver fox. Not even those in velvet and ermine aroused her jealousy, for was she not a part of the dazzling picture herself?—no longer an outcast, viewing the panorama of gilded youth and happiness from the off side of the avenue, but a living, moving atom in the ensemble. It was an intoxicating, daring hour she spent; the most exciting of any in her eighteen years of life.

The triumphs of that stolen hour made it harder than ever for Jessamy to go back to the monotony of her life in the cheap little apartment. It was a discontented face, though still a rosy one, that Tom found upon his return from the office.

The muff had been replaced in the box and stuffed into a corner of the wardrobe. Tom discovered it the next morning, while rummaging around in quest of a faded old overcoat which he had worn for three years, but which he hoped to discard for a new one before long.

Jessamy was standing over the kitchen range when Tom appeared at the door, holding the muff in his hands.

"Oh!" she gasped as she sprang forward with arms outstretched for her treasure.

"Where did you get it?" asked Tom. "What does it mean? Whose is it?" Jessamy's face grew scarlet. For only a second, Tom's thoughts were ugly. "Answer me," he said sternly. "Is this your muff?"

"No," said Jessamy; "it's only on approval."

It was a new term to Tom. He had never heard of things being sent on approval.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

As Jessamy turned and looked at Tom, she believed she hated him. She had thought, when she married him, that there could be no greater happiness than that of calling him her husband, but that was before she had seen the great city with its myriad lights, its wide avenues and seductive shops. She walked slowly past him into the little dining-room.

"What does it mean, Jess?" stammered Tom, as he followed her into the room, for Jessamy was crying. "Tell me, darling," he said, and he put both arms around her, dropping the muff on the floor as he spoke.

"Nothing, nothing," sobbed Jessamy; "only I did want the muff so much!"

"How much is it?" asked Tom.

"Twenty-five dollars. It's real fox, you know!"

Tom jumped to his feet.

"Twenty-five dollars!" he exclaimed.

"A twenty-five-dollar muff on a salary of thirty-five dollars a week! Why, Jess, you're crazy!"

Tom laughed good-naturedly at the mere absurdity of the suggestion. Evidently he didn't care a bit that she couldn't have the muff, thought Jessamy.

"How can you be so mean to me?" she sobbed. "You don't love me! If you did,

you'd buy that muff if it cost you all you could save for a year! I ought never to have married you. I hate you, Tom Preston; I hate you! And I'm going home. I won't stay here bottled up in this attic any longer!"

Jessamy flung herself out of the room, crying. At first Tom was too stunned to move; then, as the meaning of her words forced themselves upon him, a dull, angry red crept into his cheeks, and his eyes grew hard and resentful.

A sob drew him to the door of their own room, where Jessamy, with her face turned from him, lay upon the bed, sobbing.

"You may go home," he said. "The sooner the better! I'm as tired of the struggle as you are. Eight months of it would satisfy any man, I guess. I have denied myself in every way to please you. I have done everything I could to make you contented and happy, but I'm through. So go back home! Perhaps, when you've gone, I can get the new overcoat I had laid aside at Breen's two months ago. I paid five dollars on it, but I haven't been able to save up the rest of the money in all this time!"

The note of bitterness in Tom's voice brought Jessamy to her feet.

"Don't, Tom! Don't!" she protested.

But it was too late. He had gone, the front door closing behind him with a loud, resentful bang.

It was the first time Tom had ever been angry with Jessamy. Everything at the office seemed to go wrong. He couldn't add his figures straight to save his life. Jessamy's face danced up and down among them with maddening persistency. Sometimes it was rosy and dimpled with smiles; then it would appear as she looked when she flung herself from the dining-room and he could hear her say, "I hate you, Tom Preston; I hate you!"

At two o'clock he threw down his pen, and, opening his desk, drew out a small notebook.

"I was a brute!" he told himself.

But the book showed a balance of just three dollars, and he fell to wondering how he could possibly raise the money necessary for the purchase of the coveted muff. Suddenly the thought of his new overcoat came like an inspiration.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed aloud.

He went back to his figures with a new light in his eyes. The weight was gone from his heart. At five o'clock he took his old coat from its peg.

"You're the best friend I have," he said

affectionately. "If it weren't for you I couldn't buy Jess her muff!"

As he went out into the cold he shut his teeth against the wind, declaring that he didn't want a new coat that winter, any way.

II.

It was not difficult for Tom to find the shop of which he was in search. The name of the firm had been indelibly impressed upon his memory as it shone resplendent in great gilt letters across the front of the box when he pulled it from its hiding-place that morning.

"I want that muff," he said to the clerk, who was just replacing it on its shelf as Tom entered the shop.

The clerk surveyed Tom's faded overcoat a trifle scornfully.

"That muff is twenty-five dollars," he answered, with scant politeness. "Here's a cheaper one."

Tom almost knocked the clerk over as he sprang past him. Seizing the muff that had been Jessamy's, he said in a voice that trembled with anger:

"Perhaps you know better than I what I can buy!"

Then he counted out twenty-five dollars in small bills and silver coins.

When it had been carefully tied up, Tom tucked the glossy bit of vanity under his arm and started for home. Arriving at their apartment, he let himself in quietly with a latch-key, and stole into the dining-room, where Jessamy usually sat waiting for him by the one window that looked off toward the avenue. She wasn't there.

Putting the muff-box on the table, he went on into their own room.

"She's ill," he thought. "Brute that I was to leave her crying!"

Their room was dark, and nothing was discernible in the soft twilight of an early winter afternoon.

"Jessamy!" he called. "My darling, you are ill, and it's all my fault!" Receiving no answer, Tom groped his way cautiously to the bed. "Poor little girl, I'm so sorry!"

Suddenly a shaft of light from a gas-jet in the window of the next apartment, which was so close that you could shake your neighbor's hand, fell across the bed, and Tom discovered that it was empty.

"Jessamy!" he gasped. "Jessamy, where are you?" Lighting the gas, he hurried through the four little rooms, as a last resort looking in the wardrobe and behind the chiffonier, but Jessamy was not there. "What can have happened?

Where can she be? She is never out so late as this," thought Tom.

As he stooped to pick up his hat from a chair in the dining-room, with a vague purpose of going out to search for her, his eye caught the gleam of a white envelope on the table. It was addressed to Mrs. Tom Preston. It had been opened, but Tom's hands trembled so much that he could scarcely take the sheet of paper from its wrapper.

The letter was from Jessamy's father, who wrote that he was enclosing twenty-five dollars for "pin money." Tom read no further. With a mighty oath that was new to him, he tore the letter through the center; then he swept the muff-box from the table.

"And this is what I get for loving her!" he cried. "She leaves me without so much as saying good-by. Oh, she's like all the rest!" he finished passionately.

Presently, as if possessed by some demon, he strode to the corner of the room where the muff-box lay and stamped upon it, crushing the flimsy box with his foot. Then, suddenly, the image of Jessamy flashed across his mental vision—of Jessamy as she had looked on the day when he asked her to be his wife. With a cry of anguish he threw himself into a chair by the table, and, burying his head in his arms, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"She's gone!" he moaned. "I love her! I love her!"

So absorbed was he in his grief that he did not hear the key turn in the lock of the front door, nor did he see Jessamy as she stole down the little hallway into the dining-room. She was half carrying, half dragging, a big box.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she exclaimed. Dropping the box, she ran over to where he sat. "What is it, Tom? What is it? Are you ill?" She was on her knees at his side, both arms about him. "Tom! Tom! What is the matter?"

Tom did not answer; instead, he took her face in both his hands and kissed her. Just then her father's letter, torn through the center, caught Jessamy's attention. With a woman's subtle instinct she knew what had happened.

"You thought I had taken dad's money and gone home as I threatened this morning, didn't you, Tom?" she asked reproachfully. Tom nodded acquiescence. "Oh, Tom, how could you, you old sweet thing? Don't you know I love you better than anything in the world?"

She was kissing his hair, his eyes, his mouth.

"It would have broken my heart if you had," was all Tom said.

Then he took her in his arms and hugged her tight to his breast. The joy

Tom caught her in his arms, and was kissing her rapturously, when there flashed over him the remembrance of the muff-box lying crushed and abandoned in the corner of the room. With a suddenness that fairly took Jessamy's



"IT'S SO BECOMING!"

of having her near him again was very great.

"I must show you what I really did do with dad's money!" Jessamy had freed herself from Tom's embrace, and was opening her big box as she talked. Lifting the cover, she displayed to Tom's wondering gaze the new overcoat that Breen had laid aside for him. "It's yours, Tom—the very one you paid five dollars on!" Jessamy explained.

9 M

breath, he wheeled her around so that she stood with her back to it.

"Shut your eyes, and promise not to look until I tell you to," he commanded.

Jessamy obeyed wonderingly. When Tom had fished the muff from the battered box, he stole up behind her. Lifting his arms over her head, he lowered them to where he could place her hands in the muff; then he told her to look.

The little cry that burst from her lips,



TOM REMEMBERED ALL HIS LIFE THE LITTLE CRY THAT BURST FROM HER LIPS.

the delight that shone in her eyes as they rested upon the muff, Tom remembered all his life.

It was quite a prosperous-looking young couple that stole over a half hour later to a cheap little restaurant on the West Side. Had they dined upon the

choicest game and the rarest old vintage, instead of a modest little steak and a pint of inexpensive Chianti, they could not have been more blissful.

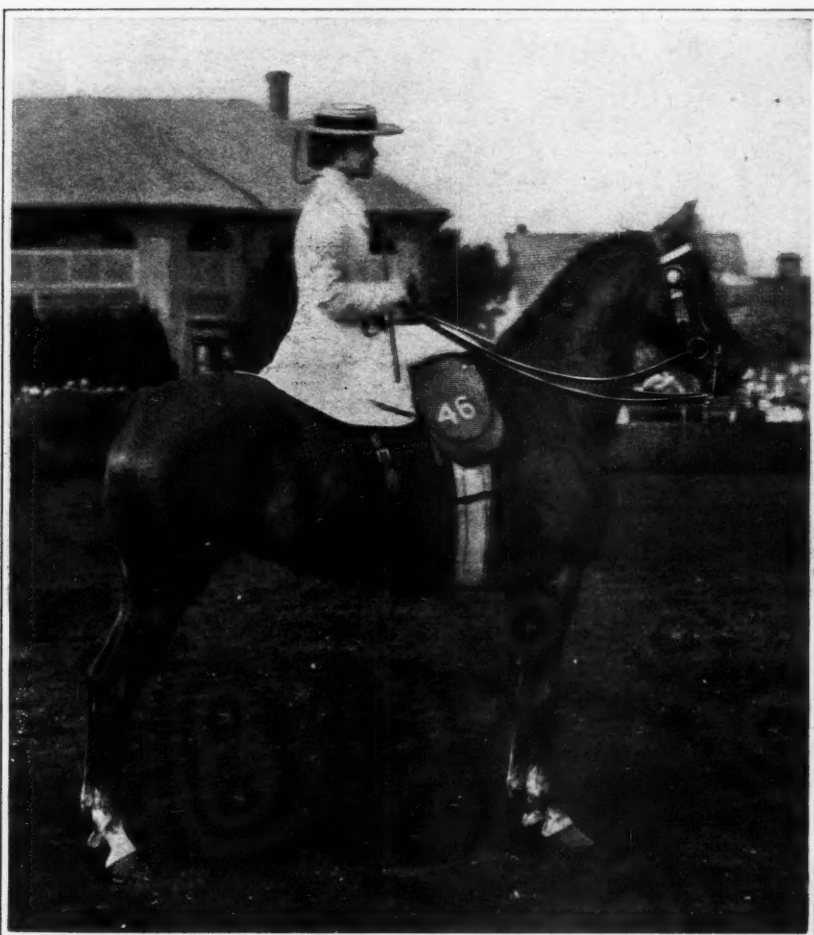
As it was, the waiter mistook them for bride and groom, so absorbed were they with each other.

THE AMERICAN SADDLE-HORSE.

BY CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.

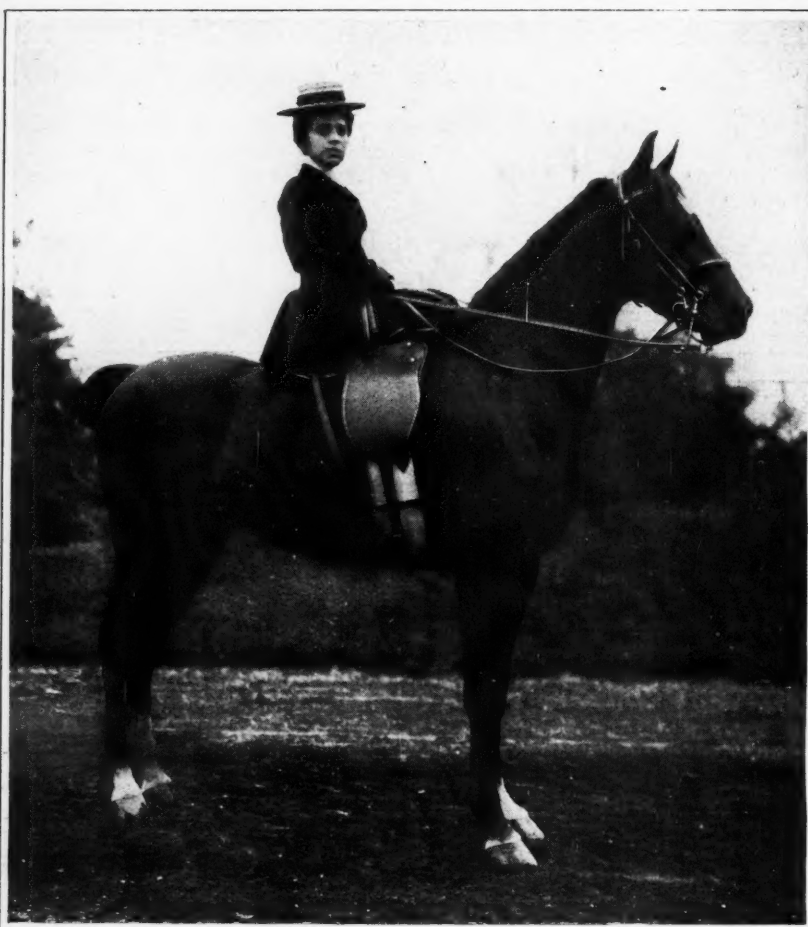
THE OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN SADDLER, GENTLE, ENDURING, AND MANY-GAITED, HAS BEEN SUPERSEDED IN OUR PARKS AND SHOW-RINGS BY A HORSE THAT IS BRED, TRAINED AND HARNESSSED UPON STRICTLY ENGLISH LINES.

FOR a hundred years America has been breeding the best saddle-horses in the world, and yet to-day the true American saddler is a discredited and vanishing type. Any day, in New York, one may sit by the bridle-paths of Central Park and count a score of animals that fill all the requirements of beauty, dash,



CORINNE, A SIX-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT MARE, THE PROPERTY OF MRS. J. B. M. GROSVENOR, OF NEW YORK, WITH MISS BELLE BEACH IN THE SADDLE.

From a photograph by Schreiber, Philadelphia.



MORE THAN QUEEN, A SIX-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT MARE, WITH MRS. THOMAS J. REGAN, OF NEW YORK, IN THE SADDLE.

From a photograph by Stranger, New York.

and action demanded by the most exacting rider; but while they are American in blood and birth, they are of the English model, bred to satisfy those who consider nothing proper unless it has an English stamp.

The old-fashioned American saddler was a mighty horse in his day. It was he that carried Washington and his staff. He took Scott and his men across the Texas plains and through the defiles of Mexico. He was the friend and companion of General Jackson in his travels and his wars. General Grant was once asked for an explanation of the splendid

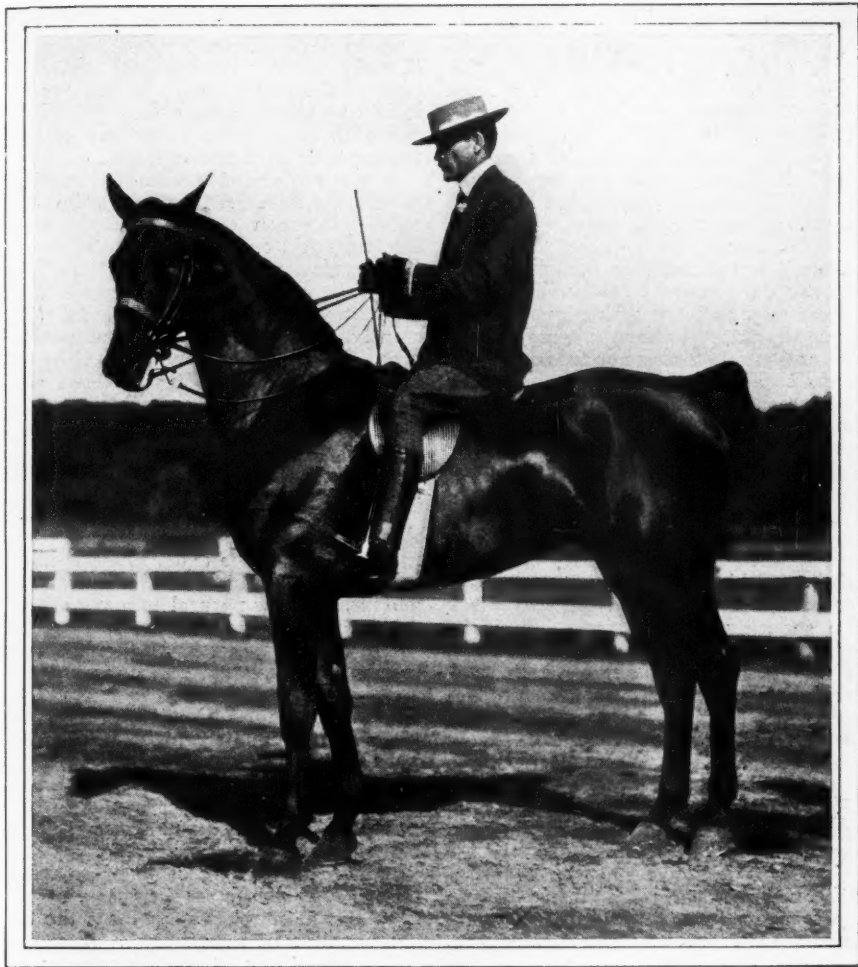
success of the Southern arms in the first two years of the Civil War.

"Good horses and good horsemen," he said laconically.

Grant was the best horseman at West Point in his day, and he knew good horses and riders when he saw them.

THE SMART SADDLE-HORSE OF TO-DAY.

Splendid individuals for their purposes are these modern fellows of the English kind. They have a certain style all their own. They carry head well up, have knee action and hock action in plenty to give them a springy appearance when at ex-



SPORTING TIMES, A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BLACK GELDING, THE PROPERTY OF MRS. JOHN G. LYMAN, OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

ercise, and they are gentle enough for the use of a lady. Of just what value one would be at hard riding it might be difficult to tell. They are not asked to do that kind of work. They are built for show, and showy enough they are.

Stand in front of one of the Englishmen, as we will call them, and watch him move toward you. His gait, which in all probability will be a trot, will be as true as a die. The hind foot will follow the fore in an unerring line, and every stride will be exactly measured. Moreover, his manners will be perfect. Even at the height of his speed, which is

fairly fast at the trot, he will not forget his pose. It is a part of the instinct of his breeding. The average observer will call him a noble animal.

Take a side view of him, and he will fill your eye in the same satisfactory way. He does look a splendid part when he is doing that trot under the weight of a millionaire owner who didn't miss the thousand dollars that the animal cost. Yet he is an Englishman all over; color, contour, action, pose, head, and ears—nose to tail, he is an Englishman, the American reproduction of a horse that is bred and beloved by the horsiest peo-

ple in the world. It is to England we owe everything that is best in the present horse world, bar the American saddle-horse of the home type and our own American trotter.

Along with the English horse we have picked up, in the larger cities of the East, the English seat and the English bridle. The English saddle has long had extensive, though not general, use among us. We men ride a good deal like monkeys nowadays, with our short stirrup and our "post." The English judge a horseman entirely by his "post," and hence the desire to have a horse of perfect action which may not throw one out of time. The "post" is that unnecessary and exceedingly tiresome bobbing up and down on the horse's back which you will see so conspicuously displayed in the Park. You must do it if you ride in New York, else you are not in form.

The English bridle which we put upon our home-bred Englishman is the double-rein affair. He has to carry a mouth filled with bits. There is a smooth bit for ordinary use, and a curb to check him suddenly or to restrain him if he pulls too hard. That is what they tell us of the cumbersome affair which they force between the lips of the Englishman. The old-fashioned American horse, the best-mannered gentleman of them all, never needed such a thing. He received a snaffle bit with willingness, and the pressure of the knee on his side, or the gentle pull of the rein against his neck, was signal enough for him. He took his orders at a walk or a run with equal intelligence, and you might bring him up short with a word. Still, if you must be in the mode and ride an Englishman, you must have a bridle with two bits and double reins—the latter to entangle and disturb you in a crisis, no matter how clever a horseman you may be.

At the horse shows you see the Englishman at his best. He is especially groomed and mannered for those occasions, and when he is showing for a prize he is a beauty indeed. Many animals of his type are bought for show purposes alone, and their owners rarely, if ever, get astride of them. The grooms have the doubtful pleasure of park-posting them for the necessary exercise. Entire stables of horses follow the shows, just as thoroughbreds and trotters follow the racing circuits, and high prices are paid for possible prize-winners. After a season or two of showing, these equine aristocrats are rarely fit for anything else. The people who affect them, how-

ever, are intensely proud of the trophies won by their horses—horses that they scarcely know. Professional riders do most of the ring-riding. To the owners, it is enough to hang a blue ribbon on the wall, or to set a silver cup on the trophy table in the town house.

If you are curious to see the Englishman as we have bred him, take any Autumn afternoon on the bridle-path of Central Park, or go to one of the shows. Such animals as Sporting Times, Corinne, Lady Bonnie, Lee Rogers, Rob Roy, and Promotion are shown constantly, and you may know the perfect type. They look well and go well in the ring or on the path. You couldn't purchase any one of the horses named under four figures, but for two hundred dollars or less you might get an American, down South, that would outdo the best of the championship class in actual service.

The Englishman has three gaits—the three simplest. He walks, which is natural to all brutes; he trots, which is natural to many of them; and he canters, or gallops, which is natural to many others. As a rule, he is a slow walker, and in active service the walk is an important thing. It is as valuable in its way as the trot, when your journey is long. The true American of proper breeding and training took up his running walk at the word, and carried you four, yes, five miles an hour, in a frictionless way which produced no fatigue.

At the trot, the Englishman acquits himself with credit. He has a great deal of American trotting blood in him, and he can "go some," as they say, at the gait. But he is rough. He lacks the low action which he should have. When the American swings into his fox trot, with feet barely missing the stones in the road, he takes you fast enough for the gait, and you may sit tight in the saddle without discomfort. At the full trot he is as rough as the Englishman.

When the Englishman is forced into the canter he goes lumberingly. He is neither graceful nor serviceable at the gait, and you never find them showing him that way for prizes. The trot is the thing in the tan-bark ring.

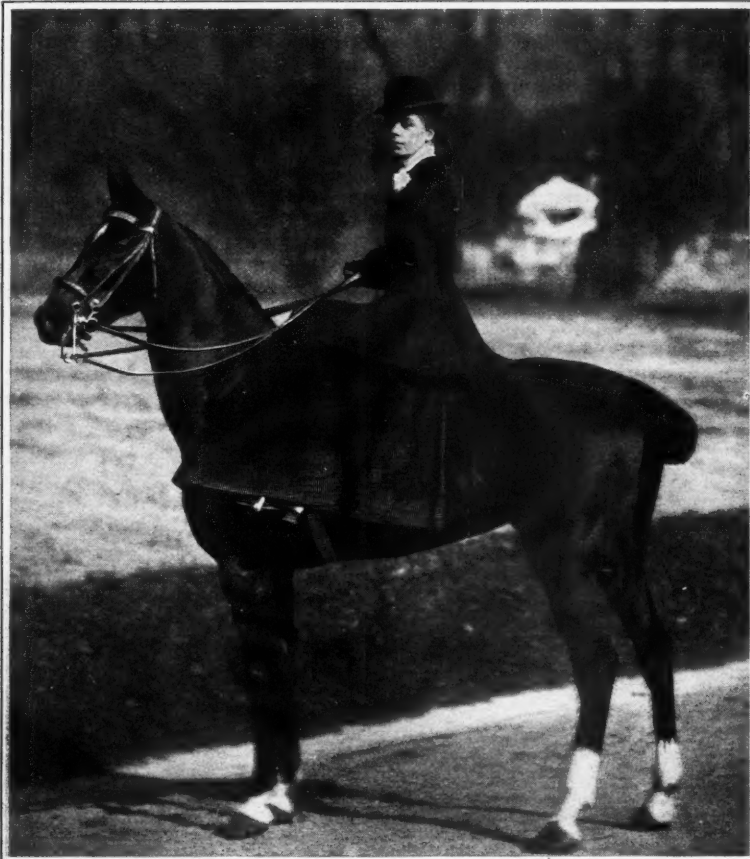
THE OLD-TIME AMERICAN SADDLER.

Yet with all his show and his pose, the Englishman is not one whit handsomer than the American of the old style. The latter does not have the "substance" of the Englishman. He is of lighter build, but he is steel all over where the modern fellow is of grosser iron. The old-timer

is graceful, gentle, courageous. He can "wheel on a dime" at the pressure of a rein, and can take a fence or a gully in his stride without a bobble.

Highland Eagle, the saddle-horse for which Thomas F. Ryan recently paid

the canter, and the faster canter which we call the run. All these he does with such swiftness that he might carry you fifty miles in a day and you might not be wearied overmuch at the end. Take one of the Englishmen, try posting over



A PRIZE-WINNING AMERICAN SADDLE-HORSE OF THE FASHIONABLE TYPE—LADY BONNIE, A NINE-YEAR-OLD BLACK MARE, WITH MISS BELLE BEACH IN THE SADDLE.

From a photograph by Pack, New York.

twenty-five hundred dollars, has some of the old American characteristics. The blood of the famous old horse Black Squirrel is strong in him, and he owes much of his beauty to that infusion. Yet it is evident his breeder has tried to hide his inherited traits in attempting to reproduce the Englishman.

The old-timer is known as a "gaited" horse. He can do the running walk, the fox trot, the full trot, the single-foot,

fifty miles of road, and find where a whole piece of skin or a sound muscle is left in you. The English riders themselves drop the affectation when they are really going any distance.

When a horse changes his gait he rests himself. It is almost as good to shift from a canter to a walk as it is to pull up altogether. There is where your old-time American, the true American, excels the world. He has numbers of gaits.

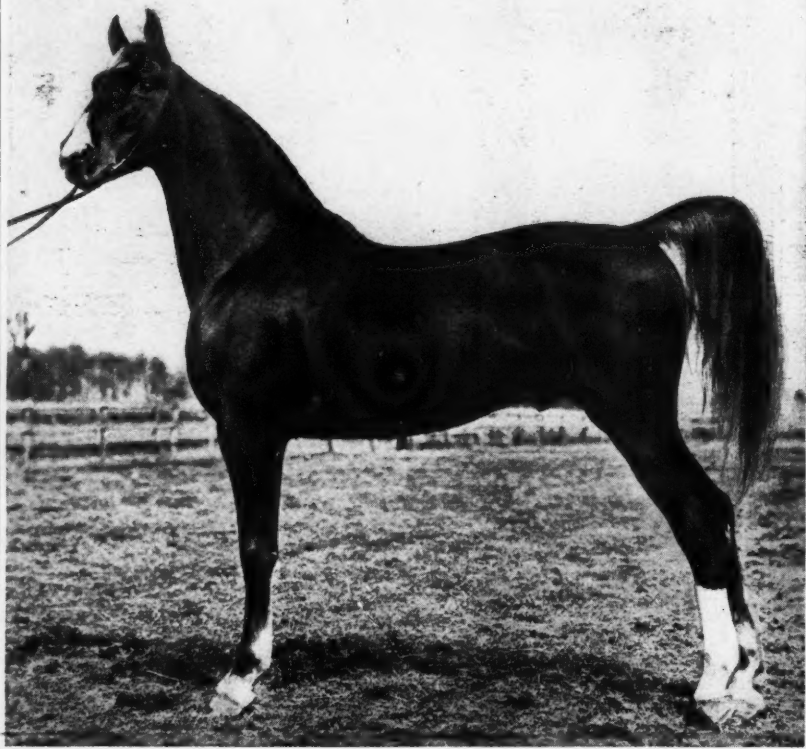
All are easy to the rider, and the horse may rest one set of muscles and change so often that he can go all day without tiring. When Leon, the Spanish-Californian, went abroad a number of years ago to meet the distance-riders of the world, he did not depend upon the English horses which flood Europe. He took a stable of old-fashioned Americans with him, horses of at least four gaits, and it is of record that he distanced the best riders and horses of Europe in open tourney.

It was this ability to travel great distances at fair speed, without fatigue, that made their horses so valuable an assistance to the soldiers of the Confederacy. Morgan could never have been the raider he was without the Kentucky and Tennessee saddle-horses which his command rode. A fifty-mile march between the setting of the sun and its

rising, and Morgan was out of a trap or off for a raid in a new country without his presence being dreamed of. Forrest and Mosby used to do the same thing in a different way.

HORSES OF THE SOUTH AND THE WEST.

Of the true Americans there are two types. The Southern saddler is the more valuable. Before the war five hundred dollars was frequently paid for a gaited horse, and five hundred dollars then was much more than it is to-day. Much of the social life of the South revolved about the saddle-horse, and to own a clever and a handsome one was the ambition of the well-to-do. A long, slender chestnut with a bit of a blaze in his forehead, a white foot or two, and the ability to single-foot down a country road at a four-minute clip without so much as jostling his rider, was worth something



A HORSE WITH SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OLD AMERICAN SADDLER—HIGHLAND EAGLE, THE CHESTNUT STALLION FOR WHICH THOMAS F. RYAN, OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY PAID TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



A SMART AMERICAN SADDLE-HORSE OF THE ENGLISH TYPE—LEE ROGERS, A FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT GELDING, THE PROPERTY OF MRS. W. S. ELLIOTT.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

even in the old days, long before Mr. Ryan was a lad in Virginia.

The other American is the Western horse, still a plentiful quantity in the land. He gets a world of stamina from his mustang ancestry on the one side, and occasionally he has a dash of the gaited blood in him from the thousands of Southern saddlers that went to the West in the early days. For endurance under difficult conditions these Westerners, especially the larger animals, have probably no equals. Some of them have stood tremendous marches day after day, subsisting on the grass that they could find. Buffalo Bill, who has handled

horses in all the European countries, says that nothing can stand up with the Western saddler that is a cross of the thoroughbred or running-horse, and the ordinary animal of the plains.

The Westerner is not a stylish fellow. He is too angular, and he carries his head too low. Even the thoroughbred blood in him doesn't trim him up. He meets with small favor in the New-York market, and he wouldn't be permitted entrance into an Eastern show-ring. Yet he is all horse, smooth of gait, sometimes erratic in disposition, but as certain on his feet as a goat, and game enough to canter as long as he has breath.



GEORGE ADE, A YOUNG AMERICAN DRAMATIST WHO HAS MADE A GREAT SUCCESS AS A WRITER OF COMEDIES.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND HIS PROFITS.

BY ACTON DAVIES.

TO-DAY, WHEN THE DEMAND FOR GOOD NEW PLAYS IS SO GREAT, AND WHEN A SUCCESSFUL PIECE MAY HAVE LONG RUNS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC, THE LEADING DRAMATISTS OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND ARE EARNING FORTUNES BY THEIR ROYALTIES.

WHO wouldn't be a successful dramatist in these days? Of all the magnets of the theater, it is the dramatist to-day who ranks as the king-pin. The manager with a hundred tentacles may reach out for a score of playhouses, and with a wave of his hand secure their entire control. The star actor may be the greatest drawing-card in his particular kind of work. But what avail all the

stars and all the theaters unless the producers are able to present attractive new pieces to draw the public in?

To say that the dramatist, from a financial standpoint, is now in his heyday, is putting the situation mildly. There never was a time when the public was so hungry for new plays of sterling worth. There never was a time when managers were so eager to secure the work of the

best playwrights, on almost any terms that might be demanded.

The last two years have shown a collapse in the dramatic output of France and Germany, to which for the last half century both England and America have looked for a large proportion of their season's productions. Of course these French and German plays had to be adapted—Anglicized, Americanized, or whatever you choose to call it. Very frequently, during the process, the name of the foreign author became entirely obliterated from the playbill, and the public was left to suppose that the product was the original work of one of our own dramatists.

But that sort of thing has become unfashionable now, for at least two reasons. In the first place, the managers scan the theatrical horizon of the world so closely, watching for the dawn of a new play or the debut of a new dramatist, that the English or American playwright who can bag one of these foreign pieces and adapt it to his own use without discovery



WILLIAM GILLETTE, A VERY SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT, MANAGER, AND ACTOR.



CLYDE FITCH, WHOSE BEST PLAYS ARE COMEDIES OF PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN LIFE.

Drawn from a photograph by Savory, New York.

really deserves all he can get out of it. Furthermore, the newspaper critics keep an eye on the situation on their own account, and even the man who writes a

really original play is lucky, in these days, if sooner or later he does not get nailed to the cross for alleged plagiarism.

But the more potent reason why fewer foreign plays are seen on our stage is the fact that the French and German dramatists are not turning out anything worth the while of an Englishman or an American either to steal or to adapt. The French stage has succumbed entirely to the eternal triangle—that is, a situation which involves two women and a man or two men and a woman.



AUGUSTUS THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "ALABAMA," "ARIZONA," "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET,"
AND OTHER SUCCESSFUL COMEDIES AND FARCES.

Drawn from a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

For both the English and the American stage this failure of the foreign supply is a blessing in disguise. The American dramatist is getting a chance which has long been denied to him in his own country. Until the past two seasons, when the imported crop of plays has contained more absolute failures than ever before, the average American manager would infinitely prefer to risk losing money on a moderately successful English play than to produce an untried American drama.

Again, the last few years have greatly widened the market for an English-speaking play. Nearly every American play that scores in New York, and every play that scores in London, is almost

certain to be taken across the water. In the old days, if it was a success, it would perhaps be used for a couple of seasons, or possibly three, and would then pass into oblivion. To-day it may have long runs both in London and New York, and the stock companies in our smaller cities have opened up a splendid market for good plays that have become slightly shop-worn. Within the past two years there have been times when Mr. Clyde Fitch, for instance, received as much as fifteen hundred dollars a week in royalties, not from his reigning success of the moment, but from plays produced five or six years before, which had outworn their welcome in the great cities, and yet each of which was capable

of bringing him in some hundreds of dollars weekly when played by minor stock companies.

THE FOREMOST OF ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

Of the English dramatists, from the standpoint both of art and of opulence, Arthur Wing Pinero undoubtedly stands at the head. Beginning his career as a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, he soon forsook acting for playwriting, and in the last twenty years he has become a very rich man—so rich, in fact, that he can now indulge in the luxury of

writing plays to please himself rather than the public. Mr. Pinero demands a larger percentage of the gross receipts than any dramatist now writing for the stage; and he invariably gets what he asks, although several of his recent plays have by no means proved financial successes. "Iris," which Virginia Harned presented here, was the last Pinero piece that made money in America. His American royalties from this play during the two seasons that Miss Harned used it were enough to make any ordinary citizen comfortable for the rest of his life.



DAVID BELASCO, MANAGER AND PLAYWRIGHT, AUTHOR AND PRODUCER OF "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," "DU BARRY," AND OTHER SUCCESSES.

Drawn from a photograph by the Misses Selby, New York.



ALFRED SUTRO, THE NEW ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT, WHOSE WORK WILL BE INTRODUCED TO AMERICAN AUDIENCES DURING THE PRESENT SEASON.

Drawn from a photograph by Bolak, London.

"Letty," on the other hand, had scarcely a paying week during its entire American career. In London both "Iris" and "Letty" failed from a financial standpoint, and "A Wife Without a Smile" most certainly did not add to its author's reputation. Nevertheless, if Mr. Pinero were to announce a new play to-morrow, and put it up at auction, it is safe betting that there is not a man-

ager of any standing in London who would not try to secure it.

An actor who played in many of the early Pinero successes, notably in "Sweet Lavender," once said to me:

"It has always seemed extraordinary to me that Pinero should ever have been induced to go in for the problem play. In the old days Ibsen was a regular red rag to a bull to him. I remember that when 'Sweet Lavender' was at the height of its success, an editorial appeared in one of the newspapers praising the work of the Norwegian playwright, Ibsen. Pinero was perfectly furious about this article. 'Why,' he said, 'I have known the work of this man Ibsen for seven or eight years. It is brilliant craftsmanship, and he is a great student of character. In my library I enjoy reading an Ibsen play very much, but for any manager to present one of his morbid dramas to the English public would be suicide. He writes of all those things which should be avoided on the stage, for goodness knows we get enough of them in real life.'"

I could not help but recall these words when I saw in London the first performance of Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." While this play undoubtedly showed the dramatist at the zenith of his powers, it marked the decline of his great financial success. The plays which followed

it have been brilliantly clever, masterpieces of technique and character-drawing compared with those earlier comedies from each of which he derived a fortune, but as money-makers it is doubtful if any of them, with the exception of "Mrs. Tanqueray," has come within fifty thousand dollars of the royalties he derived from any one of his earlier successes.

But at the present time, as I have said,



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER" AND OTHER SUCCESSFUL PLAYS.

Drawn from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.



R. C. CARTON, AUTHOR OF "LIBERTY HALL" AND "LORD AND LADY ALGY."

Drawn from a photograph by Bolak, London.



HENRY ARTHUR JONES, AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER KING" AND MANY OTHER PLAYS.

Drawn from a photograph by Ellis & Watery, London.



ARTHUR WING PINERO, THE FOREMOST ENGLISH DRAMATIST OF TO-DAY.

Drawn from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN BRITISH PLAYWRIGHTS.

Mr. Pinero writes absolutely to please himself. As he has repeatedly asserted, if the managers do not like his plays they don't need to buy them. If the public doesn't like them, it can stay

duced "Candida" in New York with such sensational success, two seasons ago, that Mr. Shaw's work began to yield him the financial returns which it so richly deserved. All the Shaw plays, when



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, THE CLEVER AND ECCENTRIC IRISHMAN WHOSE PLAYS HAVE HAD MUCH VOGUE IN THE LAST TWO YEARS.

Drawn from a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

away from the theaters where they are being performed.

A DRAMATIC GENIUS FROM IRELAND.

Of all the British dramatists, George Bernard Shaw has perhaps most cause to thank America for making his fortune. Fame he had already won in England, but it was not until Arnold Daly pro-

duced "Candida" in New York with such sensational success, two seasons ago, that Mr. Shaw's work began to yield him the financial returns which it so richly deserved. All the Shaw plays, when

At the present time no less than three of Mr. Shaw's plays are underlined for

production in New York during the coming season—"Man and Superman," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and "John Bull's Other Island." He himself said, not long ago, in what was apparently complete seriousness:

"I don't know whether I shall like them or not, but the Americans are undoubtedly an astute and discriminating people. They have appreciated me at my proper worth—the worth which I know I have always possessed. Over here, where my plays have never made any money for me, they tried to make atonement by calling me the new Shakespeare. I considered it more an insult than a compliment; and it only bores me the more when people tell me how brilliantly clever my plays are. I knew that long ago, when I wrote them. If I hadn't known that they were the most brilliant specimens of dramatic literature, I should never have allowed a manager to present them, even for twenty per cent of the gross receipts."

"Ah," replied an American playwright, with a twinkle in his eye, "Mr. Shaw, your pose is magnificent. It has made the fortune of many actors in days gone by. But I take off my hat to you all the same. You are the first dramatist who has been wise enough to adopt it!"

Whereupon Shaw burst out laughing, and, to speak in the vernacular, promptly came down off his perch.

A VETERAN AND A NEWCOMER.

One of the richest of all the English dramatists is Henry Arthur Jones. From the days of "The Silver King," a play which proved one of the greatest financial successes of the last half century, there has scarcely been a week when royalties have not been pouring in on Mr. Jones from some part of the world. Provincial companies are still playing this piece through the British Isles, and in America there is always at least one company regaling the one-night stands with it, in spite of the fact that it is now nearly a quarter of a century old.

"The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," "Saints and Sinners," and others of his earlier plays coined a handsome fortune for Mr. Jones. During the last few years, however, he has dipped into society drama, and turned his back, as it were, upon the more common melodramatic thrills. As a result, his profits have been smaller, although "The Liars," "Joseph Entangled," and "The Case of Rebellious Susan" are plays which have won real success. Mr. Jones, who began

life as an evangelical preacher, is rather fond in these latter days of dramatizing some of his old sermons, and making his audiences sit through them at two dollars a seat, whether they will or no. This was the case with "Michael and His Lost Angel," which proved as disastrous a failure here as it had previously in London. At present, Mr. Jones is understood to be working on a new drama for Miss Virginia Harned.

A young dramatist upon whom the eyes of the theatrical world are fixed attentively just now is Alfred Sutro, whose play "The Walls of Jericho" proved to be the one really great success of the last London season. It has been running since last October, and as played by Arthur Bourchier and his company at the Garrick Theater it bids fair to remain on view there for at least another year. New York is to see this play in October, when James K. Hackett will present it at the Savoy.

A young dramatist may consider himself lucky if for his first play he receives as much as five per cent of the gross receipts. The precise amount of Mr. Sutro's royalty on "The Walls of Jericho" is probably a secret between himself and his manager, but on the principle that nothing succeeds like success he is pretty sure to draw twice as much from his next play.

MARSHALL, GRUNDY, AND BARRIE.

In the way of light comedy, there is no English dramatist to-day as popular as Captain Robert Marshall. An officer in the army, he began writing plays purely as a pastime and to relieve the dullness of the Indian stations where he was quartered, but since "His Excellency the Governor" first brought him into prominence, some six or seven years ago, he has remained on the top wave of theatrical success. "A Royal Family," so delightfully played by Miss Annie Russell, and "The Duke of Killiecrankie," in which John Drew played successfully last year, have both made a great deal of money in America for Captain Marshall. So large have been his theatrical earnings that he has retired from the army and is devoting himself entirely to playwriting.

For many seasons Sydney Grundy made one of the largest incomes of his profession. Not only did he produce many original plays that proved profitable, but he also derived handsome royalties from pieces adapted from the French and German. During the last few years, however, his successes have been

decidedly fewer; and not long ago, in a rather embittered interview, Mr. Grundy stated that he was sick and disgusted with the public at large and the critics in particular. However, in spite of his recent failures, he probably has no reason to fear that the wolf will be knocking at his door for some time to come. He is still drawing good royalties from that splendid play of his, "Sowing the Wind," first produced in 1893.

It is scarcely fair to regard James Matthew Barrie purely as a dramatist, for the sale of his books has brought him in almost as large a fortune as the royalties from his plays. With the proverbial canniness of the Scot, Mr. Barrie lets nothing in the shape of an idea go to waste. A single one of his heroines—or possibly she should be called a double one, for she is quite a distinct personality in the play and in the novel—has made him a rich man. "The Little Minister" did very well indeed on the English stage, but it never approached the extraordinary success which Miss Maude Adams gained for it in America. This same actress is soon to appear in "Peter Pan," which was highly praised in London last year. Although the new play differs greatly from "The Little White Bird," its idea and motif are unquestionably derived from the novel.

Only once in his career has Mr. Barrie had occasion to feel annoyed at the American public. His "Little Mary," that famous "stomach drama" at which London laughed so uproariously for six months, was its author's ewe lamb. He considered it not only the funniest, but by far the cleverest of all his plays. That it would make a great success in America he had considered a foregone conclusion, and its complete and abject failure in New York was a blow that almost broke his heart.

CLYDE FITCH AND HIS CAREER.

By the public at large Clyde Fitch is probably regarded as the wealthiest American dramatist, owing to the extraordinary vogue which a baker's dozen of his plays have enjoyed during the past four years, since "The Climbers," his best and most virile work, gave him a new lease of artistic life. How rich he may be I have no idea, but this I can say of my own knowledge—that no playwright ever had a harder row to hoe than did Mr. Fitch from the time, fifteen years ago, when he wrote "Beau Brummel" for Richard Mansfield until Amelia Bingham pluckily came to his rescue and pro-

duced "The Climbers" after it had been rejected by every American manager.

Mr. Fitch has frequently been accused of turning out too much work, and some of his later plays have undoubtedly shown haste and carelessness. It must be remembered, however, that during his years of struggle, when he found it almost impossible to get a hearing in New York, he was working ceaselessly, and far harder than he does to-day when he doesn't need the money. After the success of "The Climbers," the managers were on their knees to him, and he would scarcely be human if he had not emptied his entire locker. His new play, which New York will have seen before this reaches the reader, is to be called "Her Great Match."

Mr. Fitch enjoys the reputation among managers as being the greatest martinet of all the dramatists. Not only does he demand and receive larger royalties than any of his American contemporaries, but he insists upon superintending every detail of the production and selecting his entire caste. I have heard managers almost howling in agony as they looked at their expense account after making a Fitch production which had not managed to hit the bull's-eye. On the other hand, you hear no complaint when this clever playwright happens to hand out a success. It is said that "Her Own Way" alone, during the two seasons that it has run, has earned more than a hundred thousand dollars for its author.

A BRILLIANT YOUNG AMERICAN COMEDIAN.

In direct contrast to Mr. Fitch's long struggle stands out the brilliant and instantaneously successful career of George Ade. With "The Sultan of Sulu" this young man from Chicago guessed right the very first time; and though its immediate successor, "Peggy from Paris," was rather weak in the knees, "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" have placed Mr. Ade well up in the line of moneyed playwrights.

"The Shogun," which could scarcely have been more battered or maltreated before it reached the footlights if it had been a Russian war-ship within easy range of the Japanese, scarcely did justice either to Mr. Ade or to its composer, Gustave Luders. But it at least marked a climax in the former's career. He was so disgusted with the production that he renounced comic opera for good and all, and for the future has decided to confine himself entirely to comedy and farce.

From a financial standpoint, this is probably a wise move, for there is less expense and more profit in a good farce than in a comic opera. "The Bad Samaritan," his offering for the present season, will have been produced in New York, at the Garden Theater, before this magazine is published.

TWO PLAYWRIGHT-MANAGERS.

In view of the fact that William Gillette has scored only one failure—a piece called "Ninety Days," which died very young at the Broadway in New York—since he began to write for the stage, it would be safe to rank him as a very rich man, when it is remembered that "The Professor," "Held by the Enemy," "Because She Loved Him So," "Secret Service," and "Sherlock Holmes" have been bringing him in big royalties for many years. Two seasons ago for the first time in fifteen years, Mr. Gillette acted a rôle which had not been written and created by himself. The play was "The Admirable Crichton," and it proved that no other dramatist can fit him with a part as well as he can. No new play has come from his pen for four seasons, and therefore there is unusual interest in the coming production of his comedy, "Clarisse."

In addition to being a partner in all his own productions, Mr. Gillette draws both a large royalty as the author of the play and a handsome salary as his own leading man. In spite of all this, however, he feels almost homeless at the present moment, for they have just pulled down the Plaza Hotel, his New York home, over his head.

Although David Belasco has been writing and adapting plays for more than a quarter of a century, he probably knows less about the total amount of his royalties than do the members of his business staff. Money is the last thing he thinks about, as might be guessed from the extravagant way in which he stages his productions. "May Blossom," "Lord Chumley," "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," the English adaptation of "Zaza," "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and "Adrea" are among the successes which he wrote either individually or in collaboration. A recent lawsuit showed that his profits from "Zaza" alone were something more than a hundred thousand dollars, while the fortune which he and Mrs. Leslie Carter made out of "The Heart of Mary-

land" was big enough to enable them to set up for themselves as manager and star.

"There are only two plays of mine," remarked Belasco the other night, "which I haven't been accused of plagiarizing from somebody or somewhere. They were 'The Younger Son' and 'Naughty Anthony,' the only two failures I have scored. It is a strange thing, but a dramatic fiasco is always regarded as an entirely original work. When I produced 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs,'—which, of course, I had founded on some of the characters in Egerton Castle's charming story—a woman went to court and sued me for stealing her play bodily. When the case came to trial, it was proved that the two similarities between her play and mine were that each had a hero and a heroine who make love, and that each had a green lawn in the first act. I need not tell you how long it took the judge to throw that case out of court."

THE WORK OF AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

Augustus Thomas, a playwright who enjoys a very great and very well deserved vogue at the present time, invariably shares his royalties with the person who first persuaded him to take up his profession. Many years ago, in St. Louis, while sitting on his knee, a little girl told Mr. Thomas that she had just read a perfectly beautiful story in *St. Nicholas*. Mr. Thomas, very much interested, asked her to lend him the magazine. The story was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Editha's Burglar." Mr. Thomas dramatized it—or, rather, he used the characters of the little girl and the burglar, and out of the situation evolved a very sweet and charming little play of his own.

When "The Burglar," as he called it, was put upon the stage, its success was instantaneous. It proved the cornerstone of his artistic career, which has since produced such fine comedies as "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "The Other Girl." Of course, he has not been wholly exempt from failure. The prestige of "Alabama" and "Arizona" did not save him when he went a little farther down the list of States and wrote "Colorado," but few playwrights have been more consistent in the quality of their work.

The little girl who unconsciously started him on the road to fame is now Mrs. Augustus Thomas.

FAIR MARGARET.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

MARGARET DONNE is an English girl, whose parents are dead, and who lives with Mrs. Rushmore, an American lady, in Versailles. Margaret's mother, who was Mrs. Rushmore's close friend, was also an American, and when she married Professor Donne, of Oxford, she expected to inherit a fortune. Her father, however—Margaret's grandfather—met ill-luck, and died leaving nothing but a claim upon Alvah Moon, a California millionaire to whom he had assigned a valuable patent. Mrs. Rushmore has brought suit against Moon on Margaret's behalf, but there seems slight chance of success.

Margaret, who possesses a remarkably good voice, is determined to earn her own living, a project which Mrs. Rushmore strongly but vainly opposes. Her teacher, Mme. de Rosa, sends her to the famous prima donna, Mme. Bonanni, for advice. Generously admiring the girl's talent, the Bonanni introduces her to Schreiermeyer, manager at the Opéra, who, to her intense delight, offers her an engagement.

At the prima donna's house on the Avenue Hoche she also meets Constantine Logotheti, a Greek financier, who is deeply impressed with her beauty. Having secured an introduction to Mrs. Rushmore, Logotheti calls at the house in Versailles and proposes marriage to Margaret. Refusing, and pressed for her reason, she admits that there is "some one else." Her situation, which she does not explain further, is somewhat peculiar. There is a strong affection between her and a man whom she knows as Edmund Lushington, a successful young critic, but he has told her that that is not his real name, that he has a secret which he cannot disclose, and that they can never be more than friends. In visiting Mme. Bonanni she discovers his secret—he is the prima donna's son; but though she tells him that this need be no bar between them, and pleads with him not to leave her, he only repeats his farewell.

Logotheti, a man who is not in the habit of letting his plans fail, does not accept Margaret's refusal as an end of his hopes. Again calling at Mrs. Rushmore's, he surprises the American lady by telling her that he has purchased Alvah Moon's interest in the disputed patent, and by there and then giving her a check for five hundred thousand dollars in settlement of Margaret Donne's claim. From Versailles he goes to the Opéra, where the English girl is rehearsing "Faust." The rehearsal over, he invites her and Mme. de Rosa to lunch at his house in the Boulevard Péreire. As they alight from his motor-car at the door, Lushington passes, but to the Greek's invitation to join them he gives a curt refusal. When Margaret thinks over this incident, after her return to Versailles, it disquiets her.

XII (Continued).

THE Greek's direct speeches had appealed to Margaret while he had been at her side, but now she wished with all her heart that Lushington would appear, to ask her questions and let her answer them. She had a most unreasonable impression that she had somehow angered him and wronged herself in his eyes. She would not ask herself whether she loved him still, or whether she had really loved him at all, but she longed to see him.

He had said that he was leaving again in the evening, but perhaps he would think better of it and come out to see her. She even thought of writing to him, for she knew his London address. He lived in Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and she remembered his telling her that his windows looked upon a blank brick wall opposite, in which he sought inspiration and sometimes found it. Sometimes, he had said, he saw her face there.

Then she remembered the last hour they had spent together at Mme. Bonanni's, and the quiet dignity and courage of his behavior under circumstances that might almost have driven a sensitive man out of his senses.

She thought of him a great deal that afternoon, and the result of her thoughts was that she resolved not to go to Logotheti's house again, though she had a vague idea that such a resolution should not be connected with Lushington, if she meant to respect her own independence. But when she had reached this complicated state of mind, both Lushington and Logotheti took themselves suddenly out of the sphere of her meditations, and she was standing once more on the half-lighted stage, singing "Anges purs" into the abyss of the dark and empty house.

The evening post brought Margaret three notes from Paris. One, in bad French, was from Schreiermeyer, to say that he had changed his mind, that she

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was to make her *début* in "Rigoletto" instead of in "Faust," and that a rehearsal of the former opera was called for the next day but one at eleven o'clock, at which, by kindness of the director of the Opéra, she would be allowed to sing the part of *Gilda*.

When she read this, her face fell, and she felt a sharp little disappointment. She had already fancied herself *Marguerite*, the fair-haired Gretchen, mass-book in hand and eyes cast down, and then at the spinning-wheel, and in the church, and in the prison, and it was an effort of imagination to turn herself into the Italian duke's *Gilda*, murdered to save her lover and dragged away in the sack—probably by proxy!

The next note was from Logotheti, who begged her to use his motor-car for going in to her rehearsals. The chauffeur would bring it to Mrs. Rushmore's gate, the day after to-morrow, in plenty of time. The note was in French and ended with the assurance of "most respectful homage."

When she had read it she stared rather vacantly into the corner of her room for a few seconds, and then tossed the bit of paper into the basket under her writing-table.

The third letter was from Lushington. She had recognized the small, scholarly handwriting, and had purposely laid it aside to read last. It was rather stiffly worded, and it contained a somewhat unnecessary and not very contrite apology for having seemed rude that morning in answering her question so roughly and in hurrying away. He had not much else to say, except that he was going back at once to his London lodgings in Bolton Street—a hint that if Margaret wished to write to him he was to be found there.

She bit her lip and frowned. The note was useless and tactless as well. If he had wished to please her he might have written a word of greeting, as if nothing had happened, just to say that he wished he could have seen her for a few minutes. It would have been so easy to do that instead of sending a superfluous apology for being rude on purpose!

She read the note again, and grew angry over it. It was so gratuitous! If he really meant to avoid her always, he need not have written at all. "Superfluous" was the word; it was superfluous. She tore the letter into little bits and threw them into the basket; and then, by an after-thought, she fished up Logotheti's note, which she had not torn, and read it again.

At all events, he was a man of the world, and could cover two pages of note-paper without saying anything that could irritate a woman. Like everything he said, what he wrote was just right. He did not protest that he could not use his motor-car himself, and he did not apologize for taking the liberty of offering her the use of it; he did not even ask for an answer, as if he were trying to draw her into writing to him. The car would be at the gate, and he would be glad if she could use it; meaning that if she did not want it she could send it away. There was not the least shade of familiarity in the phrases. "Respectful homage" was certainly not "familiar." Just because he did not ask for an answer, he should have one!

She took up her pen and began. When she had written three or four lines to thank him, she found herself going on to say more, and she told him of the change in regard to her *début*, and asked if he knew why it was made so suddenly. She explained why she preferred "Faust" to "Rigoletto," and all at once she saw that she had filled a sheet and must either break off abruptly or take another. She finished the note hastily and signed her name. When it was done she remembered that she had not told him anything about the money which had unexpectedly come to her, and she hesitated a moment; but she decided that it was none of his business, and almost wondered why she had thought of telling him anything so entirely personal. She sealed the letter, stamped it, and sent it to be posted.

Then she sat down at her piano to look over "Rigoletto," whistling her part softly while she played, in order to save her voice, and in a few minutes she had forgotten Logotheti, Schreiermeyer, and Lushington.

XIII.

MME. BONANNI sat in the spring sunshine by the closed window of her sitting-room in London. She was thankful that there was any sunshine at all, and by keeping the window shut and wrapping herself in furs she produced the illusion that it was warming her. The room was not very large, and a good deal of space was taken up by a grand piano, a good deal more by the big table and the heavy furniture, and the rest by Mme. Bonanni herself. Her bulk was considerably increased by the white furs, from which only her head emerged; and as her face was made up for the day with rather

more paint than she wore in Paris, on the ground that London is a darker city, the effect of the whole was highly artificial and disconcerting. One might have compared the huge bundle of white to an enormous egg out of which a large and very animated middle-aged fowl was just hatching.

Lushington was seated before the open piano, but had turned half away from it on the stool, and was looking quietly at his mother. His face had an expression of listless weariness which was not natural to him. Mme. Bonanni moved just then, and the outer fur slipped a little from its place. Lushington rose at once and arranged it again.

"Will you have anything else over you, mother?" he asked.

"No, my child. I am warm at last. Your English sun is like stage limelight. It shines, and shines, and does no good! The man turns it off, and London is pitch dark! Nothing warms one here but eating five times a day and wearing a fur coat all the time. But I am growing old. Why do you say I am not? It is foolish."

"Your voice is as perfect as ever," said Lushington.

"My voice! My voice! What did you expect? That it would crack, or that I should sing false? Ungrateful boy! How can you say such things of your mother? But I am growing old. Soon I shall make the effect on the public of a grandmother in baby's clothes. Do you think I am blind? They will say, 'Poor old Bonanni, she remembers Thiers!' They might as well say at once that I remember the Second Empire! It is infamous! Have people no heart? But why do I go on singing, my dear? Tell me that! Why do I go on?"

"Because you sing as well as ever," suggested Lushington gently.

"It is no reason why I should work as hard as ever! Why should I go on earning money, money, money? Yes, I know! They come to hear me, they crowd the house, they pay, they clap their hands when I sing the mad scene in 'Lucia,' or *Juliet's* waltz song, or the crescendo thrills in the 'Huguenots'! But I am old, my dear!"

"Nonsense!" interjected Lushington in an encouraging tone.

"Do you know why I am sure of it? It is this. I do not care any more. It is all the same to me what they do. I do not care whether they come or not, or whether they applaud, or hiss, or stamp on the floor. Why should I care?

I have had it all so often. I have seen the people standing on the seats all over the theater and yelling, and often in foreign countries they have taken the horses from my carriage and dragged it themselves. I have had everything. Why should I care for it? And I do not want money. I have too much already."

"You certainly have enough, mother."

"It is your fault that I have too much," she said in sudden anger. "You have no heart; you are a cruel, ungrateful boy! Is there anything I have not done to make you happy, ever since you were a baby? Look at your position! You are a celebrated writer, a critic! Other writers are green with jealousy and fear of you! And why? Because I made up my mind that you should be a great man, and sent you to school and the university instead of keeping you to myself at home, always pressed against my heart! Is not that the greatest sacrifice that a mother can make, to send her child to college, to be left alone herself, always wondering whether he is catching cold and is getting enough to eat, and is not being led away by wicked little boys? Ah, you do not know! You can never be a mother!"

This was unanswerable, but Lushington really looked sorry for her, as if it were his fault.

"And what have you given me in return for it all? How have you repaid me for the days of anxiety and nights of fever all the time when you were at those terrible studies? I ask you that! How have you rewarded me? You will not take money from me. I go on making more and more, and you will not spend it. Oh, it is not to be believed! I shall die of grief!"

Mme. Bonanni put one fat hand out from under the furs, and pressed a podgy finger to each eyelid in succession by way of stopping the very genuine tears that threatened her rouged cheeks with watery destruction.

"Mother, please don't!" cried Lushington in helpless distress. "You know that I can't take money from you!"

"Oh, I know, I know! That is the worst of it—I know! It is not because you are proud of earning your own living; it's because you're ashamed of me!"

Lushington rose again, and began to walk up and down, bending his head and glancing at her now and then.

"Why will you always go back to that question?" he asked, and his tone showed how much he resented it. "You cannot

unlive your life. Don't make me say more than that, for you don't know how it hurts to say that much. Indeed you don't!"

He went to the closed window and looked out, turning away from her. She stretched out her hand and pulled at his coat timidly, as a dog pulls his master's clothes to attract his attention. He turned his head a little.

"I've tried to live differently, Tom," she said. "Of late years I've tried."

Her voice was low and unsteady.

"I know it," he said just above a whisper, and he turned to the window-pane again.

"Can't you forgive me, Tom?" she asked. "Won't you take some of the money—only what I made by singing?"

He shook his head without looking round, for it would have hurt him to see her eyes just then.

"I have enough, mother," he answered. "I make as much as I need."

"You will need much more when you marry."

"I shall never marry."

"You will marry little Miss Donne," said Mme. Bonanni, after a moment's pause.

Lushington turned sharply now and leaned back against the glass.

"No," he answered with sudden hardness; "I can't ask Miss Donne to be my wife. No man in my position could have the right. You understand what I mean, and heaven knows I don't wish to pain you, mother—I'd give anything not to! Why do you talk of these things?"

"Because I feel that you're unhappy, Tom, and I know that I am—and there must be some way out of it. After all, my dear—now don't be angry!—Miss Donne is a good girl—she's all that I wish I had been—but after all, she's going to be an opera-singer. You are the son of an artist, and I don't see why any artist should not marry you. The public believes we are all bad, whether we are or not."

"I'm not thinking of the public," Lushington answered. "I don't care a straw what the world says. If I had been offered my choice I would not have changed my name at all."

"But then, my dear, what in the world are you thinking of?" asked the prima donna, evidently surprised by what he said. "If the girl loves you, do you suppose she will care what I've done?"

"But I care!" cried Lushington with sudden vehemence. "I care for her sake!"

Mme. Bonanni's hand had disappeared within the furs again, after she had ascertained that the two tears were not going to run down her cheeks. Her large face wore the expression of a colored sphinx, and there was something Egyptian about the immobility of her eyes and her painted eyebrows. No one could have guessed from her look whether she was going to cry or laugh the next time she spoke. Lushington walked up and down the room without glancing at her.

"Do you think——" she began, and broke off as he stopped to listen.

"What?" he inquired, standing still.

"Would it make it any better if—I married again?" she asked hesitatingly.

"How? I don't understand."

"They always say that marriage is so respectable," Mme. Bonanni answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "I don't know why, I'm sure, but everybody seems to think it is, and if it would help matters—I mean, if Miss Donne would consider that a respectable marriage with a solid, middle-class man would settle the question, I suppose I could manage it. I could always divorce, you know, if it became unbearable!"

"Yes," Lushington answered. "Marriage is the first step to the divorce court. For heaven's sake, don't talk in this way! I've made up my mind that I cannot marry, and that ends it. Let it alone. We each know what the other thinks, and we are each trying to make the best of what can't be undone. Talking about it can do no good. Nothing can. It's the inevitable, and so the less said about it, the better. Sometimes you say that I am ungrateful, mother, but I'm not; you don't mean it seriously. If I've made my own way, it is because you started me right by making me work instead of bringing me up at your apron-strings to live on your money. You did it so well, too, that you cannot undo it, now that you would like to make me rich. Why aren't you proud of that, mother? It's the best thing you ever did in your life—God bless you! And yet you say I'm ungrateful!"

At this there was a convulsion of the white furs; Mme. Bonanni suddenly emerged, erect, massive, and seething with motherly emotion; throwing her arms round her son, she pressed him to her with a strength and vehemence that might have suffocated a weaker man. As it was, Lushington was speechless in her embrace for several seconds, while she uttered more or less incoherent cries of joy.

"My child! My own darling Tommy! Oh, you make me so happy!"

Lushington let her print many heavy kisses on his cheek, and he gently patted her shoulder with his free hand. He was very patient and affectionate, considering the frightful dilemma with regard to her in which he had lived all his life; for, as his mother he loved her, but as a woman he knew that he could never respect her, whatever she might do to retrieve her past. He could find excuses for the life she had led, but they were only palliatives that momentarily soothed the rankling sore in his heart which nothing could heal.

In his own world of literature and work and publicity he had a name of his own, not without honor, and respected by every one. But to himself, to the few trusted persons who knew his secret, above all to Margaret Donne, he was the son of that "Bonanni woman," who had been the spoiled plaything of royalty and semi-royalty from London to St. Petersburg, whose lovers had been legion, and whose caprices as the sand on the seashore. There were times when Lushington could not bear to see her, and kept away from her, or even left the city in which they were together. There were days when the natural bond drew him to her, and when he realized that, with countless faults, she had been to him a far better mother than most men are blessed with.

And now, poor thing, she was grateful to the verge of tears for his one word of blessing that seemed to wipe out all the rest. She wished that when her hour came she might hear him say again "God bless you," and then die.

She let him go, and sat down among her furs with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"I've made up my mind what to do," she said, almost as if she were talking to herself. "I'm tired of it all, Tom, and I'm losing my good looks and my figure. If this goes on I shall soon be ridiculous. You would not like your mother to be ridiculous, would you?"

"Certainly not!"

"No, my angel! Be good if you can; if you can't be good, be bad; but never be ridiculous! Oh, never, never! I could not bear that. So I shall leave the stage quietly, without any farewell. I shall cancel my engagements when I have finished singing here. The doctors will swear to anything. What are they for? I was never ill in my life, but they shall say I am ill now. What is it that every one has nowadays—the appendix? I will

have the appendix. The doctors shall swear that I have it badly. So I shall leave the stage with a good reason, and pay no forfeit for canceling the contracts. That is business. Then I will be a nun."

"Eh?" ejaculated Lushington, staring at her.

"Yes, I will be a nun," continued Mme. Bonanni unmoved. "I will go into religion. When your mother is a nun, my child, I presume that the church will protect her, and no one will dare to say anything against her. Then you can marry or not, as you please, but you will no longer be ashamed of your mother! I shall be a blue nun with a white bonnet and a black veil, and I shall call myself Sister Juliet, because that has been my great part, and the name will remind me of old times. Don't you think 'Sister Juliet' sounds very well? And dark blue is becoming to me—I always said so."

"Yes—yes," answered Lushington in an uncertain tone and biting his lip.

"I cannot do more than that for you, my treasure," said his mother, a touch of real human sadness in her voice. "You will not take the miserable money—but perhaps you will take the sacrifice, if I shut myself up in a convent and wear a hair shirt, and feed sick babies, and eat cabbage. How could any one say a word against me then? And you will be happy, Tom. That is all I ask."

"I shall not be happy if you make yourself miserable, mother," said Lushington, smiling.

"Miserable? Ah, well, I dare say there will not be cabbage every day," answered Mme. Bonanni thoughtfully. "And I like fish. Fortunately I am fond of fish. The simplest, you know. Only a fried sole with a meunière sauce. Bah! When I talk of eating you never believe I am in earnest. Go away, my beloved child! Go and write to little Miss Donne that she may have all my engagements, because I am entering religion. You shall see! She will marry you in a week. Go over to Paris and talk to her. She is crying her eyes out for you, and that is bad for the voice. It relaxes the vocal chords frightfully. I always have to gargle for half an hour if I have been crying and am going to sing."

Through all her rambling talk, half earnest and half absurd, Lushington detected the signs of a coming change. He did not think she would leave the stage so suddenly as she said she would; he assuredly did not believe that she would ever "enter religion"; but he saw for

the first time that she was tired of the life she had led, that she felt herself growing old and longed for rest and quiet. She had lived as very few live, to satisfy every ambition and satiate every passion to the full, and now, with advancing years, she had not the one great bad passion of old age, which is avarice, as an incentive for prolonging her career. In its place, on the contrary, stood her one redeeming virtue, that abundant generosity which had made her welcome Margaret Donne's great talent with honest enthusiasm, and which had been like a providence to hundreds, perhaps to thousands of unknown men, women, and children ever since she had gained the means of helping the poor and distressed. But it had been part of her nature to hide that. Logotheti, who managed most of her business, knew more about her charities than her own son, and the world knew next to nothing at all.

XIV.

WHEN Lushington had run over to Paris on the day before the conversation just recorded, he had entertained a vague notion of going out to Versailles in the afternoon; for he felt that all had not been said between himself and Margaret, and that their last parting in the street had not been really final. The fact was that he merely yielded to the tormenting desire to see her again, if for only a few minutes and in the presence of Mrs. Rushmore.

But the meeting in the Boulevard Péreire had chilled him like a stream of cold water poured down his back; than which homely simile there is none more true. He had fancied her very grave and even a little sad, going quietly to her rehearsals with a maid, or even with Mrs. Rushmore, speaking to no one at the theater, and returning at once to Versailles to reflect on the vicissitudes to which human affections are subject.

He had come upon her suddenly and unawares, in a very smart frock and a superlatively becoming hat, smiling gaily, just stepping out of a magnificent white motor-car, resting her hand familiarly on that of the most successful young financier in Paris, a man whose conquests among women of the world were a byword, and chaperoned by a flighty little Neapolitan teacher of singing. Truly, if some one had deliberately rubbed the back of his neck with a large lump of ice on that warm spring day, the

chill could not have been more effectual. Morally speaking, Lushington caught a bad cold, which "struck in," as old people used to say.

He might have explained to himself that as he had insisted upon parting from Margaret forever, and against her will, her subsequent doings were none of his business. But he was half an Englishman by birth and altogether one by bringing up, and he therefore could not admit that she should be apparently enjoying herself while he was gloomily brooding over the misfortunes that put her beyond his reach.

The fable of the dog in the manger must have been composed to describe us Anglo-Saxons. It is sufficient that we be hindered from getting what we want, even by our own sense of honor; we are forthwith ready to sacrifice life and limb to prevent any other man from getting it. The magnanimity of our renunciation is only to be compared with our tenacity in asserting our claim to what we have renounced. Even our charities usually have strings to them on which our hold never relaxes, in case we should want them back.

Lushington had never trusted Logotheti, but since his instinct and the force of circumstances had told him that the Greek was making love to Margaret, and that Margaret liked his society, he hated the man in a most unchristian manner, and few things would have given the usually peaceable man of letters such unmitigated satisfaction as to see the shining white motor-car blow up and scatter his rival's arms and legs to the thirty-two points of the compass.

Logotheti, on the other hand, was as yet unaware that Lushington was the "some one else" of whom Margaret had spoken twice with evident feeling. The consequence was that when the Englishman began to give himself the bitter satisfaction of watching Logotheti, the latter was very far from suspecting such a thing, and took no pains at all to hide his doings; and Lushington established himself in Paris and watched him, in his coming and going, and nursed his jealousy into hatred and his hatred into action.

He would not have stooped to employ any one in such work, for that would have seemed like an insult to Margaret, and a piece of cowardice into the bargain. The time would come when the astute Greek would discover that he was followed, and Lushington had no intention of putting some one else in his shoes

when that time came. On the contrary, he looked forward with all a real Englishman's cool self-confidence to the explanation that must take place some day. But he wished to remain undiscovered as long as possible.

He had gone back to his old rooms in the Hôtel des Saints Pères, but in order to disappear more effectually from his acquaintances he took a lodging, and walked to it, after sending on his belongings. On his way he stopped at a quiet barber's shop and had his beard and mustache shaved off. After that it was not likely that any of his acquaintances would recognize him, but he took further steps toward completing his disguise by making radical and painful changes in his dress. He bought ready-made French clothes, he put on a pair of square kid boots with elastic sides and patent leather tips, he wore a soft silk cravat artificially tied in a bow knot with wide and floating ends, and he purchased a French silk hat with a broad and curving brim. Having satisfied himself that the effect was good, he laid in a stock of similar articles, and further adorned his appearance with a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles and a green umbrella. For possibly cool or rainy weather he provided himself with a coffee-colored overcoat that had a velvet collar and tails reaching almost to the ground.

When he had been younger, Lushington had tried in vain to ruffle his naturally excessive neatness, but he now realized that he had only lacked the courage to make a thorough change. In his present costume he ran no risk of being taken for a smart English loungeur nor for a French dandy. The effect of forgetting to shave, too, was frightful, for in forty-eight hours his fair face was covered with shiny bristles that had a positively metallic look. Though he was so unlike his mother in most ways, he must have inherited a little of the theatrical instinct from her, for he wore his disguise as easily as if he had always been used to it.

He also had the advantage of speaking French like a native, though possibly with a very slight southern accent, caught from his mother, who originally came from Provence. As for his name, it was useless to assume another, for Paris is full of Parisians of foreign descent, whose names are English, German, Polish, and Italian; and in a really great city no one takes the least notice of a man unless he does something to

attract attention. Besides, Lushington had no idea of disappearing from his own world or of cutting himself off from his regular correspondents.

He had not any fixed plan, for he was not sure what he wanted; he only knew that he hated and distrusted Logotheti, and that while he could not forgive Margaret for liking the Greek's society, he meant, in an undetermined way, to save her from destruction. Probably, if he had attempted to put his thoughts into words, he could have got no further than Mrs. Rushmore, who suspected Logotheti of "designs," and at the root of his growing suspicion he would have found the fine old Anglo-Saxon prejudice that a woman might as well trust herself to Don Juan, an Italian count, or Beelzebub, as to the offspring of Cadmus or Danaus.

Englishmen have indolent minds and active bodies, as a rule; but on the other hand, when they are really roused, no people in the world are capable of greater mental concentration and energy. They are therefore not good detectives as a rule, but there are few better when they are deeply and selfishly interested in the result.

Incidentally, Lushington meant to do his utmost to prevent Margaret from going on the stage, and he would have been much surprised to learn that in this respect he was Logotheti's ally, instead of his enemy, against Margaret's fixed determination. If there was to be a struggle, therefore, it was to be a three-cornered one, in which the two men would be pitted against each other, and both together against the resolution of the woman they both loved. Unfortunately for Lushington, he had begun by withdrawing from Margaret's surroundings and had made way for his adversary.

Meanwhile Logotheti made the running. He had offered Margaret his motor-car for coming in to her rehearsals, and a chauffeur appeared with it in good time, masked, coated, and gloved in the approved fashion. Margaret supposed that Logotheti meant to ask her to luncheon again with Mme. De Rosa, and she made up her mind to refuse, for no particular reason except that she did not wish to seem too willing to do whatever he proposed. Mrs. Rushmore thought it bad enough that she should accept the offer of the motor-car, but was beginning to understand that the machine had quite irresistible temptations for all persons under fifty. She was even a little shocked that Margaret

should go alone to Paris under the sole protection of the chauffeur, though she would have thought it infinitely worse if Logotheti himself had appeared.

The man held the door open for Margaret to get in, when she came out upon the step with Mrs. Rushmore, who seemed anxious to keep an eye on her as long as possible; as if she could project an influence of propriety, a sort of astral chaperonage, that would follow the girl to the city. She detained her at the last minute, holding her by the elbow. The chauffeur stood impassive with his hand on the door, while she delivered herself of her final opinion in English, which of course he could not understand.

"I must say that your sudden intimacy with this suspicious Greek is most extraordinary," she said.

"Don't you think there is just a little prejudice in your opinion of him?" asked Margaret sweetly.

"No," answered Mrs. Rushmore with firmness. "I don't, and I think it very strange that a clever girl like you should be so easily taken in by a foreigner. Much worse than a foreigner, my dear! A Greek is almost as bad as a Turk, and we all know what Turks are! Fancy a decent young woman trusting herself alone with a Turk! I declare, it's not to be believed! Your dear mother's daughter, too! You'll end in a harem, Margaret, mark my word."

"And be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus," laughed Margaret, trying to get away.

"Such things have happened before now," said Mrs. Rushmore gloomily.

"Greeks don't have harems," Margaret objected.

"Don't catch cold," said Mrs. Rushmore, by way of refuting Margaret's argument. "It looks as if it might rain."

The morning was still and soft and overcast, and the air was full of the scent of the flowers and leaves and fresh-clipped grass. The small birds chirped rather plaintively from the trees on the lawn, or stood about the edge of the little pond, apparently expecting something to happen, hopping down to the water occasionally, looking down at the reflections in it, and then hopping back again with a dissatisfied air; and they muffled themselves up in their feathers as if they meant to go to sleep, and then suddenly spread their wings out, without flying, and scraped the grass with them. The elms were quite green already, and the oaks were pushing out thousands of

bright emerald leaves. There is a day in every spring when the maiden year reaches full girlhood, and pauses on the verge of woman's estate, to wonder at the mysterious longings that disquiet all her being, and at the unknown music that sings through her waking dreams.

Margaret sat in the motor-car wrapped in a thin cloak, and covering her mouth lest the rush of air should affect her voice; but the quick motion was pleasant, and she felt all the illusion of accomplishing something worth doing, merely because she was spinning along at break-neck speed. Somehow, too, the still air and the smell of the flowers had made her restless that morning before starting, and the rapid movement soothed her. If she had been offered her choice just then, she would perhaps have been on horseback for a gallop across country, but the motor-car was certainly the next best thing.

For some minutes the chauffeur kept his eyes on the road ahead and both hands on the steering-gear. Then one hand moved, the speed of the car slackened suddenly, and the man turned and spoke over the back of his seat.

"I hope you'll forgive me," he said in English.

Margaret started and sat up straight, for the voice was Logotheti's. The huge goggles, the protecting curtain over half the face, the wide-visored cap and the turned-up coat collar had disguised him beyond all recognition. Even his usually smooth mustache was ruffled out of shape and hid his characteristic mouth.

Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise, not quite sure whether she ought to smile or frown.

"I thought Mrs. Rushmore would not like it if I came for you myself," he continued, looking at her through his goggles.

"I'm sure she wouldn't," Margaret assented readily.

"In point of fact," Logotheti continued, with a grin, "she expressed her opinion of me with extraordinary directness. Suspicious Greek! Worse than a foreigner! As bad as a Turk! The unprincipled owner of a harem! It's really true that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves! I've never tried it before, and it served me right."

"You cannot say that I said anything against you," laughed Margaret. "I took your defense."

"Not with enthusiasm," Logotheti joined in her laugh. "You thought there might be just a little prejudice in her

opinion, and you told her that Greeks don't have harems. Yes—yes—I suppose that might be called defending an absent friend."

The car was moving very slowly now.

"If I had known it was you, I would have called you all sorts of names," Margaret answered. "Should you mind taking that thing off your face for a moment? I don't like talking to a mask, and you may be some one else after all."

"No," said Logotheti, "I'm not 'some one else.'" He emphasized the words that had become familiar to them both. "I wish I were! But if I take off my glasses and cap you will be frightened, for my hair is not smooth, and I'm sure I look like a Greek pirate!"

"I should like to see one, and I shall not be frightened."

He pulled off his cap and glasses and faced her. She stared at him in surprise, for she was not sure that she would have recognized him. His thick black hair stuck up all over his head like a crest, his heavy eyebrows were as bushy as an animal's fur, and his rough and bristling mustache lent his large mouth and massive jaws a look approaching to ferocity. The whole effect was rather startling, and Margaret opened her eyes wide in astonishment. Logotheti smiled.

"Now you understand why I smooth my hair and dress like a tailor's mannikin," he said quietly. "It's enough to cow a mob, isn't it?"

"Do you know, I'm not sure that I don't like you better so. You're more natural!"

"You're evidently not timid," he answered, amused. "But you can fancy the effect on Mrs. Rushmore's nerves if she had seen me."

"I should not have dared to come with you. As it is——" She hesitated.

"Oh, as it is, you cannot help yourself," Logotheti said. "You can't get out and walk."

"I could get out when you have to stop at the *octroi* station; and I assure you that I can refuse to come with you again!"

"Of course you can. But you won't."

"Why not?"

"Because you're much too sensible. Have I offended you, or frightened you? What have I done to displease you?"

"Nothing—but——" She laughed and shook her head as she broke off.

"I haven't even asked you to marry me, to-day! I should think that I was taking an unfair advantage if I did, since I could easily carry you off just

now. The car will run sixty miles at a stretch without any trouble at all, and I don't suppose you would risk your neck to jump merely for the sake of getting away from me, would you?"

"Not if you behaved properly," Margaret answered.

"And then," Logotheti continued, "I could put her at full speed and say, 'If you won't swear to marry me, I'll give myself the satisfaction of being killed with you at the very next bridge we come to!' Most women would rather marry a man than be smashed to atoms with him, even if he looked like a pirate."

"Possibly!"

"But that would be unfair. Besides, an oath taken under compulsion is not binding. I should have to find some other way."

"Shall we go on?" Margaret asked. "I shall be late for the rehearsal."

"Give it up," suggested Logotheti calmly. "We'll spend the morning at St. Cloud. Much pleasanter than tiring yourself out in that wretched theater! I want to talk to you."

"You can talk to me when I am not singing."

"No. Singing will distract your attention, and you won't listen to what I tell you. You have no idea what delightful things I can say when I try!"

"I wonder!" Margaret laughed lightly. "You might begin trying while you take me to Paris. We haven't run a mile in the last ten minutes, and it's getting late."

"Unless you are always a little late nobody will respect you. I'll go a little faster, just to prove to you that you can do anything you like with me, even against my judgment. Let me put on my glasses first."

At that moment a man met them on a bicycle, and passed at a leisurely pace. There was not much traffic on the Versailles road at that hour, and Margaret let her eyes rest idly on the man, who merely glanced at her and looked ahead again. Logotheti had taken off his cap in order to adjust his goggles and shield. When the bicycle had gone by, he laughed.

"There goes a typical French book-worm, bicycling to get an appetite," he observed. "I wonder why a certain type of Frenchman always wears kid boots with square patent leather toes, and a Lavallière tie, and spectacles with tortoise-shell rims!"

"If he could see you as you generally are," answered Margaret, "he would

probably wonder why a certain type of foreigner plasters his hair down and covers himself with diamonds and rubies! Do go a little faster; it's getting later every moment."

"It always does."

"Especially when one doesn't wish it to! Please go on!"

"Say at once that I've bored you to death." He put the car at half speed.

"No. You don't bore me at all, but I want to get to the theater."

"To please you, I am going there—for no other reason. I'll do anything in the world to give you pleasure. I only wish you would do the smallest thing for me!"

"What, for instance? Perhaps I may do some very little thing. You'll get nothing if you don't ask for it!"

"Some people take without asking. Greek pirates always do, you know! But I can't drive at this rate and talk over my shoulder."

The way was clear and for several minutes he ran at full speed, keeping his eyes on the road. Margaret turned sideways and kept behind him as much as possible, shielding her face and mouth from the tremendous draft.

She had told the truth when she had said that he did not bore her. The whole thing had a savor of adventure in it, and it amused her to think how shocked Mrs. Rushmore would have been if she had guessed that the chauffeur was Logotheti himself. There was something in the man's coolness that attracted her very much, for though there was no danger on the present occasion, she felt that if there had been any he would have been just as indifferent to it if it stood in the way of his seeing her alone. Poor Lushington had always been so intensely proper, so morbidly afraid of compromising her, and above all, so dead in earnest!

She did not quite like to admit that the Greek was altogether in earnest, too, and that she was just a little afraid of him; still less that her unacknowledged fear gave her rather a pleasant sensation. But it was quite true that she had liked him better than before, from the moment when he had pulled off his cap and glasses and shown his face as nature had made it. However he might appear hereafter when she met him, she would always think of him as she had seen him then.

Most women are much more influenced by strength in a man than by anything which can reasonably be called beauty.

Actually and metaphorically, every woman would rather be roughly carried off her feet by something she cannot resist than be abjectly worshiped and flattered; yet worship and flattery, though second-best, are much better than the terribly superior and instructive affection which the born prig bestows upon his idol with the air of granting a favor on moral grounds.

Men, on the other hand, detest being carried away, almost as much as being led. The woman who lets a man guess that she is trying to influence him is lost, and generally forfeits forever any real influence she may have had. The only sort of cleverness which is distinctly womanly is that which leads a man to do with energy, enthusiasm, and devotion the very thing which he has always assured everybody that he will not think of doing. The old-fashioned way of making a pig go to market is to pull his tail steadily in the opposite direction. If you do that, nothing can save him from his fate; for he will drag you off your feet in his effort to do what he does not want to do at all; and there is more psychology in that plain fact than in volumes of subtle analysis.

XV.

LUSHINGTON's first discovery was not calculated to soothe his feelings. It had come about simply enough. He had bicycled in the Boulevard Péreire, keeping an eye on Logotheti's house from a distance, and had seen the motor-car waiting before the door, in charge of the chauffeur. A man had come out, dressed precisely like the latter, had got in and had gone off, apparently in no hurry, while the original chauffeur went into the house, presumably to wait.

It had been easy enough to keep the machine in sight till it was fairly out on the road to Versailles, after which Lushington had felt tolerably sure that by going slowly he should meet it coming back and probably bringing Margaret. As has been seen, this was what happened, and, as chance favored him, he passed the motor before Logotheti had covered his face again. He was not likely to forget that face, either, and it had done more to reveal to him his adversary's true character than any number of meetings in society. For once he had seen the real Logotheti, as Margaret had. He had ridden on till they were out of sight, and had then turned back in no very amiable frame of mind.

He understood very well that Logotheti had made great progress in a few days; he even took it for granted that Margaret had expected him that morning, and approved of the disguise; for it was nothing else, after all. If the world, and therefore Mrs. Rushmore, had been meant to know that Logotheti was acting as his own chauffeur, Margaret would have been sitting beside him in front. Instead, she was behind him in the body of the car, and had evidently been talking with him over the back of the seat. The big machine, too, was moving at a snail's pace, clearly in order that they might talk at leisure. In other words, Logotheti had arranged a secret meeting with Margaret, with her consent; and that could mean only one thing: the Greek had gained enough influence over her to make her do almost anything he liked.

It was not a pleasant discovery, but it was an important one, and Lushington thought over the best means of following it up. He almost choked with anger as he reflected that if matters went on at this rate Margaret would soon be going to Logotheti's house without even the nominal protection afforded by little Mme. De Rosa. He rode back by the way he had taken outward and passed the Greek's house. The motor-car was not there, which was a relief, on the whole.

He went on as far as the Opéra, for he knew from his mother that Margaret's rehearsals were taking place there, by the kindness of the director, who was on very friendly terms with Schreiermeyer. But the motor was not to be seen. Logotheti, who could hardly have entered disguised as his own chauffeur, and who would not leave the machine unguarded in the street, had possibly left Margaret at the door and gone away. Lushington got off his bicycle and went in under the covered way to the stage door.

In answer to his questions, the keeper told him that Mlle. da Cordova was rehearsing, and would probably not come out for at least two hours. Lushington asked the man whether he had seen Logotheti. No, he had not; he knew M. Logotheti very well; he knew all the subscribers, and particularly all those who were members of the "high finance." Besides, every one in Paris knew M. Logotheti by sight; every one knew him as well as the column in the Place Vendôme. He had not been seen that morning.

The doorkeeper, who had absolutely nothing to do just at that hour, was willing to talk; but he had nothing of im-

portance to say. M. Logotheti came sometimes to rehearsals. A few days ago he and Mlle. da Cordova had left the theater together. The keeper smiled, and ventured to suppose that Mlle. da Cordova was "protected" by the "financier." Lushington flushed angrily and went away.

It had come already, then; what the man had said this morning, he would say to-morrow and the next day, to any one who cared to listen, including the second-class reporters who go to underlings for information; Margaret's name was already coupled with that of a millionaire who was supposed to "protect" her. Ten days ago she had been unassailable, a "lady"—Lushington did not particularly like the word—a young English girl of honorable birth, protected by no less a personage than Mrs. Rushmore, and defended from calumny by that very powerful organization for mutual defense under all circumstances, which calls itself society, which wields most of the capital of the world, rewards its humble friends with its patronage, and generally kills or ruins its enemies.

That was ten days ago. Now, the "lady" had become an "artist," and was public property. The stage doorkeeper of a theater could smilingly suggest that she was the property of a financier, and no one had a right to hit him between the eyes for saying so. Lushington had been strongly tempted to do that, but he had instantly foreseen the consequences; he would have been arrested for an unprovoked assault, the man would have told his story, the papers would have repeated it with lively comments, and Margaret's name would have been dragged through the mud of a newspaper scandal. So Lushington put his hands in his pockets and went away, which was by far the wisest thing he could do.

He set himself resolutely to think out a plan of action, but like many men of tolerably fertile imagination he was at a loss for any expedient in the presence of urgent need. He could watch Logotheti and Margaret, and they would not easily recognize him, but he was fain to admit that he had nothing to gain by spying on them. He had seen enough and heard enough already to convince him that Margaret had allowed herself to be led into a situation very dangerous for her good name, to say the least. It did not occur to him that Logotheti wished to marry her, still less that he meant to hinder her from singing in public. He could not help thinking of the very worst

motives, and he attributed them all to the Greek.

The mild English man of letters was momentarily turned into an avenging demon, breathing wrath and destruction upon his adversary. The most extravagant and reckless crimes looked comparatively easy just then, and very tempting. He thought of getting into Logotheti's cellar with enough dynamite to blow the house, its owner, and himself to atoms, not to speak of half the Boulevard Péreire. He fancied himself pounding Logotheti's face quite out of shape with his fists, riddling him with revolver bullets, running him through in all directions with dueling swords, tearing him in pieces with wild horses, and hanging him out of his own front window. These vivacious actions all looked possible and delightful to Lushington as he walked up and down his little sitting-room. Then came the cold shower-bath of returning common sense. He sat down, filled a pipe and lit it.

"I'm an awful ass," he said aloud to himself in a reproachful tone.

He wished that some spirit voice would contradict him, but in the absence of any supernatural intervention the statement remained unrefuted. The worst of it was that he had always thought himself clever, and in his critical writings he had sneered in a superior way at the inventions of contemporary novelists. Just then he would have given his reputation for the talents of the hero in a common detective story. But his mind refused to work in that way, and he watched with growing discouragement the little clouds of smoke that floated upward to the whitewashed ceiling without leaving the least shadow of a serviceable idea behind them.

He looked disconsolately at the square patent leather toes of his shoes, very dusty from bicycling, and he sadly passed his hand over his smooth-shaven chin; the curious creases in his ready-made trousers, so conspicuously in the wrong place, depressed him still further, and the sight of his broad-brimmed hat, lying on the table, enhanced the melancholy of his reflections. The disguise was admirable, undoubtedly, but it had only helped him to see with his eyes what he had already seen in imagination, and so far as he could guess, it was not likely to help him one step further. At that very moment Margaret was probably seated at Logotheti's table, without even Mme. De Rosa to chaperon her, and Logotheti's men-servants were exchanging opinions

about her outside the door. Lushington nearly bit through the mouthpiece of his pipe as he thought of that, knowing that he was powerless to interfere. The same thing might go on for a month, and he could not stop it; then Margaret would make her début, and the case would be more hopeless than ever.

The truth was that after launching himself as a disguised detective, he found himself barred from going any further than merely watching his enemy, simply because he was incapable of stooping to a detective's methods of work. He would as soon have lost his hand as have written an anonymous letter or deliberately inveigled Logotheti into a trap, and while he was so carefully concealing himself he longed in reality for open fight, and felt that he had made himself ridiculous in his own eyes. Yet he hesitated to put on his own English clothes and go about as usual, for he had to pass the porter's window on the stairs every time he went out or came in, and such a sudden change in his appearance would certainly make the porter suspect that he was engaged in some nefarious business. Porters are powerful personages in Parisian lodging-houses, and this one would probably inform the police that he had a suspicious lodger; after which Lushington would be watched in his turn and would very probably have trouble. These reflections made him feel more ridiculous than ever.

Now it very often happens that when a man, even of considerable intelligence, has made up his mind to do something which at first seemed very clever, but which, by degrees, turns out to be quite useless, if not altogether foolish, he perseveres in his course with mule-like obstinacy. He has taken endless trouble to prepare the means, he has thought it all out so nicely, only omitting to reach the conclusion! It would be a pity to go back, it would be useless to desist, since everything has been so well prepared. Something is sure to come of it, if he only sticks to his original plan, and any result must be better than allowing events to go their way.

Therefore, when the clouds that curled up from Lushington's pipe failed to shape themselves into a vision both wise and prophetic, and left absolutely no new idea behind when they vanished, he came to the conclusion that his first scheme was a very good one, after all, and that he had better abide by the square-toed, spring-side boots and the rest of his admirable disguise until something happened. Then he would seize the oppor-

tunity and act decisively; he was not at all sure how he should act, but he secretly hoped that the action in question might be of the nature of a fight with something or somebody. There are many quiet and shy men who would really rather fight than do anything else, though they will rarely admit it, even to themselves.

Returning to his plan of watching Logotheti, Lushington argued rightly that the trip in the motor-car would be repeated the very next time that Margaret had a rehearsal, and that the car would therefore leave the house in the Boulevard Péreire at about the same time, every two or three days, but never on two days consecutively. When there was no rehearsal, Margaret would not come into town. When that was the case it would be easy to watch the house in Versailles. Lushington was not quite sure what he expected to see, but he would watch it all the same.

Perhaps on those days Logotheti would appear undisguised and call. But what Lushington was most anxious to find out was whether Margaret had been to the house again. He wished he had waited near the Opéra to see where she went when she came out, or in the Boulevard Péreire, instead of coming back to his lodgings in a bad temper after his interview with the stage doorkeeper.

He looked out of the window and saw that it was raining. That made it sure that Margaret would not go back to Versailles in the motor-car, but in the mean time she might very possibly be at Logotheti's, at luncheon.

He glanced at his watch, and a few minutes later he was on his bicycle again, an outlandish figure in his long-tailed, coffee-colored overcoat and soft student's hat. He hitched up the tails as well as he could and sat on them, to keep them out of the mud, and he pulled the hat well down to keep the rain off his big spectacles and his nose. His own mother would certainly not have recognized him.

He spent a melancholy hour riding up and down in the wet between the Place Péreire and the Place Wagram, till he wished with all his heart he might never again set eyes on the statue of Alphonse de Neuville. Half the time, too, he was obliged to look back every moment in order to watch Logotheti's door, lest he should miss what he was waiting so patiently to see. The rain was cold, too, and persistent as it can be in Paris, even in spring. His gloves were pulpy and jellified, his spring-side kid boots felt as

if he were taking a foot bath of cold glue, and some insidious drops of cold water were trickling down his back. The broad street was almost deserted, and when he met any one he wished it were altogether so.

At last his patience was rewarded. A brougham drove up past him at a smart pace, stopped before the door, and waited. He turned back and wheeled round, crossing and recrossing the street, so as to keep behind the carriage. As it was impossible to continue this singular exercise without attracting the attention of a policeman who came in sight just then, he rode on toward the Batignolles station. Just then, when his back was turned, he heard the door of the brougham sharply shut, and as he quickly turned again he saw the carriage driving off in the opposite direction. It was driving fast, but he overtook it in a couple of minutes and passed close to the window, which was half up, against the rain. He almost looked in as he went by, and suddenly he met Logotheti's almond eyes, looking straight at him, with an air of recognition. He bent his head, swerved away from the brougham, and took the first turning out of the wide street. But he had seen that the Greek was alone in his carriage. Margaret had not lunched at the house in the Boulevard Péreire.

During the next few days Lushington did not lead a life of idle repose; in fact, he did not remember that he had ever taken so much exercise since his Oxford days. On an average he must have bicycled twenty or thirty miles between breakfast and dinner, which is not bad work for a literary man accustomed to spend most of his time at his writing-table and the rest in society. Unknown to himself, he was fast becoming one of the sights on the Versailles road, and the men at the *octroi* station grinned when he went by and called him the "crazy professor."

More than once he met the motor, bringing Margaret to town or taking her back; and though he did not again chance upon it when Logotheti was without his glasses and shield, he felt tolerably sure that he was the chauffeur. Margaret was always alone in the body of the car. Twice he was quite certain that the two were talking when he saw them in the distance coming toward him, but when they passed him Margaret was leaning back quietly in her place, and the chauffeur merely glanced at him and then kept his eyes on the road.

(To be continued.)



ON THE HISTORIC WATERS OF HAMPTON ROADS, NOW A BUSY HIGHWAY OF COMMERCE.

THE CRADLE OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

THE PROJECT FOR A GREAT EXPOSITION AND NAVAL PAGEANT
NEAR THE SITE OF JAMESTOWN, IN VIRGINIA, THE FIRST
ENGLISH-SPEAKING SETTLEMENT IN THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN Ben Jonson, collaborating with Chapman and Marston, wrote the play of "Eastward Ho," he drew a pen picture of the wealth of the

New World which probably hastened the founding of Jamestown and the beginning of the great American republic. It is certain that this quaint comedy, en-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, ONE
OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF JAMESTOWN
IN 1607.

From a contemporary portrait.



POCAHONTAS, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE SAVED SMITH'S
LIFE WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED BY HER
FATHER, CHIEF POWHATAN.

From a portrait painted in England in 1616.

acted at the beginning of the seventeenth century, aroused so much interest in the lands beyond the sea that it was an easy task to man the three ships of Newport's squadron sent out to set the standard of Britain in an unknown empire. The search for gold has usually been the motive for exploration, and has reclaimed for civilization most of the earth's waste places. The play-folk's description of "streets chained up with massy gold," and of rubies and diamonds gathered by the side of the sea, fired the hearts of their audiences, and of the readers of the play, which was published in book form; and when the ships weighed anchor, the historian relates that the quays of old London were lined with cheering thousands bidding the voyagers Godspeed.

Following this comedy of imagination



EVELYN BYRD OF WESTOVER, A FAMOUS COLONIAL BEAUTY OF THE JAMES RIVER COUNTRY.

From a contemporary portrait.

came the dramatic reality—years of hardship and suffering interspersed with tragedy after tragedy. Before the Pilgrims had their first sight of Plymouth Rock, fourteen thousand souls had landed in Virginia; but after the Indian massacre of 1622 there remained only a pitiful remnant—less than a thousand colonists. Yet there was truth in Jonson's lines. The condition of the people who celebrate in 1907 the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown richly justifies the poet's vision. For though time has dealt sternly with the Dominion State, and every century has seen it ravaged by con-

flict, to-day few commonwealths have made more progress in the things that enrich life.

Coming as it does at the close of a series of great exhibitions commemorat-



THE BURYING-GROUND AT WESTOVER, WITH THE GRAVE OF EVELYN BYRD, WHO DIED IN 1737, AS THE RESULT, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, OF HER FATHER'S REFUSAL TO CONSENT TO HER MARRIAGE TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

ing epochs in the development of America, the Jamestown Exposition signifies primarily the beginning of the white man's occupation; but it will likewise typify his achievements down to the present day. Such has been the spirit aroused not merely in Virginia, but throughout America, and beyond America, that it seems assured that it will be

subjects. Past Capes Charles and Henry sailed the men-of-war sent by France to aid the colonists in their struggle against the crown. Three generations later, in the great civil conflict of the sixties, the first sea-fight of ironclads occurred in these waters, revolutionizing naval warfare. Recently battle-ships and cruisers from the navies of Europe lay



WESTOVER, A FINE OLD JAMES RIVER MANSION, THE HOME OF WILLIAM BYRD, PRESIDENT OF THE COLONIAL COUNCIL OF VIRGINIA.

on a plane with even the greater national displays of recent years.

OUR FIRST ENGLISH-SPEAKING COLONY.

The site itself is a fortunate one. On one of the world's famous harbors, the hardy adventurers who founded Virginia passed within sight and call of the noble buildings which will be erected in their honor. Doubtless the feet of the Cavaliers, and of those who followed them, have often trod the shores of Hampton Roads, whose every foot is hallowed by historic memories.

It is a body of water upon which have been enacted some of the most stirring scenes in American history. Following the ships of the pioneers came the fleets of the king to punish his revolutionary

side by side with our own fleet, forming a marine spectacle long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. During the exposition, the Roads will be the scene of another pageant, which will probably be the greatest display of seapower the world has yet seen; for every nautical nation intends there and then to take part in doing honor to the American Republic.

For a century and more, Hampton Roads bore on its bosom the occasional frigate or merchantman from over the sea, mingled with the canoe of the savage and the barge of the planter. To-day it furnishes an impressive illustration of the growth of American commerce. It forms a highway for the products of home and foreign lands. Upon it move

the largest steamships that cross the ocean, carrying cargoes to the ports of the entire globe. It is the gateway for craft laden with merchandise for the cities upon its shores as well as those upon tributary waters. Scores of sailing vessels go from it to our coastwise cities, navigating the many watercourses that reach it either directly or by means of

entire nation, should to-day preserve, at least in external appearance, the semblance it bore when it was the home of the men and women who took such a leading part in building the republic. From Richmond, proudly resting on its hills, all the way to the noble estuary of the James, there still stand, with names familiar to every schoolboy, the stately



SHIRLEY, BUILT IN 1642, ONE OF THE MOST HISTORIC HOUSES IN VIRGINIA—AMONG ITS FAMOUS GUESTS WERE LAFAYETTE AND THACKERAY.

Chesapeake Bay. The visitor to its shores in 1907 will witness an exposition of our prosperity, given by the carriers of commerce, that cannot fail to be striking and memorable.

THE JAMES RIVER COUNTRY.

The people of the Pacific Coast are justly proud of their "Oregon country," so exploited during this centenary of the exploration of Lewis and Clark. But the people of all America can appropriately associate themselves with Virginia and the South in their interest in the James River country. It is fortunate that this region, so endeared by association to the

homes of colonial days. Here is Westover, the home of William Byrd, where one of the most beautiful of Virginia's women played the hostess; here are Brandon, Shirley, the home of "King" Carter, and Claremont.

So stoutly built are these ancient manor-houses that they have defied decay; and best of all, each is a veritable treasure-house of the past, the interior but little changed from the days when it was a meeting-place for the foremost men and women of pioneer and colonial times. Still hanging on the walls are the portraits of these unforgotten worthies. Scattered about the chambers and corri-

dors are reminders of their occupation. Nature has changed but little hereabouts. On the broad estates, the corn and tobacco are yet gathered as in other days, and many of the quaint customs are yet preserved; for this is a land which the rush and bustle of our modern life has not greatly disturbed.

Although it is to be regretted that the actual spot on which Smith and his followers prayed and fought and labored year after year cannot be the center of this ter-centennial observance, Jamestown is nevertheless but a few miles distant. Needless to say, its bare earth alone would be full of meaning to every American, but distinctly visible are evidences of the handiwork of its founders. We can heartily thank the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities for protecting its mute history in brick and stone.

THE SCANTY REMAINS OF JAMESTOWN.

This society has made noble efforts to preserve, protect, and, as far as possible, to restore the fragmentary records left in ruins and graves. So sacred is the work to its members that the dust of



ROBERT CARTER, OF SHIRLEY, KNOWN AS "KING" CARTER FROM HIS PRINCELY POSSESSIONS.

From a portrait at Shirley.



JUDITH ARMISTEAD, WIFE OF "KING" CARTER—SHE DIED IN 1699 AND LIES BURIED AT SHIRLEY.

From a portrait at Shirley.

several excavations has been literally sifted through their fingers lest some precious evidence be lost. The investigations are revealing treasured data upon which to rebuild the buried city. The association has also secured the aid of Congress in building an incomplete seawall to resist the inroads of the encroaching river, and earnest appeals are being made for funds sufficient to finish the barrier.

The first church, which John Smith described as "a homely thing like a barn, set upon crotchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth," was destroyed in the fire of January, 1608, when most of the houses of the settlement were swept away. But repairs were quickly made, and probably here was solemnized the first English marriage on American soil, that of Anne Burras and John Laydon. A year later the same place witnessed the christening of their infant daughter, Virginia.

Lord Delaware arrived in 1610, and set straight about renovating and improving the church. The record is that it measured sixty by twenty-four feet. The excavations have exposed the foundations



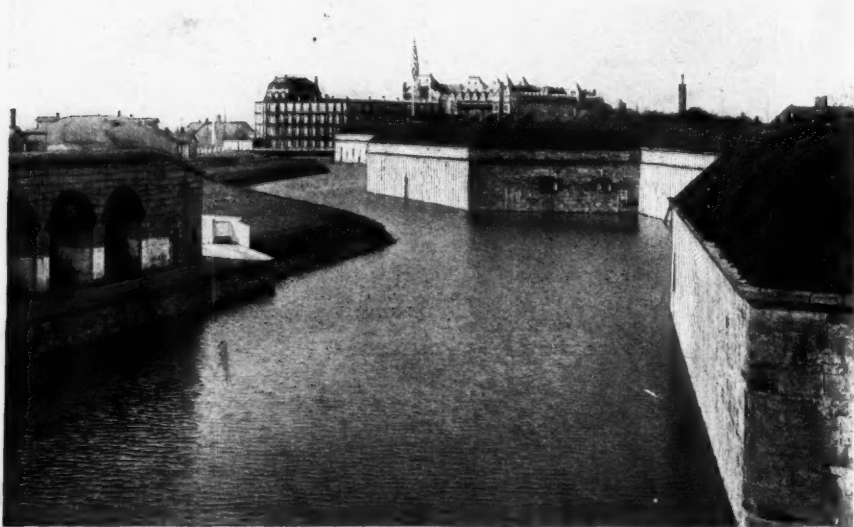
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA—THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES (JEFFERSON, MONROE, AND TYLER) GRADUATED HERE.

of three churches, one within the other; the innermost gives evidence of having been this church of timber. The plan for a brick church was executed in 1639. Bacon applied the torch to this building in the rebellion of 1676, and the charred débris of the fire are in evidence under the floor of the church. Even the sexton's tools have been found by the excavators. The massive tower yet rising above the

island, like a monument, is believed to have been a part of this church.

A SYMBOL OF SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

The exposition at Jamestown will not only bring to mind the scenes and personages that attended the founding of the American nation, but it will symbolize in striking fashion the country's progress. In this respect it will demonstrate the



THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS AT FORTRESS MONROE, BUILT TO DEFEND HAMPTON ROADS AND THE MOUTH OF THE JAMES RIVER—HERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS IMPRISONED FROM 1865 TO 1867.

achievement of the Southern States more than any past event has done. Located in one of the most productive and most resourceful sections of the South, it is but natural that the display of this region will far excel any which it has made in previous years. An object lesson

has she overcome them? Here are some statistics which tell the story plainly and truthfully.

So widespread is agricultural activity in the Old Dominion that full eighty-five per cent of the available land within her borders is now tilled by the farmer,



JAMESTOWN ISLAND AND THE JAMES RIVER—THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES IS BUILDING A SEA-WALL TO STOP THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE RIVER UPON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT SETTLEMENT.

of development will be taught almost beyond belief, did not the figures of commerce, of manufacturing, of agriculture and education verify it.

Even when we single out Virginia and compare what her people have done and are doing the results satisfy all doubt, yet Virginia has perhaps had more obstacles to progress and prosperity than any of her sister commonwealths. How

whose fields aggregate more than ten millions of acres. Three-quarters of her farms are owned by those who seed and harvest them. The last census report shows that the waters adjacent to her shores furnished a livelihood to twenty-eight thousand fishermen. Thousands more are still laboring in converting her forests into commercial timber.

The mills and shops in her various



THE SOLE SURVIVING BUILDING OF THE JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT—THE TOWER SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO THE BRICK CHURCH BUILT IN 1639.

communities are turning out products to the value of fully one hundred and fifty million dollars annually, estimating by the last census—three times the value set on the output of her industries a quarter of a century ago. In the manufacture of such staples as tobacco, flour, textiles, and fertilizers, nearly a hundred thousand men and women find employment. In fact, so rapid has been her industrial expansion that fully four thousand establishments of various kinds are now in operation as compared with twenty-five hundred in 1890.

When the Civil War had spent its force, not a bank in the entire State was left in a solvent condition. To-day more than sixty national and twice as many State institutions are doing business, their combined capital amounting to fifteen millions of dollars, with deposits of four times as much. This fact in itself

is a striking proof of the rapid broadening out of the people in business life. The fleet which yearly passes in and out of Hampton Roads carries a commerce of more than fifty millions of dollars—a commerce which has placed one Virginia city, Newport News, fifth in importance among our seaports on the Atlantic.

HOW VIRGINIA TRAINS HER CHILDREN.

The country about the James River has been termed the "cradle of the republic"; but its development is due only partially to the achievements of the people in the material things of life, to the mere success of trade and industry. In their steady progress the vital importance of education has not been forgotten. Many of the children of the colonists were sent to the mother country, to the institutions wherein their parents

had been taught. The stately manor-houses were gathering-places of personages eminent for their intellectual attainments as well as for their lineage; for education was an essential to social position, as well as ancestry.

In the instruction of her youth Virginia has acted with great wisdom and deep sacrifice. The schools supported by the citizens of the State—the public schools—now have an attendance of fully four hundred thousand pupils. Looking back a decade we find but three hundred and forty-two thousand, and in 1880 but two hundred and twenty-one thousand; so that in this period the army of students has nearly doubled. This explains why the percentage of illiteracy among the white people has decreased from nearly a fourth of the population in 1870 to less than a tenth at the present time, despite the fact that the Civil War left

scarcely a school building uninjured, from boundary to boundary. The dignified and sincere old commonwealth of Virginia is to-day thrilling with a new determination to provide adequate educational opportunities for every child within her borders.

It is both appropriate and right that the intellectual advancement of the people should be strikingly set forth in connection with the coming celebration. A vital part of this exposition's task is to indicate, as not the least significant among kindred achievements, the great work which education has accomplished in the three centuries just passed. And to this work, marking its steady advancement, there are many monuments. At Williamsburg, so closely associated with Jamestown, the venerable college of William and Mary, the *alma mater* of Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler, is still yearly sending forth its graduates, equipped for the parts they are to play as true men and women. Washington and Lee, the great university of the Valley, is famed for the ability of those whom it has trained. The Virginia Military Institute, hard by Washington and Lee, has fairly earned its title of "the West Point of the South." The Vir-

ginia Polytechnic Institute, Richmond College, Randolph-Macon, and Hampden-Sydney, with other high-class Virginia colleges, have contributed their worthy share to the State's intellectual and moral enrichment. And of the University of Virginia, the creation of Thomas Jefferson, the whole world knows. Its service through well-nigh a century in disseminating knowledge and holding up ideals, in teaching truth and honor and the love of them, has stamped upon our national life its own peculiar and imperishable record.

We may say, therefore, that the dramatist's pen-picture and the gold-seeker's dream have turned in our day to noble realities. And to these realities, so far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of Jacobean adventurer or poet, the Jamestown Exposition is to bear full and loving witness. The land of John Smith and Pocahontas shall bring together the fruits of a matured civilization, with trophies of the time when our race was in the morning of its great career. History, literature, science, and art shall here render account for their work, their hopes, and their dreams during three hundred years of audacity and achievement.

A YELLOW ROSE.

The old gate clicks, and down the walk,
Between clove-pink and hollyhock—
Still young of face, though gray of lock—
Among her garden's flowers she goes
At evening's close,
Deep in her hair a yellow rose.

The old house shows one gable-peak
Above its trees; and sage and leek
Blend with the rose their scents. The creek,
Leaf-hidden, past the garden flows,
That on it snows
Frail petals of the yellow rose.

There is one spot she seeks for, where
The roses make a fragrant lair;
A spot where once he kissed her hair,
And told his love, as each one knows,
Each flower that blows—
And pledged it with a yellow rose.

The years have turned her dark hair gray
Since that far time; but still, they say,
She keeps the tryst as on that day,
And through the garden softly goes
At evening's close,
Wearing for him that yellow rose!

Madison Cawein.

STORIETTES

Through the Gap.

THE train wreck had taken fire. The first little leaping tongues, licking their way through shattered windows and chimney-like transoms, had given way to solid sheets of flame, dazzlingly white against the night, with sickening red edges which dissolved into a dull, overhanging pall of smoke. On the bank beside the track, full in the glare, a man was sitting, his night clothing torn and dirty, with little scorched places here and there which told of the struggle he had made with death. Now and then he ran his hand nervously over his hair, which had been singed into queer, irregular tufts of yellowish brown. His eyebrows, too, were gone, adding to the strangeness of the desperate eyes which were fixed upon the track.

A trainman ran past, holding a battered red lantern. He was hatless and coatless, and one arm hung limp beside him. As he came abreast of the man on the bank he stopped suddenly, looking at the lantern with fear-haunted eyes. Then he gave it a fling toward the flames.

"What's the use of a lantern in hell?" he muttered, catching at his broken arm with a gasp of pain. Then he became conscious of the man beside him. "They'll blame it on me," he babbled. "You see if they don't. I went clear back over the trestle, but that cursed fool on forty-five wouldn't stop!"

The man on the bank did not notice. He sat quite still, his unwavering eyes fixed on the spot down the track where a gap had been left by a car which had gone down the embankment. Shadowy figures were running through, now and then, sometimes with a burden, sometimes tottering alone. It was there, too, that the doctors from the relief train were working, their coats off, in the blistering heat. Just below, peaceful in the midst of the inferno, were the sheeted dead.

"I was clear back over the trestle," reiterated the trainman, as if his statement had been questioned. "If you don't believe it, look at this arm. I fell through, I tell you, fell through!" His voice trailed weakly into a sob. "God, I wish it had killed me!"

But the man on the bank never moved, never heard. The trainman went on, lurching like a drunken man, down the track. A volunteer fire company was throwing a feeble, hissing stream into the midst of the fire, without effect.

A man, partly dressed, was coming alone up the track. He passed the trainman with a glance and kept on, but abreast of the man on the bank he stopped suddenly and looked at him. It required a second glance to recognize the altered face; but, apparently satisfied, he touched him on the shoulder. The man on the bank shifted his position uneasily, but without taking his eyes from the gap in the flames.

"Hurt any?" asked the newcomer. He was a big man, in trousers and undershirt, one bare foot thrust into a low shoe, the other unprotected from the cinders. He sat down beside the other and looked at him closely. "Hurt any?" he repeated.

The man on the bank shook his head without speaking.

"Any one with you?" asked the other.

This time the nod was affirmative. The big man got up again heavily.

"Who was it?" he asked. "I'll go and look."

But the other drew him down again with a convulsive gesture.

"Don't go," he said hoarsely. "I—I don't want to know."

For a minute there was silence. Then the big man raised his voice again, above the crackling of the flames.

"Who was it?"

"Wife and baby."

The voice was calm with the quiet of absolute hopelessness. But the big man tried to reassure him.

"There's a crowd of people on the other side," he said. "She may—they may—be there."

"That's it." The man on the bank put up his hand to shield his face from the glare. "I'm afraid to find that they're not. Who's that?" he asked suddenly, as a woman emerged slowly into view, a man supporting her with his arm around her.

"It's an old lady, I think," said the big man.

The other sank back again.

"I was knocked senseless," he said with difficulty. "When I came around, it was too late to—do anything."

Two more figures came through the gap, and a woman, rushing forward, wildly embraced the small, white-clad figure of a boy, who held out his arms. The man on the bank groaned.

"I haven't the faintest hope," he said drearily, covering his eyes. "I wish you would watch that gap for a while. I've looked for so long that I can't see anything now but dancing specks of fire."

The big man affected cheerfulness.

"They'll come, sure," he said, his eyes on the gap between the cars. "There's another old lady now, and a man. There must be doctors working on that side, too; the woman has a bandage on her head."

The other looked up, then covered his eyes again. Beside them, on the track, a Pullman blanket lay smoking. The big man brought it over, and threw it, toga-fashion, around his distraught companion. He looked up then, only to cover his eyes again.

"You'll know them," he said, "if they come. Margaret was—is—tall and straight, with great coils of brown hair, and the baby has yellow curls. My God," he repeated, "those little yellow curls!"

The big man stirred uneasily.

"I have two children at home myself," he said a bit thickly.

"Why have I been saved?" went on the hopeless voice. "I've been a fool, and worse. Why, this very trip was flight, that's all. Flight!" He sat up and stared at a young woman who had come across the track and was sobbing hysterically that she had lost her jewels. "I forged a man's name. We needed money, and I hoped to pay it back, of course. But it was flight or arrest." He paid no attention to the other man, who was leaning on his elbow, his eyes still fixed on the momentous gap. "I should have left them and gone alone," went on the dreary voice, "but Margaret wouldn't allow it. I'd have gone to jail, for I deserved it; but there was the baby. How was Margaret to bring her up alone, and what would it be to have her grow up to think of her father as a felon?"

Down where the missing car had left a space a woman stepped suddenly into view. She had a man's raincoat thrown over her night-clothes, and in her arms she carried a golden-haired child. The man on the bank rose, first to his knees, then to his feet.

"Margaret!" he cried, and his voice carried over the crackling and roaring of the fire.

The woman turned toward him, and her face was radiant with joy.

Left alone, the big man watched the trio for a moment. Then he took from his pocket a folded paper and glanced over it. It was an officer's warrant of arrest. He looked from it to the face of the woman down the track—to the baby's yellow curls; then he slowly tore it into bits and flung it into the flames.

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The Rebellion of Mrs. Dalton.

I.

MRS. RUFUS DALTON'S lips set in the manner that indicates, to the initiated, incipient rebellion. Her clear, blue eyes had a steely glitter, and a spot of nervous color burned on each cheek.

Was it not enough, she asked herself as she mentally reviewed her wrongs, that she should know herself as the wife of a man who upset all the traditions in regard to the American husband, and systematically stunted her in the matter of pocket-money? Was it not enough that she should endure the torment of being the worst-dressed woman in her own drawing-room? Was not this enough, without having the author of her humiliation vaunt his selfish theories at her tea-table and boast ingloriously of the success of his "system"? She heard again the chorus of protesting "Ohs!" from her afternoon-tea guests, as, with a thumb in each armhole of his vest, Mr. Dalton delivered his dictum:

"The husband of to-day is a slave! The liberality of American men, the extravagance of American women, are bywords among the nations of the earth. The one back bent by toil that the other may be decked in silk and broadcloth; one forehead lined with worry that the other may be smooth and free from care! And the wonder of the age is that these willing slaves have the remedy in the hollow of their hands and fail to use it. The cure is a proper division of the income!"

A proper division of the income, forsooth! Mrs. Dalton's teeth shut with a decided click, and the last fork among the silver she was counting rattled into the drawer with a metallic din.

Mrs. Dalton always dressed in gray, and resembled normally a gentle, uncomplaining dove. Hardly dove-like, however, were the defiant features that met

their own reflection in the sideboard mirror that evening, as she turned the key on her wedding silver; and even less so was the angry twist she gave the electric-light switches as she darkened the house for the night.

Almost hawk-like was her flight up the stairs, but dove-like again was her soft patter across the bedroom floor. Her lord was already sleeping the sleep of the most righteous of his sex. A faint, self-satisfied snore came to his wife's ears as an echo of his eternal preaching. Mr. Dalton's clothes lay on a chair, folded as his dear mother—her hardly so dear mother-in-law—had taught him in his well-regulated childhood. Mr. Dalton's trousers, precisely creased, hung over the chair, the pockets bulging with bills, whose crisp crackle had emphasized the exhortation to economy with which he had favored her friends. They crackled again as Mrs. Dalton, with fingers that trembled with their unaccustomed task, lifted the trousers from their resting-place and with guilty haste bore them to her dressing-room.

Undisturbed, however, the even breath with its nasal accompaniment from the bed continued; no good angel brought a warning dream; no sense of impending calamity ruffled that calm brow.

Triumphant and unrelenting, Mrs. Dalton returned to the room, tiptoed once more to the chair, creased the trousers in the self-same lines, and placed them on the exact spot where they had hung before. This done, Mrs. Dalton went to her couch and slept dreamlessly until morning.

II.

"WAKE up, Rufus; I have something to say to you!"

Mr. Dalton's last forty winks were suddenly interrupted. A sleepily interrogative glance from the gentleman met a surprising sight: Mrs. Dalton up and dressed a full half hour earlier than her wont, not in morning negligée, but in trim-fitting waist and stiff collar, with her hair done in a style usually affected only for high social functions. Mr. Dalton's look was one of reproof at her inconsiderate disturbance of his well-earned rest.

"My dear Clara," he expostulated, "is it anything that cannot wait until breakfast-time?"

"It is something that must be settled here and now. I've struck!"

"Struck?" Mr. Dalton rose on one

elbow and surveyed his wife as though doubting her sanity. "Do I understand you?"

"Probably not. I'll explain. I have joined a union, of which I am organizer, walking delegate, all the officers, and all the members. You are capital, I am labor, and I've struck."

Mr. Dalton rose to a sitting posture.

"Your explanation, my dear, fails to—er—elucidate. It must also be explained."

"Very well. You"—here Mrs. Dalton placed an index finger in the hollow of profits—the poor growing poorer, the country orator—"are capital, grinding, grasping, overbearing capital. Labor—that's me—sees an unfair division of the profits—the poor growing poorer, the rich richer. Labor watches for an opportunity to get even, to find capital at a disadvantage—"

"You certainly have me at a disadvantage; I do not understand you."

Wide-eyed now, and a little alarmed at Mrs. Dalton's symptoms, Mr. Dalton gazed at her anxiously.

"I mean to keep you in that state," returned the lady recklessly. "It is poor labor's only chance. My figures of speech seem to distress you, so I will come down to plain prose. You see your trousers?" Mr. Dalton did. "Do you know how much money you had in the pockets?"

"To a penny," Mr. Dalton replied.

"So do I. And I've taken it—to a penny! And I've hidden it, and mean to keep it, unless—"

Mr. Dalton found his breath and sat up in sudden horror.

"Do you mean to tell me, Clara Wesley Dalton, that you, representative of a good old Puritan family; you, reared as a gentlewoman, wife of a gentleman, deliberately went through my pockets like the common scold of the comic papers?"

"Not deliberately, Rufus—rather hurriedly."

But Mr. Dalton was not to be diverted by such ill-timed levity. Dignity in pajamas is hard to attain unto, but Mr. Dalton performed the feat.

"Will you tell me why you have thus lowered yourself?" he asked with icy displeasure.

"I have already told you. I—have—struck! I am tired of making over last year's gowns; I am tired of hearing other women rustle by in silks while I slink along in percaline. I want some money of my own, to squander, to throw away if I please! And I've taken it, and I'll keep

it all unless you promise me a third of what I've taken—just a third; I am moderate, not high-handed. Promise me that—your word, Rufus, is as good as your bond—and I will return every cent. Labor when she has the upper hand lays down the law; defy her, and she works her worst; compromise, and you save a little from the wreckage. The walking delegate has spoken!"

Purple in the face, with rage, Mr. Dalton pointed an accusing figure at his defiant wife.

"Do you know what you are?" he asked between gasps. "Just an ordinary thief! My wife a felon! To creep into my room like a thief in the night and shamelessly purloin my hard-earned gold—"

"Currency, every bit of it, except seventy-nine cents in silver and bronze," she interrupted.

"Felon," he repeated, gathering scorn from her flippancy, "is punishable by imprisonment!" Mrs. Dalton nodded a cheerful affirmation. "Is it nothing to you that the mother of my children should be branded as a thief? This revelation of your character is a blow!"

Overcome with a self-pity, Mr. Dalton leaned weakly back among his pillows.

"Do I get a third?" asked the walking delegate.

Anger and prudence warred in Mr. Dalton's countenance, and from the battle prudence emerged victorious.

"Since you are so lost to the dictates of pride and the respect due me, I yield to the vulgar demand. You win at the cost of my confidence."

"I should have lost at the cost of my own! Rufus Henry Dalton, I've a mental picture of the new gown I'm going to buy that blinds me even to the stern displeasure on your manly brow! Breakfast is ready—better hurry!"

Mrs. Dalton tripped cheerfully to the door.

"Clara!" Mr. Dalton called to her angrily. "Will you kindly treat me with the honor due your husband and tell me where you have concealed your stolen goods—my money?"

"You'll stick to the letter of your bond?"

She stood with her hand on the door.

"You may credit me with too much self-respect to descend to your level. You may be a felon, but I am a man of my word!"

Mr. Dalton again proved that pajamas and dignity are not an impossible combination.

Mrs. Dalton waved a hand airily toward the chair whereon reposed the apparel of her former lord and master.

"You see your trousers? Well, it's there, every penny. I put it back into the pockets!"

Edyth Ellerbeck.

The Youngest Miss Falkland.

I.

WHEN Professor Ashburnham announced—by letter—that he would take two rooms, and board with the Falkland family for the month of August, it was as if an angel were about to fold his wings and settle down on the house of Falkland.

Mrs. Falkland immediately got out the best silver coffee-service and darned a hole in the hemstitched table-cloth. Miss Honoria and Miss Adeline burned much midnight oil to the end that they might acquire a knowledge of political economy, which, they had been told, was the professor's specialty. Miss Honoria and Miss Adeline were not so young as they had once been, and they felt sure that it would please the professor greatly to find them taking an interest—an intelligent interest—in what most concerned him. Only Phyllis, the youngest of the three Misses Falkland, seemed to have no part in the general thanksgiving.

"It will be just as it was when Mr. Brixton was with us last summer," she complained petulantly. "Professor Ashburnham will not even be permitted to realize that I am in existence. And I just love men, individually and collectively. Adeline and Honoria are so selfish; they never give me a chance to even speak to a man when they're about, and they're *always* about!"

"My dear," reproved her mother, "remember you're only twenty, while Adeline and Honoria—"

"Mother!" chorused the two last-mentioned ladies in one indignant breath.

"I warn you," said Phyllis, "I mean to bring myself to Professor Ashburnham's notice even if I have to shoot off firecrackers under his window to do it. I don't care if he is an old fossil. He's a man, at any rate!"

II.

PROFESSOR ASHBURNHAM slipped out of his room and down the hall with the air of a hunted creature. He breathed a

sigh of deep relief when he gained the porch unmolested by either Miss Honoria or Miss Adeline. He made for the darkest corner, and jumped when a voice from out the shadows demanded:

"Well, are you going to stay?"

"Stay? Stay?" stammered the professor, striving to get a glimpse of his unseen interlocutress.

"Here, with us, for all this month?" the voice explained.

"I—I don't know," said the professor.

"You'll not stay," Phyllis said with mournful certainty. "I know it. None of them do. And we've had so many come—and go. There was Mr. Brixton, who was here last summer. He was an architect who had overworked. For two days he had to explain to Adeline three times a day the difference between an Indian bungalow and a Colonial mansion. Then he got a telegram. His grandmother was dead. It was very sad. He had to leave right off, of course."

"Yes," said the professor, "I can quite understand that." Then he grew very red. "Really," he stammered in embarrassment, "I—I beg your pardon."

"For what?" Phyllis queried innocently.

The professor thought it more tactful not to explain.

"Are you," he said with marked emphasis on the pronoun, "interested in political economy?"

"No," said Phyllis very decidedly; "no, I'm not."

The professor murmured something that sounded suspiciously like "Thank heaven!"

"I beg your pardon," said Phyllis politely. "You were saying—"

"I was about to say," corrected the professor, "that I have determined to stay—the entire month."

III.

LOOKING from his sitting-room window, the professor caught the gleam of a pink dress among the orchard trees. He laid down his pen and pondered.

"I think," he murmured, "that Miss Honoria was wearing a blue dress this morning and Miss Adeline a white one. In fact, I am quite certain of it."

He got up and tiptoed to the door. First he put his head out and reconnoitered before venturing into the hall. Finally, after two or three false starts, he gained the down-stairs hall, the front door, and at last the orchard. Phyllis welcomed him with a beaming smile. She

was engaged in knocking some wooden balls, marked with colored stripes, through what appeared to the professor's scientific eye to be wire semi-circles standing upright in the ground.

"It's about the only thing," she explained, "that you can very well play all by yourself. You see, my blue and red are playing partners against my green and yellow."

"Indeed!" said the professor respectfully. "It looks very interesting."

Phyllis offered him a mallet.

"Won't you play, too?" she urged with dancing eyes.

"Er—I—ah," began the professor indeterminedly. Then he rose to meet the occasion like a man. "Thank you, Miss Phyllis," he said. "I should be delighted."

"Two balls apiece," said Phyllis, "is lots more fun. How shall we play? Suppose we try my red and blue against your green and yellow?"

The professor pondered.

"It seems to me," he said finally, "that if I were playing against you I should be unable to do my best. Couldn't we arrange it this way—your blue and my green against your red and my yellow? What do you say?"

"In that way," said Phyllis, "we should both be bound to win."

"Exactly," agreed the professor. "In that way we should, to a great extent, eliminate the personal element from the game and place it on a—er—more scientific basis, as it were."

"I'll go first," said Phyllis, "to show you. You'll find the trees in your way, but you'll soon learn to dodge them."

The professor watched her make three arches in quick succession.

"It looks easy," he said, and tried it.

"What a shame!" Phyllis sympathized with him a moment later. "It's horrid to stick at that third arch. But perhaps your other ball will do better."

It did, to the extent of one arch, and the professor began to warm up to the game. He was not so old, Phyllis decided, as she had at first thought him. As a matter of fact, he was feeling surprisingly young, and growing younger every minute. It was, he supposed, the result of the fresh country air and Mrs. Falkland's very excellent table. He was glad he had decided to stay.

They finished their game, and the professor rejoiced whole-heartedly in the victory of the blue and green over the red and yellow.

"The relaxation afforded by some

simple game such as this, for instance," he told Phyllis, "is very beneficial to a person's nerves. We might perhaps—er—have another to-morrow?"

"Why, yes," Phyllis assented demurely. "I think perhaps we might."

IV.

THE next day the professor hurried to the croquet ground, to find awaiting him—Miss Honoria.

"Oh, Professor Ashburnham," she gushed, "you naughty man, not to tell me you were fond of croquet! Why, I never guessed it!"

"But I'm not fond of it at all," protested the unhappy professor, the truth shocked out of him unawares. "You see," he explained more or less lucidly, "I thought I was, but I find I am not. It interferes with—er—my digestion. Yes, it certainly interferes with my digestion."

Miss Honoria's face brightened.

"What you need," she said decidedly, "is toast and gruel. I'll go right in and make some for you myself."

The professor stayed her with an uplifted, protesting hand.

"That is quite unnecessary," he said. "A little mild exercise will correct the trouble. I think I will go for a walk in the woods. The opportunity for *silent meditation*," he added hastily, "will, I am sure, assist me greatly in the preparation of my forthcoming brochure, 'The Government of Nations.'"

Then, by a series of brilliant strategic moves, the professor left Miss Honoria on the croquet ground, eluded Miss Adeline—who was picking flowers in the garden, where the professor had once walked, and might, she hoped, walk again—and sought out Phyllis, whom he readily induced to accompany him into the woods.

Instinct was teaching the professor a good many things that science had not.

V.

It was the last night of the professor's stay with the Falklands. He sat with Phyllis on the vine-covered porch.

"Miss Phyllis," he remarked, apropos of nothing at all, "I am not really so old as I—ah—perhaps seem."

"To me," Phyllis returned encouragingly, "you don't seem old at all."

The professor was distinctly elated.

"Really, Miss Phyllis?" he said. "Really, now?"

"Yes, really," Phyllis returned gravely. The professor cleared his throat.

"Miss Phyllis," he began huskily, and came to a dead stop.

"Yes?" prompted Phyllis in a soft little voice.

"Miss Phyllis," said the professor for the third time, "I have been considering a problem in—er—domestic economy."

Again the professor seemed disinclined to go on. Again Phyllis murmured:

"Yes?"

"Your mother's problem, in short," elucidated the professor. "Your mother," he went on, unconsciously adopting his class-room tone and manner, "is a lady whose income, as I conceive it, is rather—er—insufficient for herself and three daughters."

He glanced inquiringly at Phyllis. Her eyes twinkled, but she remained grave.

"You put it conservatively, professor," she said.

"Ex-actly," returned the professor. "Now, it has occurred to me, Miss Phyllis, that if one of your mother's daughters were to marry, it would be of material assistance to her."

"It might be," Phyllis assented demurely.

The professor suddenly lost his class-room manner. He sat up straight and took a determined grip on the arms of his chair.

"Miss Phyllis," he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "I am not too old for matrimony, I think; I am in good health; and my income, though not large, is yet sufficient to support a wife in comfort, perhaps even in a modest degree of luxury." The professor's scholarly brow was beaded with moisture. "Miss Phyllis, will you marry me? It—it would help your mother."

Phyllis heroically stifled a hysterical desire to laugh.

"Is that your *only* reason for asking me?" she demanded with such dignity as she was able to command.

The professor passed his handkerchief nervously across his forehead.

"I'm not in a position to state positively," he said, "because I've had no previous experience; but I think, my dear Miss Phyllis, I really think that I am what would, I believe, be technically termed 'in love' with you."

Phyllis laughed softly.

"You *dear!*" she said. "Of course you are. I've known it this long time, but I really couldn't promise to marry you until you were sure of it yourself!"

Una Hudson.

THE STAGE

THE SEAMY SIDE OF SUCCESS.

Do you want to go on the stage? Are you anxious to manage a theater? A large percentage of the population of the United States would instantly answer these questions in the affirmative; and yet there is no calling, no business with so many drawbacks. In most professions, get your start, and you are pretty certain, supposing you work hard, to forge ahead. But with the actor—and the manager as well—each new season is like laying the foundations afresh. And it all seems so unfair.

Annie Russell was surely just as clever and capable an actress last winter, when she scored two failures, as she was in former seasons with "Miss Hobbs" and "A Royal Family" crowding the house. It is probable, indeed, that she put forth more solid, conscientious effort to please in "Brother Jacques" and "Jinny the Carrier" than ever before; but the public disdained the plays, and the player must perforce stand or fall with the playwright.

Small wonder is it that actors as a class are accused of being selfish, conceited, irritable. They would need to be wingless angels to preserve an even temper when they have to be scapegoats for other folks' shortcomings. And, on the other hand, what young girl in her teens would not be likely to grow arrogant, opinionated, spoiled, when she goes upon the stage unknown one night and wakes up in the morning to find that she has become a public favorite?

Take four of the players pictured herewith—Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin, Edna May, and Elsie Janis. The daughter of two very clever players, the granddaughter of a famous actress, Miss Barrymore had the added advantage of starting her career in her uncle's company. She was only sixteen at the time, and in her first play, "The Bauble Shop," she had little to do except wear a stunning gown—one worn the season previous by Elsie De Wolf. A little later she won favorable comment by her impersonation of a servant in "Rosemary," and soon after that she went to England. Here she appeared with Henry Irving, and came

back to New York full of enthusiasm over her London notices and with high hopes for the future.

But what happened? She was cast for a fairly important rôle in Annie Russell's support for "Catherine," but the critics declared her voice to be harsh and her gait awkward. Pained and discouraged, she wished that she had remained abroad, where, she told her friends, she seemed to be more appreciated than at home. There was no golden glitter in the footlights she faced night after night that season, and no good fairy whispered that the winter of her discontent was leading up to a triumph in the spring, when an essay of Jessie Millward's part in "His Excellency the Governor" paved the way for her starring-tour in "Captain Jinks."

Somewhere about this period of Ethel Barrymore's evolution a girl came down from up-State to get a position on the stage in New York. She was the daughter of a Syracuse letter-carrier, and had neither influence nor experience to back her aspirations. Pretty in a quiet way, she finally obtained an opening in the chorus at the Casino. But chance was dogging her footsteps. The Casino management had in preparation a new opera which required a peculiar type of woman for its heroine. None of the stars on the list quite filled the bill.

"See that little girl in the front row?" said Mr. Lederer one night. "She would look the Salvation Army lass to the life. She's quiet as a mouse and as demure as a Quaker maiden. By Jove, I've half a mind to risk it!"

"But can she act?" the stage manager objected.

"I'll see to that," replied George Lederer.

And he did, teaching the novice how to move her feet, her hands, her head; what to do with her eyes; how to modulate her voice; when to smile; and the very fashion in which to wear her clothes. Thus it was that Edna May came to be cast for the leading rôle in "The Belle of New York." Although the piece did not greatly please the city after which it was named, Miss May became an instant fa-



MARGARET ANGLIN, APPEARING AT THE HEAD OF THE NEW STOCK COMPANY AT THE PRINCESS THEATER, NEW YORK, IN "ZIRA."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



JOSEPH WHELOCK, JR., WHO INAUGURATES HIS CAREER AS A STAR IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY, "THE 'VARSITY MAN."

From his latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

vorite; and all stageland knows of the stir she made in London.

After a two-years' run of "The Belle" in the English capital, Edna May came back to New York in radiant mood, and when she visited her home in Syracuse red fire was burned in the streets to welcome her. But her treacherous profession had a bitter experience ready for her. Passing under the management of Charles Frohman, she appeared as a star at the Herald Square Theater in "The Girl from Up There," and was compelled to see chief honors go to Virginia Earl and two knockabout comedians—Montgomery and Stone, who were later to be the whole show in "The Wizard of Oz." Nor did the star fare any better when the production was transferred to London.

The next swing of the pendulum, however, took an upward direction. When Miss May brought "The School Girl" to Daly's last autumn, she scored the biggest hit she had yet achieved in her own country. What will she do in her new play, "The Catch of the Season"? The public will know by the time these lines are read. But her success in "The School Girl" can influence the verdict not at all.

When Richard Mansfield first brought out "Cyrano" almost as much praise was awarded to the one woman in the cast as went to the star himself. And yet New Yorkers had never heard of Margaret Anglin before they saw her *Roxane*. Later she won fresh laurels with Henry Miller in "The Only Way," and as the woman with a past in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" she became the most talked-of actress in that particular season. And yet of what avail all this when she went out as a star last fall in a play for which the public did not care? "The Eternal Feminine" demonstrated once again the frailty of theatrical fame, for it did not live to reach the metropolis. If Miss Anglin had been an author or a painter, her latest book or picture might sell on the strength of her former work. Not so in stageland. With the actor, each September marks a fresh plunge into the sea of uncertainties.

At this writing New York's verdict on "Zira" is still unregistered. This is the play, founded on Wilkie Collins' novel, "The New Magdalen," which Miss Anglin tried in San Francisco last spring. That the Golden Gate City did not particularly relish the piece is a fact that will have little bearing on its reception beside the banks of the Hudson. Philadelphia turned a cold shoulder on

"Captain Jinks" when Ethel Barrymore made her début as a star in the Quaker City, her native place. Chicago went wild over "The Royal Chef," despised on Broadway. London would have none of "Dolly Varden," and it nearly broke Nat

Theater last June? She is but a slip of a girl, yet her shoulders were amply broad enough to carry off all the laurels in the Wistaria Grove performance. Her mimicry of well-known players is equal to Cissie Loftus' best imitations. Still,



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHOSE NEW PLAY FOR THE SEASON WILL BE "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

Goodwin's heart when the fellow countrymen of the author of "When We Were Twenty-One" declined to show any enthusiasm over a play that had carried all before it in America.

What Manhattan playgoer ever heard of Elsie Janis before she appeared in the roof-garden atop of the New York

the mere mention of this actress' name should be sufficient to stir the apprehensions of her younger rival, even in the hour of triumph. Miss Loftus soared high above the vaudeville stage, even to playing *Ophelia* to Sothorn's *Hamlet*. Then, last autumn, when she went out as a star in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic



ELSIE JANIS, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE LITTLE DUCHESS," IN WHICH SHE IS STARRING IN THE PART CREATED BY ANNA HELD.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1905, by Hall, New York.



ELSIE JANIS, THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD HIT OF NEW YORK'S SUMMER SEASON, AS SHE APPEARS OFF THE STAGE.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1905, by Hall, New York.

Governess," the play failed, and Miss Loftus took to her bed in bitter chagrin.

Miss Janis comes from the West, and has been doing her imitations for some

Little Duchess," and was snapped up for the summer bill at the New York roof. Since her hit there she has been besieged with the most tempting offers, but must



EDNA MAY, STARRING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY FROM LONDON, "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

years. Last spring, however, was the first time that she dared venture near New York, where the Gerry Society keeps a tight rein on all stage folk under sixteen years of age. Having just passed this Rubicon, she came to Brooklyn as the star in Anna Held's vehicle, "The

perforce abide by a contract made long ago, and go on the road with "The Little Duchess" again. The seamy side of stage success once more!

All that has been said of the uncertainty of the actor's hold on public favor applies with equal force to the manager,



LILLIAN BLAUVELT, STARRING IN THE LIGHT OPERA, "THE ROSE OF THE ALHAMBRA."
From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1905, by the Campbell Studio, New York.



CECEYLLLE MAYER, WHO APPEARS AS JESSIE GRIDLEY IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY, "THE BAD SAMARITAN."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

who must lose or win as the people in front deride or applaud his offerings. No longer is it possible for a theater to depend upon a regular clientage, as it was in the old days of the Wallack stock and in the first years of the Augustin Daly troupe. Then audiences would gather to see their favorite players in whatever happened to be the bill. There were few stars in those times; yet now, when stars abound and superabound, the play's the thing, after all.

Nevertheless, theaters are springing up on every side, without regard to any increase in the demand for them, and each

house readily finds a manager—far more readily, in fact, than audiences. And one of the saddest chapters in the annals of the unemployed is the story of the idle actors and actresses.

TWO NEWLY LAUNCHED STARS.

The distinction of being the youngest male star ever put forward by Charles Frohman falls to Joseph Wheelock, Jr., who solicits the patronage of the public in George Ade's "Varsity Man." Nevertheless, Mr. Wheelock has been on the stage all of fifteen years, having begun

with Mansfield as a super. He knocked about in various companies without making any particular impression until he became leading juvenile with Crane. After that it was not a very long step to the same position with the Empire stock, where he scored a tenstrike with his *Morley*, the jockey, in "Lord and Lady Algy." Thereupon every manager on Broadway was eager to secure young Wheelock for any part that required an imperturbable countenance and a staccato utterance. He remained in the Empire company, however, until his health gave out in the spring of 1901, when he went to Wyoming for eighteen months of rest and outdoor life. Mr. Frohman told him that his place would always be open for him in the home troupe; but when he was ready for work again, in the autumn of 1903, the Empire stock had gone out of existence, so his reappearance was made at the Academy of Music as the *Earl of Amesbury* in the English melodrama, "The Best of Friends." The next year he was back in the old groove again, impersonating a taciturn youth in "The Other Girl" who burst into sudden eloquence under the inspiration of a dose of ether after an automobile accident.

Young Wheelock is the son of an actor—his father is with Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town" this season—so he did not need to haunt the dramatic schools in order to find a gateway to the stage. In fact, he never had any instruction in acting.

Very different from Mr. Wheelock is the other new star whose name is flaunted in big letters upon the billboards this autumn. Lillian Blauvelt has often been before the public, but never previously as the chief figure in a production especially designed for her use. She is a native of Brooklyn, and had been playing the violin in public as an "infant prodigy" when it was discovered that she possessed a soprano voice of peculiar sweetness. After completing her studies abroad she made her operatic debut in Brussels, but since that time, both at home and in Europe, has sung mostly in concert. It is said that Delibes, the famous composer of ballet music, selected her to create the title rôle in his "Kassia," but his sudden demise intervened. Again, in 1896, she had signed a contract for a term of opera in New York, but the death of Henry E. Abbey caused a change of the arrangements he had made. Now she comes before her home audiences in light opera, like Fritzi Scheff and Mme. Schumann-Heink. Pos-

sibly, however, there will be more of the romantic in "The Rose of the Alhambra" than there was in either "Babette" or "Love's Lottery."

THE OPENING SHOT A BULL'S-EYE.

While London theater folk were be-moaning very hard times in stageland, New York, by way of a refreshing variety after the past few Augusts, started the new season with a success. And, also by way of novelty, the success was credited to the books of the Syndicate king-pins, Klaw & Erlanger, who have had no great good luck of late. "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" is another of those spectacular conglomerates which frankly put sense at a discount in the matter of story, but which, set forth with pretty girls, colorful effects, and tintinnabulating melodies, seem to be all the more likely to please. Most New Yorkers go to the play to browse, not to masticate, and certainly the pumpkin pie served up to them in conjunction with the pearl is warranted not to rest too heavily on their mental digestion from weight of plot. Its songs are the thing, and there are reams of them—more than any production of the sort has ever before offered. There is mighty little dialogue—in itself a strong inducement to part with money at the box-office.

There are no particularly notable folk in the cast, which means that the people were picked for the parts, instead of the parts being fitted to the actors. This is another fact for which the public may well be grateful. If more attention had been paid to making a play for the audience, and less to giving a fat part to a star, there would be less likelihood of "Easy Dawson" going to join "Common Sense Bracket" on the shelf. The best-known name in the "Pearl and Pumpkin" roster is that of the see-saw comedian, Edwin Stevens, who made such a hit as the tipsy colonel in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." One never knows where to find Mr. Stevens. One season he will be doing *Baron Stein* in "Diplomacy," anon you will find him as the emperor in "A Chinese Honeymoon," and then he will skip back to serious work again and be the villain in "Brother Officers" with the Empire stock. In "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" he is one of the immortals—*McGinty*, the Ancient Mariner, with a specialty of disguising himself as various vehicles, ranging from a sail-boat and a locomotive to a "Seeing New York" coach.

SOME GREAT OLD PLAYS.

I—THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE FAMOUS MELODRAMA WRITTEN IN FRANCE BY DENNERY AND CORMON, PRODUCED IN NEW YORK BY THE LATE A. M. PALMER IN 1874, AND EVER SINCE REGARDED AS A MASTERPIECE OF DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION.

IT is a fact worth noting that the most fruitful periods of American theatrical history have not been the years marked by commercial prosperity, but rather those in which business has been dull and people have had less money to spend but more time and inclination for sober reflection.

Take, for instance, the years from 1874 to 1878. In the annals of our political, social, and commercial life, that period will be written down as one of transition from the old order to the new. The United States had passed through the crisis of the Civil War, and through the still more demoralizing era of extravagance and inflation which had dominated New York for nearly a decade, and which came to an end with the panic of 1873.

Edwin Booth sank his entire fortune in the noble playhouse that he built at the height of this flashy age of vulgarity and corruption; but it was in the very midst of those four subsequent years of penitence, economy, and sober thought that the famous revival of "Julius Cæsar," with its incomparable cast of American actors, took place on the stage of Booth's Theater. And it was after the panic, and just as the country was beginning to recuperate from that disaster, that the important period of dramatic progress began, a period richer than any other in the production of dramas of solid worth, which still have their place on the American stage.

We have to deal with the most enduring of these plays, those that appeal with the greatest force to the emotions of the heart. It is remarkable that nearly every one of these had for its cradle the Union Square Theater, then under the control of the late A. M. Palmer. The Union Square had been built and run as a variety theater by Sheridan Shook, a well-known New York brewer and politician. In his latter capacity, Mr. Shook had made the acquaintance of Mr.

Palmer, who in early life had taken a deep interest in Republican politics.

HOW MR. PALMER BECAME A MANAGER.

The son of a New England clergyman and a graduate of a New York college, Mr. Palmer had found congenial employment in the Mercantile Library. One day, as he was passing through Union Square, he was accosted by Mr. Shook, who stood in the doorway of his theater, and who asked his friend how he would like to become a theatrical manager.

"Why, I don't think I've been inside a theater a dozen times in my life," replied Mr. Palmer.

"That makes no difference," said the owner of the playhouse, and very soon thereafter the theater passed under the control of the man who was destined to produce more successful plays, and to accomplish more for the American drama, than any manager of his time.

When he took upon his shoulders the burden of theatrical management, Mr. Palmer was about thirty-four years of age. He had everything to learn, so far as the technique of the stage is concerned. He was wise enough to surround himself with men like Hart Jackson, A. R. Cazauban, and John Parselle, experts in the twin crafts of acting and dramatic construction. With his natural shrewdness and good judgment, and with the aid of these lieutenants, he soon gathered together one of the very best companies that New York has ever seen.

He had as his chief competitors in New York, Mr. Wallack, who presented nothing but English plays interpreted by a company almost wholly made up of English actors; Mr. Daly, who introduced the German drama through the medium of English adaptation; and Messrs. Harrigan and Hart, who interpreted life and character as found in the lower wards of New York in a manner that has never been equaled before their day or since.

Little as he knew of the stage, Mr. Palmer entered the business equipped with an abundant knowledge of books and a highly cultivated literary taste. He was gifted also with the dramatic instinct in a very marked degree, and this quality was quickly roused by the exigencies of his new calling. Familiar, through the medium of books, with a great deal of the best dramatic literature of the world, it is not surprising that he turned instinctively to the French stage, which was neglected by his competitors. He decided to devote himself to adaptations of French plays, which he presented in a manner that was frankly Gallic in scene and atmosphere, and totally unlike the London adaptations of which Wallack was so fond.

Bred in an atmosphere remote from the theatrical profession, Mr. Palmer naturally regarded the theater from the standpoint of the paying spectator. This gave him a great advantage over the old-fashioned managers who had begun either as actors, ticket-sellers, or ushers—occupations which compelled them to view the stage at too close range and without the proper perspective.

Mr. Palmer was always a firm believer in the stock company, but he was outspoken in his opinion that the stage must try to please the public, instead of attempting to make the public adapt itself to the stage. If my memory serves me right, he was the originator of the wise saying that the "critic of the box-office" was the one that he always listened to. In his later years he acknowledged that the American public preferred the star to the stock system, and admitted that even in his own day the people had always selected one or another of his players as an object of personal idolatry.

"THE TWO ORPHANS" IN PARIS.

When Mr. Palmer presented "The Two Orphans," it had already had a run of nine months in Paris, first at the Porte St. Martin and later at the Chatelaine. Its receipts at both theaters had amounted to seven hundred and thirty-five thousand francs, a very large sum for Paris in those days. It was the joint work of two Frenchmen, Dennery and Cormon. Dennery was a sort of Belasco and Boucicault combined. During the middle decades of the last century he wrote literally hundreds of plays, collaborating in his work with dozens of people. Cormon came to him one day with the basic idea for a melodrama of heart interest, and solicited his aid in working

it out. The elder dramatist approved of the scheme, and made his partner write and re-write and cut out and write again until at last the great play was completed, the product of Dennery's brain and Cormon's hand.

Nowadays a play that makes a success in Paris is likely to be sold over night, by cable, to some American manager. Its reception by the critics and the first-night audience is sufficient, although it is more than suspected that that reception is sometimes influenced by the use of money and by the exertions of a *claque*. In those days the situation was different. It was a mere accident that threw the American rights of "The Two Orphans" into Mr. Palmer's hands. Dennery had promised his next play to Hart Jackson, a New York dramatist who had adapted several French pieces for the Union Square; but when the manuscript arrived with charges of seven hundred and twenty dollars to be paid, Jackson begged Mr. Palmer to take it off his hands, for it was not easy in those days to induce any one to invest so much money in such a theatrical speculation. When it had been translated, the play was offered to J. B. Booth, then manager of Booth's Theater; but he fell asleep while Jackson was reading it to him, and Mr. Palmer determined to produce it himself.

SCENERY, COSTUMES, AND CAST.

At this time Mr. Daly was doing admirable work in improving stage settings, especially in the case of plays requiring an atmosphere of polite refinement. I think it was he who first broke away from the old canvas doors which were opened by a stroke with the flat of the hand, and substituted for them wooden doors with real handles. His stage furnishings, including draperies, mantelpieces, pictures, and bric-à-brac, were also a vast improvement on those which had done duty for so many years at Wallack's and other New York theaters.

Mr. Palmer determined that his presentation of "The Two Orphans" should be fully up to the Daly standards. He sent his stage manager, John Parselle, to Paris, to procure models for the scenes, correct costumes, and everything needed for a beautiful and historically accurate production. Parselle's mission was highly successful; indeed, the staging was so fine that it might have swamped a drama less strong in emotional quality and dramatic interest.

Despite Mr. Palmer's well-laid plans,

the preparation of the play was attended by so many difficulties and embarrassments that three days before the opening the manager himself confessed to very grave fears regarding the result. He had taken the greatest possible pains with the cast, giving to Kate Claxton the rôle of the blind orphan, and that of *Henriette* to Rose Eytinge. Kitty Blanchard, who had been playing at Booth's Theater under Boucicault's management, was specially engaged for the part of *Marianne*. She had committed it to memory, and had rehearsed it for an entire week under the competent guidance of her husband, McKee Rankin, when Mr. Palmer decided to give her *Henriette* and allow Miss Eytinge to play *Marianne*. Mrs. Rankin was indignant and declared that she would refuse to appear, though her husband, more skilled in stagecraft, assured her that the change was to her advantage and could not fail to bring her prominently before the public eye.

"They can't advertise one orphan, you know," he said, and that settled it.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE AT PALMER'S.

The first representation of the play was given under disadvantages. The stage was small for the effects required, and the head carpenter had died a few days before, leaving his work to be carried out by subordinates who did not thoroughly comprehend his scheme. In consequence, the performance was marred by unduly long stage waits, and it was not until half-past one o'clock that the final curtain fell. The manager's heart was cheered, however, by the knowledge that the spectators remained in their seats until the very last.

"How do they take it?" he inquired of Charles R. Thorne, when the actor came off after his scene in the fourth act.

"Not a soul stirs, sir!" replied Thorne.

The play was splendidly acted by a cast which, even in those days, it would have been difficult to duplicate. Thorne gave a superb performance of *Maurice de Vaudrey*, but in the opinion of many the greatest piece of acting was furnished by Mrs. Wilkins, whose *Mother Frochard* was a monster of cruelty, avarice, and cunning whom no one could forget. Miss Claxton made a lasting impression as the blind orphan. Mr. Rankin emphasized the cruelty of his *Jacques Frochard* with a laugh and chuckle so malicious and significant that Miss Claxton inquired quite innocently of his wife:

"Does he do that at home?"

Others who figured in this remarkable cast were Fanny Moran, Ida Vernon, F. F. Mackay, John Parselle, Stuart Robson, and Lysander Thompson.

Having run its course at the Union Square, "The Two Orphans" was performed in all the large American cities by Mr. Palmer's company. Later it fell into the hands of Miss Claxton, who played it for a great many years, at a profit to herself, it is said, of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the spring of 1904 it was revived again, under Mr. Palmer's direction, and with a cast that included Clara Morris, Kyrle Bellew, Elita Proctor Otis, Grace George, Margaret Illington, Charles Warner, James O'Neil, E. M. Holland, Frederick Perry, and Jameson Lee Finney.

THE SECRET OF THE PLAY'S SUCCESS.

If we search for the cause of the play's extraordinary success, we find it in the essentials of the drama, though the work of Mr. Palmer; of Mr. Jackson, who adapted it, and of the clever players who have interpreted it, have proved important accessories.

Given two heroines, both young, innocent, and presumably beautiful; both helpless, and one blind; turn them loose in Paris, homeless, friendless, exposed to every danger that can possibly menace girlhood—and we have a theme calculated to awaken pity and interest in even the hardest heart. These orphans never appear on the stage unless threatened by some dire disaster. From the moment of their separation in the first act until they are reunited at the very end of the play they do not once come together, though there are many moments of anxious suspense when it seems to the audience as if they were about to fall into each other's arms.

In conversation with the writer just two days before his death, Mr. Palmer declared that he regarded "The Two Orphans" as the very best-constructed play he had ever seen. Each one of its acts, he said, was a complete play in itself. It contains, moreover, an unusually large number of extremely effective parts, and for this reason it has proved a fitting vehicle for the talents of every good actor who has ever played in it. Moreover, so entirely is it a play of deeds and not of words that although every one can remember the blind girl, her sister, the *Frochards*, and the snow storm, scarcely any one can recall a single line in the dialogue.

THE DUMB NIGHTINGALE.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

DELANVAN was bored. He hated vaudeville, and the three "turns" through which he had just sat sufficiently justified his antipathy. His thoughts reverted longingly to the volume of Balzac and the cozy library fire from which Gregory had dragged him for the avowed purpose of showing him a phenomenal new contralto. Long acquaintance had made him wearily aware of Gregory's penchant for discovering unappreciated genius, and he expected nothing better than a throaty rendition of "Oh, Promise Me" or the "Flower Song" from "Faust."

The placards announcing the number of the next turn—which, according to the program, was that of "Miss Hilda Lind, the celebrated Swedish contralto, in operatic selections"—were going up on either side of the stage, but Delavan did not even glance that way. He thought he knew what to expect. He leaned wearily back in his seat, and was wondering how he could decently effect an escape, when he became aware that the orchestra was beginning the prelude to the great aria from "Samson and Delilah." Delavan sat up. The next instant a voice arose, and in that instant the world fell away and there was left only the voice—and a listener.

A phrase, a measure, a single note, and Delavan knew he had found the voice of his dreams. Such a voice! Velvety, vibrant, liquid, mellow, golden—he tried to think of an appropriate adjective, but there was none. The language was inadequate.

Delavan was a composer of real ability, and had his livelihood depended upon the use of his gift he might have made a name for himself in the musical world. As it was, he had drifted into dilettantism, now and then setting to music some pretty conceit or graceful bit of magazine verse which caught his fancy. His songs were rather too good to please the popular fancy, and scarcely good enough to rank as classics; but they had achieved a certain vogue, and he had heard them interpreted by voices of various degrees of merit, though never quite as he had conceived them.

He had always insisted that a voice meant more to him than a personality.

He had even gone so far as to assert that if ever he found a voice which entirely satisfied his musical sense, he should forthwith propose to its owner, though she were cursed with a squint or the nose of *Cyrano*. Yet when at last he had found what he sought he did not at first dare to look at the singer. He felt that he wanted to take away with him the unmarred memory of the most satisfying voice he had ever heard.

"Ain't she a corker?" said the voice of the fat man in the seat at Delavan's left. Gregory, on the other side, was whispering at his ear:

"Look at her, Delavan. She's worth it, I assure you!"

Delavan drew a long breath, turned his eyes upon the stage—and kept them there. He sat several rows back from the orchestra, but near enough to see the singer's face with tolerable distinctness.

Again he deplored the limitations of the English language. There were no words to express Miss Lind's radiant young beauty. It matched her voice—there was nothing more to be said.

"What do you think of her, old man?" queried Gregory, but Delavan did not seem to hear. He had not joined in the applause which followed the singer's first number, and he sat as one in a dream while she gave the florid "Una Voce" from the "Barber of Seville" with a ripple like laughter running through the wonderfully flexible voice.

The house went wild when she ended, and would not be content even when she had twice responded to an encore. Again and again she bowed her acknowledgments, but this would not suffice. At last, with a pretty, deprecatory gesture, she began to sing—Delavan could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses—one of his own compositions. She sang it as he had never heard it sung before—as he had never hoped to hear it. Delavan gripped the arms of his orchestra chair until his fingers were livid. Gregory, who was not musical, fortunately failed to recognize the song.

"Well, old fellow," he said as the last note died away, "what do you think of my find?"

Delavan did not answer.

"Why, you unspeakable chump,"

Gregory went on indignantly, "are you deaf, dumb, and blind that you can't enthuse over that face and voice? Haven't you a word to say?"

Delavan turned a tense, white face upon his friend.

"Greg," he said, "do you happen to know the manager?"

"Rather! Why?"

"Will you introduce me? I want to meet Miss Lind before she leaves the house. Can you manage it?"

Gregory felt inclined to whistle, but refrained, and led the way in silence to the manager's office.

"There are others, gentlemen," said that individual, with a grin, when Gregory had preferred his request. "You should have seen the Johnnies line up at the stage door last night! But they got a frost that wilted the flowers in their buttonholes. Miss Lind has an old ogre of an aunt—a scar-faced Cyclops who sticks to her like a burr, and gorgonzizes the chappies with her one available optic. No cold bottles and hot birds for Hilda so long as the aunt's on deck——"

"Oh, drop it, Brenner!" said Gregory impatiently. "You ought to know a masher when you see one by this time! Delavan here is a composer—a writer of songs—and he wants to talk business to Miss Lind."

"Oh, in that case——" said the manager, rising and putting on his hat.

Five minutes later, somewhere in the mysterious region back of the lighted stage, Delavan was bowing over Miss Lind's hand and expressing his appreciation of the honor she had done him in including one of his songs in her repertoire. The girl's beauty at close range amply justified his admiration. She was lovelier than ever without her makeup, but her speaking voice left something to be desired. It was flat, monotonous, and a trifle harsh—scarcely such as might be expected of so perfect a singing organ; but Delavan was too completely under the spell of her song to cavil at this.

Acting upon the hint Gregory had unwittingly given him, he begged permission to call the following morning to run over with Miss Lind a song he wished to dedicate to her. The girl hesitated for an instant, then referred the question to her aunt, Miss Ames. Delavan had already been presented to the elder woman, but the heavy veil she wore prevented him from identifying her with the ogre of the manager's description. She, too, hesitated slightly, then said:

"We shall be pleased to see you to-

morrow at eleven, if that will suit you. We are at 123 North Street."

There was no sleep for Delavan that night. Refusing Gregory's entreaties to "go somewhere and have supper," he hurried home, had his man bring him a cup of strong coffee and place a decanter and box of cigars within reach. Then he got down to work. Under the spell of Miss Lind's voice, some lines which he had long been intending to set had begun to shape themselves to melody, and he wanted to transcribe them while the inspiration lasted. Far into the night he wrote, consuming countless cigars, and swearing softly to himself as an elusive phrase or measure baffled him. But at last, as the gray of dawn crept into the room, he threw down his pen with an air of triumph, went to his room, and slept like the dead till ten o'clock.

Promptly at eleven he presented himself at the address given him by Miss Ames, which proved to be a second-rate boarding-house in an unfashionable street. Miss Lind's appearance followed close upon the sending up of his card. He wondered if he had ever seen anything lovelier than the girl in her simple gray gown, and only repeated mental adjurations "not to make an ass of himself" kept him from telling her so. She thanked him very prettily for the compliment he thought of paying her, and asked him to try over for her the song of which he had spoken.

"I have a confession to make, Miss Lind," he said, smiling. "That song existed only in my imagination when I mentioned it, but under the inspiration of your voice I spent most of last night in working it out. I don't know if it's any good, and I fear my rendition won't greatly add to its beauty, but——"

He sat down at the toneless upright and began. He had a cultivated baritone, and sang with taste and feeling. The song marked a nearer approach to inspiration than anything he had hitherto achieved. When he had finished, the girl's beautiful eyes were dark with tears.

"Oh," she said, "it is exquisite—wonderful! And it is for me? Ah, if I could but sing it!"

"Sing it!" he cried. "You will transform it! My dear Miss Lind—if you will pardon the trite simile—your voice, like the touch of the ancient king, turns everything to gold. Will you try the song to my accompaniment?"

A troubled expression crossed the girl's face.

"I read very poorly, Mr. Delavan," she

said slowly. "Aunt Helen teaches me all my songs by rote. I fear I should scarcely do myself credit if I attempted it without practice; but if you will come again at this hour to-morrow I shall be glad to sing it for you."

Delavan, who had been trying to invent an excuse for a second call, eagerly assented.

That afternoon, and at every succeeding performance during Miss Lind's engagement, a mass of regal, long-stemmed roses bearing Delavan's card crossed the footlights; and Delavan himself, close down in front, drank in her voice and her beauty with thrilled senses. In his time he had known many women, but never one who had so realized his ideal and fulfilled his dream as this humble little vaudeville singer. He scarcely knew how he got through the hours between the evening performance and the time when he was permitted to call again. When she had welcomed him, she said quietly:

"Mr. Delavan, my aunt, who has been my only teacher, is sadly disfigured as the result of a fire in which she nearly lost her life some years ago. She is painfully sensitive, and shrinks from meeting strangers. I am sure you will not mind remaining in the back parlor while she accompanies me."

Delavan did mind very much. He had hoped to accompany her himself, or, better still, to be permitted to gaze at her as she sang; but he could do nothing less than assent. A moment after the portière had fallen behind him there came the closing of a door, and then a firm, sure hand struck the opening chords. A moment more and the golden contralto was pouring itself upon the silence. Then the door closed again, and the girl appeared between the parted curtains.

"Miss Lind," said the composer, "you have changed my dross to gold!"

Her lips smiled, but her eyes were troubled.

The next night, at the theater, one of Miss Lind's numbers was the song Delavan had composed for her. It was an instantaneous hit. Delavan ceased to temporize, and faced the truth. He was madly in love—was it with the girl or her voice? He had known her but three days, but she seemed to have lived always in his heart. She was the divinity, he told himself, toward whom he had been blindly groping when he made love to other women.

He called daily at the second-rate boarding-house in the unfashionable street, and daily the spell of the girl's

face and voice grew stronger. Of late he had noted that she was often *distracted* and troubled, but this he attributed to the fact that her aunt was far from well. He never saw Miss Ames, though she always accompanied her niece when she sang for him.

Delavan was living in a dream—a dream of a future when the wonderful voice should interpret his music, should perhaps create the title rôle in the opera he no longer lacked the inspiration to write.

Upon the final night of Miss Lind's engagement, he realized with a tremulous thrill, as she came on for her last appearance, that she held his fate in her hands. Two hours before he had despatched a note asking her to become his wife, and as yet he had had no answer.

She looked pale and weary to-night, and a throb of yearning tenderness stirred within him. Her voice, too, seemed tired, and once he thought it faltered a little, but the next instant it rang out full and true. At last she was singing his own song, and it seemed as if his very soul cried out to her in the impassioned words.

Suddenly the singer cast a frightened glance toward the wings; the rich voice wavered, faltered, died. She pressed her hand upon her heart and swayed as if about to fall. Delavan rose in his place, but in an instant she had left the stage, and the manager was announcing the sudden indisposition of Miss Lind and asking the indulgence of the audience.

Without pausing to draw on his topcoat, Delavan found himself in the chill night air, seeking his carriage among those gathered about the entrance. When at last he found his man, he hurried to the stage door—only to learn that Miss Lind and her aunt had driven away in the manager's carriage a few moments before. Delavan hesitated a moment, then ordered his coachman to drive to Miss Lind's number.

It seemed ages that he sat in the stuffy boarding-house parlor, awaiting the return of the maid, who presently came back to request that he would go up to Miss Ames' rooms on the second floor. To his inquiries concerning Miss Lind the domestic had answered:

"She's all right, sir, but Miss Ames is ill."

Dazed and bewildered, he followed her up the stairs. The room into which he was shown was so dimly lighted that at first he was scarcely able to discern his surroundings. He advanced uncertainly toward the couch at its farther end—

then suddenly stopped, with difficulty repressing an exclamation of horror and dismay at the sight that met his eyes. The face against the pillow was that of a woman of perhaps forty-five. A fearful burn had plowed its way diagonally across it, searing and distorting it till it was hideous beyond description. The right eye glowed large and dark and luminous, but the other, white and sightless, stared blankly from beneath a lashless lid. Pity and repugnance struggled together in Delavan's breast.

"Kindly be seated, Mr. Delavan," said a low, exquisitely modulated voice. "I have something to say to you. My niece received your letter this evening, and she wished me to tell you something before giving you your answer."

Delavan mechanically sank into a chair.

"Twenty years ago," the speaker went on, "I possessed some beauty and a voice. My great ambition was to sing in grand opera, and for years I studied and worked as no woman ever worked before. My masters were enthusiastic over me, and my dream seemed about to be realized, when one night the *pension* where I lodged, in Paris, was destroyed by fire. I was brought out—as you see me now. They would better have let me die! Long before they would let me see a mirror, I read the truth in the faces of those about me, and knew that my career was ended. When I was strong enough, I returned to America and the one being in all the world who I knew would not shrink from my disfigurement—my sister, now a widow with a little daughter. For some years we lived in simple comfort; then my sister was seized with a lingering disease. My own health was frail, our slender resources dwindled, and at her death I found we had left but the merest pittance. I tried to secure some pupils, but people shrank from me. I sought a position in a choir, but the result was the same. I had hoped that Edith, my niece, might develop musical ability, but she had neither voice nor ear. Though possessed of more than average intelligence, she had no special talent except a gift for mimicry. I was thinking of training her for the stage, when one day an idea occurred to me.

"While I sang, I had Edith sing in pantomime, silently forming the words of the song, with appropriate gesture and action. She caught the idea at once, and executed it with intelligence and skill. We practised for a month, adding detail and action until the illusion was perfect.

Then we went to Mr. Brenner. He was skeptical at first, but finally gave us a trial—which resulted in our present engagement. My niece had grace, beauty, and dramatic power, and I stood in the wings and supplied the voice. Thus Edith was transformed into 'Miss Lind, the celebrated Swedish contralto.' It was a deception, of course, but I think a legitimate one. That is all, Mr. Delavan. Edith is waiting in the parlor below to speak to you."

Delavan opened his lips to speak, but she interrupted.

"Please go now, Mr. Delavan. It is growing late, and Edith is waiting for you."

With a dazed sense of unreality upon him, Delavan found himself descending the stairs. His brain was reeling. His dream was shattered; his castle in the air had collapsed. He could scarcely credit the truth of what he had just heard, yet many things became clear in the light of it.

It was difficult to separate the girl from her gift. Did he care for her, or was it only for the voice? He did not know.

He opened the parlor door and Edith stood before him. She held a letter—his letter—in her hand. Her face was pale and tired, and the sweet mouth had a piteous droop like that of an unhappy child. She lifted her eyes at his entrance, and he saw that her lashes were wet. Then suddenly he knew. He made a movement toward her, but she stayed him with a gesture.

"Mr. Delavan," she said, "I suppose Aunt Helen has told you our story. I have often been tempted to confess the truth to you, though I never fully realized the necessity of doing so until your letter came. I want to give it back to you. Of course I realize that it was written under a misapprehension—that it was the voice—that you will not—"

The brave voice faltered, and a great wave of love and tenderness welled up in Delavan's breast. He bent over her till his breath swept her cheek.

"Edith!" he said. She looked at him vaguely. "Edith, dear Edith, don't you understand?"

A slow flush crept up into her cheek and a light began to dawn in her eyes, yet there lingered the shadow of a doubt.

"But—the voice?" she faltered. "I—"

Delavan caught her in his arms and drew her close.

"The voice be—never mind the voice!" he said.